The Adelphi

VOL. I. NO. 1. JUNE, 1923

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

By John Middleton Murry

NOWADAYS I once more ride on the top of a 'bus from Trafalgar Square to Hampstead. It is a favourite ride of mine; it has always had the merit of taking me home. Suddenly I look down over the side at the crowd of people on the pavement corner at Camden Town, and I am astonished and frightened. Not always. Nine days out of ten I can do this thing with impunity. I look, but I do not see. But on the tenth something happens. I am aware of a dozen people rushing violently, as though possessed, towards the *Star* man's yellow poster. The Thousand Guineas! And I, who have drawn a blank in every sweepstake for which I paid my half-crown, who once went as a schoolboy to the City and Suburban and stood for an hour watching a bookmaker called "Fred Bacon of Putney"—he drank a bottle of Bass regularly at five-minute intervals—without daring to hand him the shilling I wanted to gamble, realize that I understand nothing about people at all.

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That is enough to go on with. I no longer have the feeling that we may be engaged in something futile and incomprehensible. I confess that it did seize hold of me. When I began to write these first few words of a new magazine, I was suddenly smitten with the terror that visited me when I glanced down on the crowd at Camden Town. There is a gulf between us: why make the vain attempt to bridge it? It was all very well (said my attendant demon) when you were occupied in trying to get THE ADELPHI organized. Then you ran from printer to paper-maker, from paper-maker to estate agent, and when you got home you passed the remaining hours in writing letters. You had no time to think about what you were doing. You were caught up in the practical business of realizing an idea you had months ago. But now that self-forgetful phase is over. You are up against it, chuckled my demon.

Furthermore, he whispered to me of the happiness I had thrown away—the full sight of the perfection of that spring I had waited for, when, as each February day brought still more rain, I said to myself: But how wonderful this May will be! I have not seen it. A spring that was precious to me beyond all other springs I have simply thrown away, in order to stump up and down the pavements of Fleet Street and the Adelphi. There never will be such another spring as this one I have rejected; there never can be. When I went back, the other day, to the remote cottage I lived in through February and March, the apple trees were in full bloom. The place was changed; I had not even seen the buds begin to open; I had lost touch. I had promised myself that not a day should pass without my going to learn—something I needed to learn—from

simply sniggered. What *is* the point? he said. What *can* you do? And then he gave up questions and played his trump card. He recalled my glimpse from the 'bus at Camden Town; he put my garden before me in all its beauty. It was clever of him; but he has lost the game.

No, when it comes to the point, the secret, deep-down point that sometimes takes years to discover, we know we are not isolated. That is enough. But we can say more. We believe in life. Just that. And to reach that belief, to hold it firm and unshakable, has been no easy matter for some of us. We have paid for it. Good!

But now we have it, we know it is a precious thing. We have to fight for it. We know it is worth fighting for, the only thing worth fighting for. We fight in our own way with our pens. But what we write with our pens in this magazine will have been paid for, honestly, by our lives, in the world of experience.

To fight, for people like ourselves, means to make sacrifices. You will meet with many names you know in this magazine. Probably you will buy it because you have learned to trust in one or other of them. But each one of these people whose name is familiar to you will have made a sacrifice by writing for THE ADELPHI. The writers, because they can make far more money by writing elsewhere, the men of science in that they turn aside from their researches to expound their ideas to those who are not familiar with them.

Oh, don't run away with the idea that this paper is run by charity. "You will live either by charity or advertisement," Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote at the end of a prospectus which I sent him. But there are some things which Mr. Bernard Shaw does not care to know. He is a clever man, infinitely more clever than I am; yet I may know one or two things that he does not

appals me. I am frightened. I say to myself that if I were really to get down, it would be all right. I have only to stop one of the men so blindly intent on learning the winner of the four o'clock race, to ask him the way to some street or other, and he will treat me like a human being and a brother. For a second he may even forget that he wants to know the winner, while he repeats: "Third to the right, second to the left, under the arch by the cabman's shelter—that'll take you *right* into it." He will stop to say it even a third time. I shall find it, in fact, quite hard to get away.

So it would be, I know, and so I argue myself out of my unreasoning fear. We are very much the same sort of people. If he were to ask *me* the way, I should find myself also repeating for the third time: "Third to the right, second to the left . . ." and he might find it very hard to get away from *my* civility. Yes, indeed, it's very difficult to choose between us. He cannot get through a day without the excitement of putting a shilling on a horse; I cannot get through one without the excitement of wondering what it is all about. That was precisely what I was wondering when I took that ill-advised glance down on to the pavement at Camden Town. It was that which made me feel that there was a gulf between us. If I had told him my thought, he would have smiled compassionately. Now I see that if he had told me the winner of the four o'clock race, I should have found nothing better to do than to smile compassionately also.

And that is comforting. We are in the same boat, after all. And perhaps we are after very much the same thing. He seeks satisfaction for his soul in backing horses, I in wondering what men live by nowadays. His betting and my preoccupation are cousins at least. The chief difference between us, I suppose, is that his particular kind of dope, like insulin, needs to be injected every twenty-four hours,

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watching each apple tree come into its own. Yet I should not have returned to the cottage at all, had it not contained a manuscript I needed for this magazine!

During these weeks of activity, when I have been editor, press-agent, advertising man, and business manager rolled into one, I have had no time to think at all. I have only known my demon was waiting for me the moment I had time to turn my head his way.

To-night he caught me. I must have known it was going to happen. After hoarding up this evening, setting it apart days ahead, for the purpose of writing the introductory article for this magazine, I suddenly said to my friends who were going to a dinner-party, "I'll come with you." I don't like dinner-parties. After long experience I have come to the conclusion that they are not in my line. I systematically elude them. Yet to-night I positively jumped at the chance of going to a dinner-party to which I had not even been invited.

Not because I am afraid of work. I have done as much work as most people, and indeed I rather like it. But simply because I was afraid of my demon. Afraid unconsciously, of course. If I had known I was trying to avoid him, I would have done my best to look him in the eyes. I have found it the best way.

As it was, I had got so far as beginning to change my clothes before I knew I was shirking. Then I put my coat on again, and on my way downstairs to a solitary supper, called out, "No, I'm not coming after all. I've got to work." There was some argument; but I held my ground. The door slammed with an empty echo.

Then, in the silent house, the trouble began. I felt very much alone. Well, that had happened before: I know how to deal with that. But I had to do something more, to begin to write, to justify THE ADELPHI, to write boldly, to unfurl and wave a flag. And my demon

simply sniggered. What *is* the point? he said. What *can* you do? And then he gave up questions and played his trump card. He recalled my glimpse from the 'bus at Camden Town; he put my garden before me in all its beauty. It was clever of him; but he has lost the game.

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know, because he does not want to know them. And one of these may be that there is such a thing as disinterested enthusiasm for an idea. Perhaps THE ADELPHI will prove it to him.

At present Mr. Shaw believes that I am "an energetic young journalist who has succeeded in persuading a capitalist to part with enough money to set him up as editor of a magazine." It's so plausible that even I had my moment of doubt. "Journalist"—yes, of course. "Young"—thirty-four isn't exactly old. "Energetic"—well, in a way. "Succeeds in persuading a capitalist"—the little that there is was offered unasked, by a friend to a friend. Still, as near to the truth as most statements are. And yet all wrong, utterly and hopelessly wrong.

This magazine is run neither by capital nor by charity nor by advertisement, but by a belief in life. I have not cajoled a single person to write for it. I have put the idea before them as straightforwardly as I could; and I have waited for the answer. I have told you part of Mr. Shaw's. The rest are secret; but I am content.

For lack of words I have been inaccurate. Belief in life is not, strictly speaking, an idea at all. It is a faith. A moment comes in a man's life when suddenly all the hard things are made plain, when he knows quite simply that there is a good and a bad, that he must fight for the one and make war on the other. And the good things are the things which make for life, and the bad things are the things which make for decay. He begins to know which is which. Oh, not with his head, that poor old head which has landed him in so many quagmires, led him into so many dazes and mazes, but with some faculty far simpler, far more living, far more exacting in its demands upon his loyalty than the mere intellect can ever be. And now what was an inclination

becomes a necessity, what was a distaste becomes a hatred, what was a possibility becomes a passion.

I do not mean that all those who will write in THE ADELPHI believe in life in my way. Some of them do, I know; and some of them reached their belief before me. There is a whole generation which has had to struggle for a faith; there is an older generation which was not involved in that necessity. Perhaps these two generations can never quite understand each other. It does not matter. There is something better than understanding. There is this instant recognition that in spite of all differences and peculiarities we are on the same side—together for life, together against decay. That is good enough. We can ask for nothing more, for nothing better.

But don't go away with the notion that we shall be a tuneful and harmonious choir of the young and the old and the middle-aged, chanting incessant Hosannas to Life. There are, as I say, different ways, many different ways, of believing in life. I think I can recognize them when I see them; but I should be hard put to it to invent a neat little intellectual definition to include them all. But here are some of them. You may simply believe that life, as it is, squalor lit by sudden splendours, splendour darkened by sudden squalors, is in itself glorious and enchanting and beautiful. Or you may believe that life as it is is terrible, a mere caricature of the splendid thing it might be. Or you may believe that the truth is precious and the lie is hateful beyond all other earthly things we know. Or you may believe that literature and music and painting at their pinnacle reveal to us Pisgah sights of a mode of existence more perfect and more candid than our own, a world we might inhabit, if only our minds would suddenly slip sideways across the thin abyss. Or you may believe that man has it in his

power, if only he had the will, so *to reshape his own inward being that mood and circumstance have no more* dominion over him. Or you may believe that the serene world of science, that keen compulsive air in which the lie collapses instantly by its own rottenness, is the tabernacle of the Lord where man should delight to dwell for ever.

Any of these things, and other things like these, you may believe in, and by believing in them you will believe in life, *if*——. If you believe in them passionately, if you are prepared to make sacrifices for them, if, when the moment comes, you are prepared to *act* on their behalf.

The Adelphi is nothing if it is not an act. It is not a business proposition, or a literary enterprise, or a nice little book in a pretty yellow cover ; it is primarily and essentially an assertion of a faith that may be held in a thousand different ways, of a faith that life is important, and that more life should be man's chief endeavour ; that the writers who give us life, the men of science who seek to make our knowledge and command of it more central, and all those who try to express by the written word their conviction that man's conduct of life is his most pressing concern, are knit together by a common conviction that man must be true to his own experience.

Perhaps that is the secret, vague though the phrase may be. For there is the experience which comes from without, and the reaction to that experience which comes from within. Yet both are experience. To have learned through enthusiasms and sorrows what things they are within and without the self that make for more life or less, for fruitfulness or sterility ; to hold to the one and eschew the other ; to seek to persuade and reveal and convince ; to be ready to readjust one's values at the summons of a new truth that is known and

felt; to be unweary in learning how to discriminate more sharply between the false and the true, the trivial and the significant, in life and in men and in works; to be prepared to take a risk for what seems the finer and better thing—that is, perhaps, all we can do. Yet somehow, as I write the words, that "perhaps all we can do" seems a very meagre phrase. The endeavour to be true to experience strikes me at this moment as the most precious privilege of all. To have found a loyalty from which one cannot escape, which one must for ever acknowledge—no, one cannot ask for more.

All this, I know, is the most frightful give-away. Above all for an editor. But I am not an editor. I would do anything, I verily believe, rather than be an editor any more. Anyone who can do the job whose scope I have been trying to describe may have my place for the asking; and I will help to pay his salary, because I believe that now, at this point of time, it has got to be done. Till he comes forward I will hold the fort. But I am only a *locum tenens* for a better man.

So I am quite undisturbed by the thought that I have given myself away. I really don't care a rap for the clever ones and the sniggerers and the people who say "How amusing!" because they haven't anything truer to say. Once upon a time I was rather frightened of them. But now no more. I know that there are important things—and they are not among them. Except in so far as they corrupt the atmosphere.

Besides, it is as well that I should have given myself away pretty completely. First, because I don't want people to buy this magazine under false pretences. I want them to have an inkling of the kind of thing they may expect to find in it. All I ask is that if occasionally they get a shock, they should wait a day or two and try to make up their minds whether it may not, after all,

have been a salutary and life-giving shock, before they stop their order at the newsagent's.

And the second reason why I am glad to have given myself away is that, as I see it in my mind's eye, this magazine will be the place where other and more important people than myself will give themselves away. When a man expresses his deepest convictions he cannot help giving himself away with both hands. And now is the time when those who have convictions must make their voices heard above the chatter of those who have none.

That is the end of this article, or homily, or outburst, or profession of faith. The end for this month. It will be continued. And so, I suppose, will this little postscript, appendix, or appendage. In this I shall tell you how the magazine is going on, what is going to be printed in it next month (that is, if I happen to know), whether it is succeeding beyond our expectations or falling short of them. Here I shall reply to people who criticize; and here I shall tell our readers what we expect from them. I dare say it will be a great deal. If they do us the honour of expecting a great deal from us, it is only right that we should retaliate.

Here, for a beginning, is the text of a private instruction I had drafted. It was entitled "Advice to Intending Contributors," and designed for those who had designs on these pages.

"When anyone feels strongly about something—other than politics, which has thousands of platforms and pulpits of its own—when he is convinced of the importance of something, then—and not till then—let him write for THE ADELPHI. Either an article of 1,500-3,000 words, or a note of 50-500 words. No matter what the subject, or how apparently trivial the occasion, provided he feels strongly about it and manages to communicate the reality of his feeling in

his words, his contribution will be regarded. If some imbecility in a newspaper exasperates him, if some casual sight in the street excites him, if some reading in a forgotten or unknown book encourages and stimulates him, if he finds some interesting and valuable fact, then let him write a note. If THE ADELPHI itself annoys him, if he wants to contradict or argue with its contributors, let him write a letter. We shall print only what we think important in it; but what we print will be paid for.

" Probably there are more people who can write well than can write short stories, or poems, or articles well. The real excuse for trying to do those things is that you can't help it. THE ADELPHI wants only those things that you can't help writing, because you will burst if you don't."

Finally, we shall try to discover one really good short story every month. We shall print any poem that seems to us as interesting as a good short story. Next month we shall begin to publish Katherine Mansfield's " Journal."

This month, you will find, under the title " The Contributors' Club," the first outlines of a feature unique in English journalism. Here the contributors to the paper will give vent to their personal opinions on books, on events, on life. Here they will be found saying what they want to say, not what they are asked to say.

On the last page there is a list of " Books to Buy " and " Books to Borrow." This list is drawn up on the principle that most of our readers have to think twice (or twenty times) before spending more than 7s. 6d. on a book. When we tell you to buy a book that costs more than that, you may depend on it that it will be worth making a sacrifice to have it for your own.

THE SAMUEL JOSEPHS

By Katherine Mansfield

THE Samuel Josephs were not a family. They were a swarm. The moment you entered the house they cropped up and jumped at you from under the tables, through the stair rails, behind the doors, behind the coats in the passage. Impossible to count them: impossible to distinguish between them. Even in the family groups that Mrs. Samuel Josephs caused to be taken twice yearly—herself and Samuel in the middle, Samuel with parchment roll clenched on knee and she with the youngest girl on hers—you never could be sure how many children really were there. You counted them, and then you saw another head or another small boy in a white sailor suit perched on the arm of a basket chair. All the girls were fat, with black hair tied up in red ribbons and eyes like buttons. The little ones had scarlet faces, but the big ones were white with black heads and dawning moustaches. The boys had the same jetty hair, the same button eyes, but they were further adorned with ink-black finger-nails. (The girls bit theirs, so the black didn't show.) And every single one of them started a pitched battle as soon as possible after birth with every single other.

When Mrs. Samuel Josephs was not turning up their clothes or down their clothes (as the sex might be) and beating them with a hairbrush, she called this pitched battle "airing their lungs." She seemed to take a pride in it, and to bask in it from far away like a fat general watching through field-glasses his troops in violent action.

Lottie's weeping died down as she ascended the Samuel Josephs' stairs, but the sight of her at the nursery door with swollen eyes and a blob of a nose gave great satisfaction to the little S. J.s, who sat on two benches before a long table covered with American cloth and set out with immense platters of bread and dripping and two brown jugs that faintly steamed.

"Hullo! You've been crying!"

"O-oh! Your eyes have gone right in!"

"Doesn't her nose look funny!"

"You're all red-an'-patchy!"

Lottie was quite a success. She felt it and swelled, smiling timidly.

"Go and sit by Zaidee, ducky," said Mrs. Samuel Josephs, "and Kezia—you sit at the end by Boses."

Moses grinned and pinched her behind as she sat down, but she pretended to take no notice. She did hate boys!

"Which will you have?" asked Stanley (a big one), leaning across the table very politely and smiling at Kezia. "Which will you have to begin with—strawberries and cream or bread and dripping?"

"Strawberries and cream, please," said she.

"Ah-h-h!" How they all laughed and beat the table with their teaspoons. Wasn't that a take-in! Wasn't it! Wasn't it, now! Didn't he fox her! Good old Stan!

"Ma! She thought it was real!"

Even Mrs. Samuel Josephs, pouring out the milk and water, smiled indulgently. It was a merry tea.

After tea the young Samuel Josephs were turned out to grass until summoned to bed by their servant-girl standing in the yard and banging on a tin tray with a potato-masher.

"Know what we'll do," said Miriam. "Let's go an' play hide-an'-seek all over Burnells'. Their back

door is still open because they haven't got the sideboard out yet. I heard Ma tell Glad Eyes *she* wouldn't take such ole rubbish to a new house! Come on! Come on!"

"No, I don't want to," said Kezia, shaking her head.

"O-oh! Don't be soft. Come on—do!"

Miriam caught hold of one of her hands; Zaidee snatched at the other.

"I don't not want to, either, if Kezia doesn't," said Lottie, standing firm. But she, too, was whirled away. Now the whole fun of the game for the S. J.s was that the Burnell kids didn't want to play. In the yard they paused. Burnells' yard was small and square, with flower beds on either side. All down one side big clumps of arum lilies aired their rich beauty; on the other side there was nothing but a straggle of what the children called "grandmother's pincushions," a dull, pinkish flower, but so strong it would push its way and grow through a crack of concrete.

"You've only got one w. at your place," said Miriam, scornfully. "We've got two at ours. One for men and one for ladies. The one for men hasn't got a seat."

"Hasn't got a seat!" cried Kezia. "I *don't* believe you."

"It's-true-it's-true-it's-true! Isn't it, Zaidee?" And Miriam began to dance and hop, showing her flannelette drawers.

"Course it is," said Zaidee. "Well, you *are* a baby, Kezia!"

"I don't not believe it either, if Kezia doesn't," said Lottie, after a pause.

But they never paid any attention to what Lottie said. Alice Samuel Josephs tugged at a lily leaf, twisted it off, turned it over. It was covered on the under side with tiny blue and grey snails.

"How much does your Pa give you for collecting snails?" she demanded.

"Nothing!" said Kezia.

"Reely! Doesn't he give you anything? Our Pa gives us a ha'penny a hundred. We put them in a bucket with salt and they go all bubbly, like spittle. Don't you get any pocket money?"

"Yes, I get a penny for having my hair washed," said Kezia.

"An' a penny a tooth," said Lottie, softly.

"My! Is that *all!* One day Stanley took the money out of all our money boxes, and Pa was so mad he rang up the police-station."

"No, he didn't. Not reely," said Zaidee. "He only took the telephone down an' spoke in it to frighten Stan."

"Ooh, you fibber! Ooh, you are a fibber!" screamed Alice, feeling her story totter. "But Stan was so frightened he caught hold of Pa and screamed and bit him and then he lay on the floor and banged with his head as hard as ever."

"Yes," said Zaidee, warming. "And at dinner, when the door bell rang an' Pa said to Stan, 'There they are—they've come for you,' do you know what Stan did?" Her button eyes snapped with joy. "He was sick—all over the table!"

"How perfeckly *horrid,*" said Kezia, but even as she spoke she had one of her "ideas." It frightened her so that her knees trembled, but it made her so happy she nearly screamed with joy.

"Know a new game," said she. "All of you stand in a row and each person hold a narum lily head. I count one—two—three, and when 'three' comes all of you have to bite out the yellow bit and scrunch it up, and who swallows first—wins."

The Samuel Josephs suspected nothing. They liked the game. A game where something had to be

destroyed always fetched them. Savagely they broke off the big white blooms and stood in a row before Kezia.

"Lottie can't play," said Kezia.

But anyway it didn't matter. Lottie was still patiently bending a lily head this way and that—it would not come off the stem for her.

"One—two—three," said Kezia.

She flung up her hands with joy as the Samuel Josephs bit, chewed, made dreadful faces, spat, screamed, and rushed to Burnells' garden tap. But that was no good: only a trickle came out. Away they sped, yelling.

"Ma! Ma! Kezia's poisoned us."

"Ma! Ma! Me tongue's burning off."

"Ma! Ooh, Ma!"

"Whatever *is* the matter?" asked Lottie, mildly, still twisting the frayed, oozing stem. "Kin I bite my lily off like this, Kezia?"

"No, silly." Kezia caught her hand. "It burns your tongue like anything."

"Is that why they all ran away?" said Lottie. She did not wait for an answer. She drifted to the front of the house and began to dust the chair legs on the lawn with a corner of her pinafore.

Kezia felt very pleased. Slowly she walked up the back steps and through the scullery into the kitchen. Nothing was left in it except a lump of gritty yellow soap in one corner of the window-sill and a piece of flannel stained with a blue-bag in the other. The fireplace was choked with a litter of rubbish. She poked among it for treasure, but found nothing except a hair tidy, with a heart painted on it, that had belonged to the servant-girl. Even that she left lying, and she slipped through the narrow passage into the drawing-room.

THE SAMUEL JOSEPHS

The venetian blind was pulled down but not drawn close. Sunlight, piercing the green chinks, shone once again upon the purple urns brimming over with yellow chrysanthemums that patterned the walls. The hideous box was quite bare, so was the dining-room, except for the sideboard that stood in the middle forlorn, its shelves edged with a scallop of black leather. But this room had a " funny " smell. Kezia lifted her head and sniffed again, to remember. Silent as a kitten she crept up the ladder-like stairs. In Mr. and Mrs. Burnell's room she found a pill-box, black and shiny outside and red in, holding a blob of cotton wool. " I could keep a bird's egg in that," she decided. The only other room in the house—the little tin bathroom did not count—was *their* room, where Isabel and Lottie had slept in one bed and she and Grandma in another. She knew there was nothing there; she had watched Grandma pack. Oh, yes, there was! A stay button stuck in a crack of the floor and in another crack some beads and a long needle. She went over to the window and leaned against it, pressing her hands against the pane.

From the window you saw beyond the yard a deep gully filled with tree ferns and a thick tangle of wild green, and beyond that there stretched the esplanade bounded by a broad stone wall against which the sea chafed and thundered. (Kezia had been born in that room. She had come forth squealing out of a reluctant mother in the teeth of a Southerly Buster. The Grandmother, shaking her before the window, had seen the sea rise in green mountains and sweep the esplanade. The little house was like a shell to its loud booming. Down in the gully the wild trees lashed together and big gulls, wheeling and crying, skimmed past the misty window.)

Kezia liked to stand so before the window. She

liked the feeling of the cold, shining glass against her hot little palms, and she liked to watch the funny white tops that came on her fingers when she pressed them hard against the pane.

As she stood the day flickered out and sombre dusk entered the empty house, thievish dusk stealing the shapes of things, sly dusk painting the shadows. At her heels crept the wind, snuffling and howling. The windows shook, a creaking came from the walls and the floors, a piece of loose iron on the roof banged forlornly. Kezia did not notice these things severally, but she was suddenly quite, quite still, with wide-open eyes and knees pressed together—terribly frightened. Her old bogy, the dark, had overtaken her, and now there was no lighted room to make a despairing dash for. Useless to call " Grandma ! "—useless to wait for the servant-girl's cheerful stumping up the stairs to pull down the blinds and light the bracket lamp. There was only Lottie in the garden. If she began to call Lottie *now* and went on calling loudly all the while she flew downstairs and out of the house, she might escape from It in time. It was round like the sun. It had a face. It smiled, but It had no eyes. It was yellow. When she was put to bed with two drops of aconite in the medicine glass It breathed very loudly and firmly, and It had been known on certain particularly fearful occasions to turn round and round. It hung in the air. That was all she knew, and even that much had been very difficult to explain to Grandmother.

Nearer came the terror, and more plain to feel the " silly " smile. She snatched her hands from the window-pane, opened her mouth to call Lottie, and fancied that she did call loudly, though she made no sound. It was at the top of the stairs ; It was at the bottom of the stairs, waiting in the little dark passage, guarding the back door. But Lottie was at the back door, too.

"Oh, there you are!" she said, cheerfully. "The storeman's here. Everything's on the dray—and *three* horses, Kezia! Mrs. Samuel Josephs has given us a big shawl to wear round us, and she says 'Button up your coat.' She won't come out because of asthma, and she says, 'Never do it again.'" Lottie was very important.

"Now then, you kids," called the storeman. He hooked his big thumbs under their arms. Up they swung. Lottie arranged the shawl "most beautifully," and the storeman tucked up their feet in a piece of old blanket.

"*Lift* up! Easy does it!" They might have been a couple of young ponies.

The storeman felt over the cords holding his load, unhooked the brake-chain from the wheel, and, whistling, he swung up beside them.

"Keep close to *me*," said Lottie, "because otherwise you pull the shawl away from my side, Kezia."

But Kezia edged up to the storeman. He towered up beside her, big as a giant, and he smelled of nuts and wooden boxes.

TREES AND BABIES AND PAPAS AND MAMMAS

By D. H. Lawrence

I come out solemnly with a pencil and an exercise-book, and take my seat in all gravity at the foot of a large fir-tree, and wait for thoughts to come, gnawing like a squirrel on a nut. But the nut's hollow.

I think there are too many trees. They seem to crowd round and stare at me, and I feel as if they nudged one another when I'm not looking. I can *feel* them standing there. And they won't let me get on about the baby this morning. Just their cussedness. I felt they encouraged me like a harem of wonderful silent wives, yesterday.

It is half-rainy too—the wood so damp and still and so secret, in the remote morning air. Morning, with rain in the sky, and the forest subtly brooding, and me feeling no bigger than a pea-bug between the roots of my fir. The trees seem so much bigger than me, so much stronger in life, prowling silent around. I seem to feel them moving and thinking and prowling, and they overwhelm me. Ah, well, the only thing is to give way to them.

It is the edge of the Black Forest—sometimes the Rhine far off, on its Rhine plain, like a bit of magnesium ribbon. But not to-day. To-day only trees, and leaves, and vegetable presences. Huge straight fir-trees, and big beech-trees sending rivers of roots into the ground. And cuckoos, like noise falling in drops off the leaves. And me, a fool, sitting by a grassy

wood-road with a pencil and a book, hoping to write more about that baby.

Never mind. I listen again for noises, and I smell the damp moss. The looming trees, so straight. And I listen for their silence. Big, tall-bodied trees, with a certain magnificent cruelty about them. Or barbarity. I don't know why I should say cruelty. Their magnificent, strong, round bodies! It almost seems I can hear the slow, powerful sap drumming in their trunks. Great full-blooded trees, with strange tree-blood in them, soundlessly drumming.

Trees that have no hands and faces, no eyes. Yet the powerful sap-scented blood roaring up the great columns. A vast individual life, and an overshadowing will. The will of a tree. Something that frightens you.

Suppose you want to look a tree in the face? You can't. It hasn't got a face. You look at the strong body of a trunk: you look above you into the matted body-hair of twigs and boughs: you see the soft green tips. But there are no eyes to look into, you can't meet its gaze. You keep on looking at it in part and parcel.

It's no good looking at a tree, to know it. The only thing is to sit among the roots and nestle against its strong trunk, and not bother. That's how I write all about these planes and plexuses, between the toes of a tree, forgetting myself against the great ankle of the trunk. And then, as a rule, as a squirrel is stroked into its wickedness by the faceless magic of a tree, so am I usually stroked into forgetfulness, and into scribbling this book. My tree-book, really.

I come so well to understand tree-worship. All the old Aryans worshipped the tree. My ancestors. The tree of life. The tree of knowledge. Well, one is bound to sprout out some time or other, chip of the old Aryan block. I can so well understand tree-worship. And fear the deepest motive.

Naturally. This marvellous vast individual without

a face, without lips or eyes or heart. This towering creature that never had a face. Here am I between his toes like a pea-bug, and him noiselessly overreaching me. And I feel his great blood-jet surging. And he has no eyes. But he turns two ways. He thrusts himself tremendously down to the middle earth, where dead men sink in darkness, in the damp, dense undersoil, and he turns himself about in high air. Whereas we have eyes on one side of our head only, and only grow upwards.

Plunging himself down into the black humus, with a root's gushing zest, where we can only rot dead; and his tips in high air, where we can only look up to. So vast and powerful and exultant in his two directions. And all the time, he has no face, no thought: only a huge, savage, thoughtless soul. Where does he even keep his soul?—Where does anybody?

A huge, plunging, tremendous soul. I would like to be a tree for a while. The great lust of roots. Root-lust. And no mind at all. He towers, and I sit and feel safe. I like to feel him towering round me. I used to be afraid. I used to fear their lust, their rushing black lust. But now I like it, I worship it. I always felt them huge primeval enemies. But now they are my only shelter and strength. I lose myself among the trees. I am so glad to be with them in their silent, intent passion, and their great lust. They feed my soul. But I can understand that Jesus was crucified on a tree.

And I can so well understand the Romans, their terror of the bristling Hercynian wood. Yet when you look from a height down upon the rolling of the forest —this Black Forest—it is as suave as a rolling, oily sea. Inside only, it bristles horrific. And it terrified the Romans.

The Romans! They, too, seem very near. Nearer than Hindenburg or Foch or even Napoleon. When I look across the Rhine plain, it is Rome, and the

legionaries of the Rhine that my soul notices. It must have been wonderful to come from South Italy to the shores of this sea-like forest : this dark, moist forest, with its enormously powerful intensity of tree life. Now I know, coming myself from rock-dry Sicily, open to the day.

The Romans and the Greeks found everything human. Everything had a face, and a human voice. Men spoke, and their fountains piped an answer.

But when the legions crossed the Rhine they found a vast impenetrable life which had no voice. They met the faceless silence of the Black Forest. This huge, huge wood did not answer when they called. Its silence was too crude and massive. And the soldiers shrank : shrank before the trees that had no faces, and no answer. A vast array of non-human life, darkly self-sufficient, and bristling with indomitable energy. The Hercynian wood, not to be fathomed. The enormous power of these collective trees, stronger in their sombre life even than Rome.

No wonder the soldiers were terrified. No wonder they thrilled with horror when, deep in the woods, they found the skulls and trophies of their dead comrades upon the trees. The trees had devoured them : silently, in mouthfuls, and left the white bones. Bones of the mindful Romans—and savage, preconscious trees, indomitable. The true German has something of the sap of trees in his veins even now : and a sort of pristine savageness, like trees, helpless, but most powerful, under all his mentality. He is a tree-soul, and his gods are not human. His instinct still is to nail skulls and trophies to the sacred tree, deep in the forest. The tree of life and death, tree of good and evil, tree of abstraction and of immense, mindless life ; tree of everything except the spirit, spirituality.

But after bone-dry Sicily, and after the gibbering of myriad people all rattling their personalities, I am glad

to be with the profound indifference of faceless trees. Their rudimentariness cannot know why we care for the things we care for. They have no faces, no minds and bowels : only deep, lustful roots stretching in earth, and vast, lissom life in air, and primeval individuality. You can sacrifice the whole of your spirituality on their altar still. You can nail your skull on their limbs. They have no skulls, no minds nor faces, they can't make eyes of love at you. Their vast life dispenses with all this. But they will live you down.

The normal life of one of these big trees is about a hundred years. So the Herr Baron told me.

One of the few places that my soul will haunt, when I am dead, will be this. Among the trees here near Ebersteinburg, where I have been alone and written this book. I can't leave these trees. They have taken some of my soul.

Excuse my digression, gentle reader. At first I left it out, thinking we might not see the wood for the trees. But it doesn't matter what we see. It's nice just to look round, anywhere.

So there are two planes of being and consciousness and two modes of relation and of function. We will call the lower plane the sensual, the upper the spiritual. The terms may be unwise, but we can think of no other.

Please read that again, dear reader ; you'll be a bit dazzled, coming out of the wood.

It is obvious that from the time a child is born, or conceived, it has a permanent relation with the outer universe, a relation in the two modes, not one mode only. There are two ways of love, two ways of activity in independence. And there needs some sort of equilibrium between the two modes. In the same way, in physical function there is eating and drinking, and excrementation, on the lower plane ; and respiration and heart-beat on the upper plane.

Now the equilibrium to be established is fourfold. There must be a true equilibrium between what we eat and what we reject again by excretion: likewise between the systole and diastole of the heart, the inspiration and expiration of our breathing. Suffice to say the equilibrium is never quite perfect. Most people are either too fat or too thin, too hot or too cold, too slow or too quick. There is no such thing as an *actual* norm, a living norm. A norm is merely an abstraction, not a reality.

The same on the psychical plane. We either love too much, or impose our will too much, are too spiritual or too sensual. There is not and cannot be any actual norm of human conduct. All depends, first, on the unknown inward need within the very nuclear centres of the individual himself, and, secondly, on his circumstance. Some *must* be too spiritual, some *must* be too sensual. Some *must* be too sympathetic, and some *must* be too proud. We have no desire to say what men *ought* to be. We only wish to say there are all kinds of ways of being, and there is no such thing as human perfection. No man can be anything more than just himself, in genuine living relation to all his surroundings. But that which *I* am, when I am myself, will certainly be anathema to those who hate individual integrity, and want to swarm. And that which I, being myself, am in myself, may make the hair bristle with rage on a man who is also himself, but very different from me. Then let it bristle. And if mine bristle back again, then let us, if we must, fly at one another like two enraged men. It is how it should be. We've got to learn to live from the centre of our own responsibility only, and let other people do the same.

To return to the child, however, and his development on his two planes of consciousness. There is all the time a direct dynamic connection between child and mother, child and father also, from the start. It is a

connection on two planes, the upper and lower. From the lower sympathetic centre the profound intake of love or vibration from the living co-respondent outside. From the upper sympathetic centre the outgoing of devotion and the passionate vibration of *given* love, given attention. The two sympathetic centres are always, or should always be, counterbalanced by their corresponding voluntary centres. From the great voluntary ganglion of the lower plane, the child is self-willed, independent, and masterful.

In the activity of this centre a boy refuses to be kissed and pawed about, maintaining his proud independence like a little wild animal. From this centre he likes to command and to receive obedience. From this centre likewise he may be destructive and defiant and reckless, determined to have his own way at any cost.

From this centre, too, he learns to use his legs. The motion of walking, like the motion of breathing, is two-fold. First, a sympathetic cleaving to the earth with the foot: then the voluntary rejection, the spurning, the kicking away, the exultance in power and freedom.

From the upper voluntary centre the child watches persistently, wilfully, for the attention of the mother: to be taken notice of, to be caressed, in short, to exist in and through the mother's attention. From this centre, too, he coldly refuses to notice the mother, when she insists on too much attention. This cold refusal is different from the active rejection of the lower centre. It is passive, but cold and negative. It is the great force of our day. From the ganglion of the shoulders, also, the child breathes and his heart beats. From the same centre he learns the first use of his arms. In the gesture of sympathy, from the upper plane, he embraces his mother with his arms. In the motion of curiosity, or interest, which derives from the thoracic ganglion, he spreads his fingers, touches, feels, explores. In the

motion of rejection he drops an undesired object deliberately out of sight.

And then, when the four centres of what we call the first field of consciousness are fully active, then it is that the eyes begin to gather their sight, the mouth to speak, the ears to awake to their intelligent hearings; all as a result of the great fourfold activity of the first dynamic field of consciousness. And then also, as a result, the mind wakens up to its impressions and to its incipient control. For at first the control is non-mental, even non-cerebral. The brain acts only as a sort of switchboard.

The business of the father, in all this incipient child-development, is to stand outside as a final authority and make the necessary adjustments. Where there is too much sympathy, then the great voluntary centres of the spine are weak, the child tends to be delicate. Then the father by instinct supplies the roughness, the sternness which stiffens in the child the centres of resistance and independence, right from the very earliest days. Often, for a mere infant, it is the father's fierce or stern presence, the vibration of his voice, which starts the frictional and independent activity of the great voluntary ganglion and gives the first impulse to the independence which later on is life itself.

But on the other hand, the father, from his distance, supports, protects, nourishes his child, and it is ultimately on the remote but powerful father-love that the infant rests, in a rest which is beyond mother-love. For in the male the dominant centres are naturally the volitional centres, centres of responsibility, authority, and care.

It is the father's business, again, to maintain some sort of equilibrium between the two modes of love in his infant. A mother may wish to bring up her child from the lovely upper centres only, from the centres of the breast, in the mode of what we call pure or spiritual

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love. Then the child will be all gentle, all tender and tender-radiant, always enfolded with gentleness and forbearance, always shielded from grossness or pain or roughness. Now the father's instinct is to be rough and crude, good-naturedly brutal with the child, calling the deeper centres, the sensual centres, into play. "What do you want? My watch? Well, you can't have it, do you see, because it's mine." Not a lot of explanations of the "You see, darling." No such nonsense. Or if a child wails unnecessarily for its mother, the father must be the check. "Stop your noise, you little brat! What ails you, you whiner?" And if children be too sensitive, too sympathetic, then it will do the child no harm if the father occasionally throws the cat out of the window, or kicks the dog, or raises a storm in the house. Storms there must be. And if the child is old enough and robust enough, it can occasionally have its bottom soundly spanked—by the father, if the mother refuses to perform that most necessary duty. For a child's bottom is made occasionally to be spanked. The vibration of the spanking acts direct upon the spinal nerve-system, there is a direct reciprocity and reaction, the spanker transfers his wrath to the great will-centres in the child, and these will-centres react intensely, are vivified and educated.

On the other hand, given a mother who is too generally hard or indifferent, then it rests with the father to provide the delicate sympathy and the refined discipline. Then the father must show the tender sensitiveness of the upper mode. The sad thing to-day is that so few mothers have any deep bowels of love—or even the breast of love. What they have is the benevolent spiritual will, the will of the upper self. But the will is not love. And benevolence in a parent is a poison. It is bullying. In these circumstances the father must give delicate adjustment, and, above all, some warm, native love from the richer sensual self.

The question of corporal punishment is important. It is no use roughly smacking a shrinking, sensitive child. And yet, if a child is too shrinking, too sensitive, it may do it a world of good cheerfully to spank its posterior. Not brutally, not cruelly, but with real sound, good-natured exasperation. And let the adult take the full responsibility, half-humorously, without apology or explanation. Let us avoid self-justification at all costs. Real corporal punishments apply to the sensual plane. The refined punishments of the spiritual mode are usually much more indecent and dangerous than a good smack. The pained but resigned disapprobation of a mother is usually a very bad thing, much worse than the father's shouts of rage. And sendings to bed, and no dessert for a week, and so on, are crueller and meaner than a bang on the head. When a parent gives his boy a beating, there is a living passionate interchange. But in these refined punishments, the parent suffers nothing and the child is deadened. The bullying of the refined, benevolent spiritual will is simply vitriol to the soul. Yet parents administer it with all the righteousness of virtue and good intention, sparing themselves perfectly.

The point is here. If a child makes you so that you really want to spank it soundly, then soundly spank the brat. But know all the time *what* you are doing, and always be responsible for your anger. Never be ashamed of it, and never surpass it. The flashing interchange of anger between parent and child is part of the responsible relationship, necessary to growth. Again, if a child offends you deeply, so that you really can't communicate with it any more, then, while the hurt is deep, switch off your connection with the child, cut off your correspondence, your vital communion, and be alone. But never persist in such a state beyond the time when your deep hurt dies down. The only rule is, do what you *really*, impulsively, wish to do. But

always act on your own responsibility sincerely. And have the courage of your own strong emotions. They enrich the child's soul.

For a child's primary education depends almost entirely on its relation to its parents, brothers, and sisters. Between the mother and child, father and child, the law is this : I, the mother, am myself alone : the child is itself alone. But there exists between us a vital dynamic relation, for which I, being the conscious one, am basically responsible. So, as far as possible, there must be in me no departure from myself, lest I injure the preconscious dynamic relation. I must absolutely act according to my own true spontaneous feeling. But, moreover, I must also have wisdom for myself and for my child. Always, always the deep wisdom of responsibility. And always a brave responsibility for the soul's own spontaneity. Love—what is love? We'd better get a new idea. Love is in all generous impulse—even a good spanking. But wisdom is something else, a deep collectedness in the soul, a deep abiding by my own integral being, which makes me responsible, not for the child, but for my certain duties towards the child, and for maintaining the dynamic flow between the child and myself as genuine as possible : that is to say, not perverted by ideals or by my *will*.

Most fatal, most hateful of all things is bullying. But what is bullying? It is a desire to superimpose my own will upon another person. Sensual bullying, of course, is fairly easily detected. What is more dangerous is ideal bullying. Bullying people into what is ideally good for them. I embrace, for example, an ideal, and I seek to enact this ideal in the person of another. This is ideal bullying. A mother says that life should be all love, all delicacy and forbearance and gentleness. And she proceeds to spin a hateful sticky web of permanent forbearance, gentleness, hushedness around her natur-

ally passionate and hasty child. This so foils the child as to make him half-imbecile or criminal. I may have ideals if I like—even of love and forbearance and meekness. But I have no right to ask another to have these ideals. And to impose *any ideals* upon a child as it grows is almost criminal. It results in impoverishment and distortion and subsequent deficiency. In our day, most dangerous is the love and benevolence ideal. It results in neurasthenia, which is largely a dislocation or collapse of the great voluntary centres, a derangement of the will. It is in us an insistence upon the one life-mode only, the spiritual mode. It is a suppression of the great lower centres, and a living a sort of half-life, almost entirely from the upper centres. Thence, since we live terribly and exhaustively from the upper centres, there is a tendency now towards phthisis and neurasthenia of the heart. The great sympathetic centre of the breast becomes exhausted, the lungs, burnt by the over-insistence of one way of life, become diseased, the heart strained in one mode of dilation, retaliates. The powerful lower centres are no longer fully active, particularly the great lumbar ganglion, which is the clue to our sensual passionate pride and independence, this ganglion is atrophied by suppression. And it is this ganglion which holds the spine erect. So, weak-chested, round-shouldered, we stoop hollowly forward on ourselves. It is the result of the all-famous love and charity ideal, an ideal now quite dead in its sympathetic activity, but still fixed and determined in its voluntary action.

Let us beware and beware, and beware of having a high ideal for ourselves. But particularly let us beware of having an ideal for our children. So doing, we damn them. All we can have is wisdom. And wisdom is not a theory, it is a state of soul. It is the state wherein we know our wholeness and the complicate, manifold nature of our being. It is the state wherein we know

the great relations which exist between us and our near ones. And it is the state which accepts full responsibility, first for our own souls, and then for the living dynamic relations wherein we have our being. It is no use expecting the other person to know. Each must know for himself. But nowadays men have even a stunt of pretending that children and idiots alone know best. This is a pretty piece of sophistry, and criminal cowardice, trying to dodge the life-responsibility which no man or woman can dodge without disaster.

The only thing is to be direct. If a child has to swallow castor-oil, then say: "Child, you've got to swallow this castor-oil. It is necessary for your inside. I say so because it is true. So open your mouth." Why try coaxing and logic and tricks with children? Childıen are more sagacious than we are. They twig soon enough if there is a flaw in our own intention and our own true spontaneity. And they play up to our bit of falsity till there is hell to pay.

"You love mother, don't you, dear?"—Just a piece of indecent trickery of the spiritual will. The great emotions like love are unspoken. Speaking them is a sign of an indecent bullying will.

"Poor pussy! You must love poor pussy!"

What cant! What sickening cant! An appeal to love based on false pity. That's the way to inculcate a filthy pharisaic conceit into a child. If the child ill-treats the cat, say:

"Stop mauling that cat. It's got its own life to live, so let it live it." Then if the brat persists, give tit for tat.

"What, you pull the cat's tail! Then I'll pull your nose, to see how you like it." And give his nose a proper hard pinch.

Children *must* pull the cat's tail a little. Children *must* steal the sugar sometimes. They *must* occasionally spoil just the things one doesn't want them to spoil.

And they *must* occasionally tell stories—tell a lie. Circumstances and life are such that we must all sometimes tell a lie: just as we wear trousers, because we don't choose that everybody shall see our nakedness. Morality is a delicate act of adjustment on the soul's part, not a rule or a prescription. Beyond a certain point the child *shall* not pull the cat's tail, *or* steal the sugar, *or* spoil the furniture, *or* tell lies. But I'm afraid you can't fix this certain soul's humour. And so it must. If at a sudden point you fly into a temper and thoroughly beat the boy for hardly touching the cat—well, that's life. All you've got to say to him is: "There, that'll serve you for all the times you *have* pulled her tail and hurt her." And he will feel outraged, and so will you. But what does it matter? Children have an infinite understanding of the soul's passionate variabilities, and forgive even a real injustice, if it was *spontaneous* and not intentional. They know we aren't perfect. What they don't forgive us is if we pretend we are: or if we *bully*.

THE ESTUARY

By H. M. Tomlinson

I.

It was decided that someone must stand by the boat. There was an uncertainty about the tide, and there might be a need to moor her elsewhere. The other two members of the crew did not propose a gamble to decide which one of the three of us should stay with her while the other two went into the town. I was told off as watchman, at once and unanimously, and it was clear that in this the rest of the crew knew they were doing the orderly thing. Their decision was just. It was I who was to be left. It is the lot of the irresolute to get left, though sometimes the process is called the will of God. The boat, with me in it, was abandoned. The two of us had to make the most of each other for an indefinite time.

Perhaps the boat, being a boat of character and experience, had no confidence in her protector, because after a spell of perfect quietude, in which I thought she slept, without warning she began to butt the quay-wall impatiently. She was irritably awake. But I was not going to begin by showing docile haste when a being with such a name as *Brunhilda* demanded my attention so insistently. Instead, I leisurely filled my pipe and lit it, took half a dozen absent-minded draws at it, and then went forward idly and lengthened the mooring-line. The boat fell asleep again at once.

Our line was fast to a ring-bolt, which possibly was in the old stonework of that quay-wall when the ships which moored there were those that made of a voyage

to America a new and grand adventure. That ring-bolt was rust, chiefly. Its colour was deep and rich. With the sun on it, the iron circle on its stem might have been a strange crimson sea-flower pendent from the rock over the tide. A precipitous flight of unequal steps ran from the top of the quay down its face to the water. The steps continued under the water, but I don't know how far. They gradually dissolved. Of the submerged steps I could not count below the sixth, and even the fourth and fifth were dim in a submarine twilight. The tread of the midway step, which was near my face and just below it, was uncertain whether it ought to be above water or sunk. Sometimes when I looked that way it was under a few inches of glass, and as I looked the glass would become fluid and pour noiselessly from it. Once when the glass covered it I noticed an olive-green crab was on the step, set there, as it were, in crystal. When he darted sideways it seemed unnatural, and as if he were alive and free. But it was just when he moved that I began to suspect that many affairs, an incessant but silent business of life, were going on around me and under the boat.

The water was as still and clear as the air. It seemed but little denser. It was only the apparition of water. It was tinted so faint a beryl that I knew when my fingers touched it only because it was cold, and the air was hot. When first I glanced overside it was like peering into nothing, or at most at something just substantial enough to embody shadows. So I enjoyed the boat, which was tangible. The bleached woodwork of the little craft had stored the sun's heat. Perhaps, though, it was full of the heat of past summers, even of the tropics, and its curious smells were its memories of many creeks and harbours. It had been a ship's boat. In its time it may have been moored to mangrove roots. It had travelled far. I don't know when I enjoyed a pipe so much. The water was talking to

itself under the boat. We were sunk three fathoms below the top of the quay, out of sight of the world. I could see nothing living but a scattered area of sea-birds resting on the tide. One of the birds, detached, a black-headed gull, was so close that the pencilled lines of his plumage were plain. He cocked an eye at me inquiringly. He came still closer, of his own will or through the will of the tide—there was no telling—and we stared frankly at each other; and I think I may believe he admitted me as a member of whatever society he knows. Not a word was said, nor a sign made, but something passed between us which gave everything a value unfamiliar but, I am confident, more nearly a right value. This made me uncertain as to what might happen next. I felt I was the discoverer of this place. It was doubtful whether it had ever really been seen before. I had accidentally chanced upon its reality. As to those stone steps, I had been up and down them often enough, in other years, but I had the feeling they were new to me this morning, that they turned to me another and an unsuspected face. It was in such a moment that I first saw the crab at my elbow, and when he darted sideways it was as if he were moved by a secret impulse outside himself, the same power which moved the gull towards me, and which pulled the water off the step.

I looked overside to see whether this power were visible, and what it was like. There were six feet of water between me and the wall; and as the sunlight was screened there by the boat's top, but was, at the same time, passing under its keel, I could see to a surprising depth. The steps that were submarine were hung with algae; near the surface of the water their fronds were individual and bright, but they descended and faded into mystery and the half-seen. Some of the larger shapes far below, whatever they were, seemed to be in ambush under the boat, and what they were waiting for in a

world so dim, removed, and strange, I preferred not to consider, on a fine day. Those lurking forms—they might have been no more than nether darkness itself becoming arborescent wherever sunlight could sink down to it and touch its unfashioned murk into what was lifelike—were eternally patient and still, as confident as things may be which wait in the place where we are told all life began. Midway between the keel of the boat and that lower gloom a glittering little cloud was suspensory. East atom of it in turn caught a glint of sunlight, and became for an instant an emerald point, a star in the fathoms. But I was not the first to detect that shoal of embryonic life. A pale arrow shot upwards from the shadows at the cloud, which instantly dispersed. That quick sand-eel missed his shot.

The cloud was alive ; the water and the dark forest below were populated. The impulse which kept the water moving on and off the step—by now it was using another step for its play, for the tide was falling—continued to shoot flights of those silver arrows into the upper transparency. They flew out of the shadows into the light and were back again quicker than the eye could follow them ; and as casually as though they had known this sort of thing for aeons, the morsels of life suspended in the upper light parted and vanished, to let the arrows through, and then, as by magic, the glittering morsels reformed their company in the same place. No number of darting arrows could destroy their faith in whatever original word they once had been told.

There drifted into the space between the boat and the quay-wall a vitreous hemisphere, a foot across. It had a pattern of violet hieroglyphics in the centre of its body. Its rim was flexible, and in regular spasms contracted and expanded, rolling the medusa along. The creature darkened as it rolled into the shadow of the boat, sank under me, and was suddenly illuminated, like a moon, as it entered the radiance beneath. It was

while watching it that I noticed in the water some tinted sparks which I was ready to believe came of the quality of the sea itself, for I could see the water was charged with a virtue of immense power. When the jellyfish had gone I watched one of those glims, for it was not doused at once, but merely changed its colour. It moved close to the boat. The sparkling came from a globe of pure crystal, which was poised in the current on two filaments. The scintillating globe, no larger than a robin's egg, floated along in abandon in the world below my boat, sometimes bright in elfish emerald, and then changing to shimmering topaz. Scores of these tiny lamps were burning below, now that my eyes were opened and were sensible of them; they had been suddenly filled, I suppose, by the power which pulsed the algae, which had turned the medusa into a bright planet, shot the arrows, opened my own intelligence, and given sentience to the other atoms of drifting life. The water was constellated with these little globes changing their hues, and I remembered then that Barbellion said a ctenophore in sunlight was the most beautiful thing in the world. . . . There was a shout above me. The crew had returned. It demanded to know whether I was tired of waiting.

II.

We pushed out, and the oars shattered the mirror and the revelation. Above the quay the white streets appeared, mounting a quick incline in regular strata. They did not reach the ridge of the hill. That was a wood dark against a cloud. Downstream, at the end of the ridge, our river is met by another, and together they turn to face the sea, a gulf of confused currents and shoals in an exposed region of sandy desert, salting, and marsh, which ends seaward in the usual form of a hooked pebble bank. Beyond the bank is a bay enclosed by two great horns of rock, thirty miles

apart. The next land westward, straight out between the headlands, is Newfoundland. A white stalk of a lighthouse stands amid the dunes, forlorn and fragile in that bright wilderness, a lamp at our door for travellers.

We went upstream. The sea here penetrates into the very hills. The exposed coils of roots and the lower overhanging branches of oaks in precipitous valleys, which in aspect are remote from the coast, are submerged daily, and shelter marine crustacea ; the fox-gloves and ferns are just above the crabs. Where we grounded our boat, six miles from the lighthouse, the western ocean might have been as distant as Siberia. On this still midsummer afternoon our lonely creek was the conventional picture of the tropics, silent, vivid, and far. The creek—or pill, as the natives of the west country call it in their Anglo-Saxon—is, like all the best corners of the Estuary, uninhabited and unvisited. Perhaps the common notion of the tropics, a place of superb colours, with gracious palms, tree-ferns, and vines haunted by the birds of a milliner's dream, originated in the stage scenery of the *Girls from Ko-Ko* and other equatorial musical comedies, to which sailors have always given their hearty assent. That picture has seldom been denied. What traveller would have the heart to do it? The sons of Adam continue to hope that one day they may return to the Garden, and it would be cruel to warn them that this garden cannot be entered either through the Malay Straits or by the Amazon. We ought to be allowed, I think, to keep a few odd illusions in a world grown so inimical to idle dreaming. Let us preserve the picture of the tropics with our portraits of great statesmen and other pleasing contemporary oleographs. The jungle in reality is rather like mid-ocean where there is no help. The sea is monstrously active, but the jungle is no less fearful because it is quiet and still. It is not coloured.

It has no graces. Once within its green wall, that metallic and monotonous wall, the traveller becomes daunted by a foreboding gloom, and a silence older than the memories of Rheims and Canterbury. The picture is not of Paradise, but of eld and ruin. You see no flowers, and hear no nightingales. Sometimes there is a distant cry, prompted, it might be guessed, by one of the miseries which Dante witnessed in a similar place. Yet whatever beings use equatorial forests for their purgatory, they remain discreetly hidden; Dante there could but peer into the shadows and listen to the agony of creatures unknown. The grotesque shapes about him would mock him with aloof immobility, and Dante presently would (as the soldiers used to say) go potty. He would never write a poem about his experiences. I saw this when reading Bates's *Naturalist* again, while the crew of the *Brunhilda* gathered driftwood in a Devon creek to make a fire for tea. Bates does little to warn a reader that the forest of the Amazon is not a simple exaggeration of Jefferies' *Pageant of Summer*. And what a book, I saw then, a man like Bates could have made of such a varied world as our Estuary! The range of life in this littoral, from the heather of the moors to the edge of the pelagic shelf where the continental mass of Europe drops to the abyss—a range, in places, of no more than ten miles—has not yet had its explorer and its chronicler. Yet I never saw in days of travel in the tropic forest such a blaze of colour and such variety of form as were held in the vase formed by the steep sides of our little combe; great willow-herb, loosestrife, tansy, meadowsweet, wormwood, figwort, comfrey, and hemlock, made a cascade of rose, purple, white, and green, held narrowly by those converging slopes of bracken and oak-scrub. That descent of colour was in movement, too, as a tumult would be, with the abrupt and ceaseless leaping and soaring of numberless red admiral, clouded yellow, pea-

cock, and fritillary and white butterflies. On the foreshore, where a tiny stream emerged from this silent riot, a cormorant on a pile was black and sentinel. Kingfishers passed occasionally, streaks of blue light. It was the picture of the tropics, as popularly imaged, but it was what travellers seldom see there.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Distinguished Swede.—At the recent dinner of the international P.E.N. Club a member of the Swedish committee which awards the Nobel prize for literature was placed between two English writers of the younger generation. Perhaps it was the first time a member of the Nobel Committee had been visible to the naked eye in England. Naturally, they seized so rare an opportunity. They pressed the claims of Thomas Hardy on the distinguished Swede; they pointed out that Hardy was acknowledged on every hand as the greatest living poet and novelist of England. The distinguished Swede smiled indulgently. Oh, yes, he knew Thomas Hardy's works—very pleasant little Victorian stories. He had read them all. But a great writer? They would pardon him, but as a distinguished Swede who naturally knew the difference between a European and a national reputation. . . . They did their best to pardon him; they looked at the shape of his distinguished head. Then, moved by a determination to get to the bottom of the mystery, they asked him if he would be so kind as to tell them the name of an English book and an English writer whom he did admire. The distinguished Swede was ready. "There is a very good book," he said, earnestly, "which I have read—the *Sonia* of Mr. Stephen McKenna."

THE WOOD DEMON

By Anton Tchehov

[A letter from Anton Tchehov to A. S. Souvorin, October 18th, 1888, concerning a play which Tchehov intended to write in collaboration with Souvorin. The play was written by Tchehov single-handed, and eventually became " Uncle Vanya."]

I have received the beginning of the play. Thank you. Blagosvietlov will go in whole, just as he is. You have done him admirably ; from his very first words he is boring and irritating, and if the public has five consecutive minutes of him, it will get just the impression we want. The spectator will say to himself, " Oh, *do* shut up ! " Blagosvietlov must have a double effect on the audience—of an intelligent man with the gout and a grievance, and of a tedious piece of music which has been playing for hours. I think you'll see how far you've succeeded with him when I've sketched out the first act and sent it to you.

Of Anoutchin I shall leave only the name and " all that." His conversation needs greasing. He is a soft, oily, amorous nature, and his talk is soft and oily, too. You've made him abrupt, not genial enough. This godfather must exude old age and indolence. His listening to Blagosvietlov is pure indolence ; rather than argue he'd infinitely prefer to have a snooze, or hear stories about Petersburg and the Tsar and literature and science, or feed in pleasant company.

I'll remind you of the plan of our play.

(1) Alexander Platonitch Blagosvietlov, a member of the Privy Council, with the Order of the White Eagle

and a pension of four hundred a year. The son of a clergyman and educated for a priest. He has got to his position by his own personal efforts. Not a blemish in his past. Suffers from gout, rheumatism, insomnia, and noises in the ears. His property came with his wife. Has a positive mind. He can't stand mystics, dreamers, cranks, poets, or fanatics. He doesn't believe in God, and looks at the whole world from a business point of view. Work, work, work—all the rest is nonsense or humbug.

(2) Boris, his son, a young student, very sensitive and honest, but utterly ignorant of life. Once he imagined himself to be a Social Revolutionary and arranged to dress like a peasant, but he looked like a Turk. Plays the piano admirably, sings with feeling, writes plays in secret, is always falling in love, spends a lot of money, and invariably talks nonsense. He does very little work.

(3) Blagosvietlov's daughter. But don't call her Sasha, please. Since "Ivanov" I'm tired of that name. If the son is Boris, let the daughter be Nastya. (We'll erect an everlasting monument to Boris and Nastya.*) Nastya is twenty-two or twenty-four. She is well educated and can think. She's tired of Petersburg, and of the country, too. She's never been in love. Indolent, fond of philosophising, lies on the sofa to read a book. Wants to marry, but only for the sake of a change and not to be left an old maid. Says she could only fall in love with an interesting man. She'd be pleased to marry Poushkin or Edison, but she'd marry an ordinary decent man only out of boredom. Still, she'll respect her husband and love her children. When she's met and listened to the Wood Demon, she surrenders herself wholly to passion, to the uttermost lengths—hysterics and silly, senseless giggling. The powder, made damp by the Petersburg marshes, dries

* Souvorin's two children were called Boris and Nastya.

in the sun and explodes with terrific force. . . . I've thought out an extraordinary declaration of love for her.

(4) Anoutchin, an old man. He thinks himself the happiest man in the world. His sons have made their careers, his daughters are married, and he's as free as the wind. He has never been to a doctor, never had a lawsuit, never been decorated, forgets to wind up his watch, and is friends with everybody. He eats well, sleeps well, drinks plenty of wine, with no after-effect, doesn't grumble at his age, can't think about death. Once upon a time he used to feel depressed and grumble, to have a bad appetite and be interested in politics, but he was saved by a single incident. One day, about ten years ago, at a meeting of the District Council he had to make a general apology to everybody present. After which he immediately felt jolly, regained his appetite, and, being a subjective nature and social to the marrow of his bones, came to the conclusion that absolute sincerity and something like a public repentance is a remedy for all diseases. He recommends the remedy to everybody, Blagosvietlov included.

(5) Victor Petrovitch Korovin, a young squire of thirty to thirty-three, the Wood Demon. A poet, a landscape painter, extraordinarily responsive to Nature. Once, while he was still a schoolboy, he planted a little birch tree. When it grew green and began to shake in the wind, when it began to whisper and give a little shade, his soul filled with pride. He had helped God to create a new birch tree! Through his act there was one more tree on the earth! This was the beginning of his own peculiar creativeness. He embodies his idea, not on canvas or paper, but in the earth; not with lifeless paint, but with living organisms. . . . The tree is beautiful; but that's not everything; it has its own right to live, it is as necessary as water, the sun, or the stars. Life on earth in inconceivable without trees. Forests

condition the climate, the climate influences the character of man, &c., &c. There can be neither civilization nor happiness if the forests fall under the axe, if the climate is rough and hard and the people, too, are rough and hard. . . . The prospect is terrible! He pleases Nastya not with his idea, which is alien to her, but with his talent, his passion, the wide range of his thought. . . . It pleases her that he has swung his mind over the whole of Russia and across ten centuries of the future. When he comes running up to her father, sobbing and with tears, and implores him not to sell his forest to be cut down, she laughs for ecstasy and happiness: at last she has met the man. She never believed in him before when she saw him in her dreams or read of him in books.

(6) Galahov, of the same age as the Wood Demon, but already a Privy Councillor, a rich man, with a high position in a Government department. A bureaucrat to his marrow, he cannot possibly get rid of the bureaucrat in himself, for it is inherited from his grandfathers and in his flesh and blood. He desires to live from the heart, but he cannot. He tries to appreciate Nature and music, but he does not. He's an honest and sincere man, who realizes that the Wood Demon is superior to him, and frankly admits it. He wants to marry for love, thinks he is in love, tunes himself up to a lyrical key, but nothing comes of it. He likes Nastya as a beautiful, intelligent girl, as a good wife—and nothing more.

(7) Vassily Gavrilovitch Volkov, a brother of Blagosvietlov's late wife. He manages Blagosvietlov's estate. (He ran through his own long ago.) He is sorry that he hasn't embezzled. He didn't expect his Petersburg relatives would be so unappreciative of his virtues. He thinks he is not understood; they don't want to understand him, and he's sorry that he hasn't embezzled. He drinks Vichy and grumbles. His

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deportment is very dignified. He is emphatic that he is not afraid of generals. He shouts.

(8) Lyuba, his daughter. Her mind is set on things of the earth. Chickens, ducks, knives, forks, the cattle-yard, the prize given by the *Neeva* newspaper, which would be put in a frame if she got it, entertaining guests, dinners, suppers, tea—that's her sphere. She takes it as a personal insult if any one wants to pour out tea instead of her, and says to herself, " Ah ! I'm no longer needed in this house." She doesn't like people who spend a great deal of money and do no definite work. She worships Galahov for his positiveness. She must come in agitated from the garden and call shrilly, " How was it Mary and Akulina dared to leave the young turkeys out all night in the dew ? " or something like that. She is always strict. With people and ducks as well. Really domestic women are never over-pleased with what they've done. On the contrary, they try to make out that their life is slavery. " There's no time, God forgive me, for a moment's rest. Every one sits around with their arms folded." Only she, poor dear, has to wear herself to the bone. She lectures Nastya and Boris for their idleness, and she's afraid of Blagosvietlov.

(9) Semyon, a peasant, the Wood Demon's assistant steward.

(10) Feodossyi, a pilgrim, an old man of eighty, but not yet grey. A soldier under Nicholas I., served in the Caucasus, and speaks the native language. A congenital optimist. He loves anecdote and jolly conversations, bows to the ground in front of every one, kisses their shoulder, and insists on kissing women. A lay brother of the Mount Athos Monastery. During his life he has collected 300,000 roubles, and sent off every farthing of it to the monastery. He himself lives by begging. He'll call a man a fool and a scoundrel without any regard to his rank or position.

That's the whole programme. Not later than Christmas you will receive my material for the first act. I shan't touch Blagosvietlov. He and Galahov belong to you; I renounce them. Most of Nastya is yours, too. I can't cope with her by myself. Boris isn't difficult to manage. Up to Act IV. the Wood Demon is mine, but in Act IV., until his conversation with Blagosvietlov, he is yours. In that conversation I'll have to see that the general tone of the character is kept—a tone that you won't catch.

In Act II. (the guests) you begin again.

Feodossyi is an episodic character, who, I think, will be needed. I don't want the Wood Demon to be left alone on the stage; I want Blagosvietlov to feel that he is surrounded by a lot of cranks. I've left out of the plan Mademoiselle Emily, an old Frenchwoman, also in raptures over the Wood Demon. We must show how Wood Demons affect women. Emily is a nice old woman, a governess, who has not yet lost her electricity. When she gets excited she mixes up French and Russian. She's a patient nurse to Blagosvietlov. She's yours. I'll leave blanks for her in Scene 1.

I see Alexey (Souvorin's son) every day. From being an architect he's turned into an inspector. Bogoliepov has become still more godly. . . . To-day one of the clerks, talking to me, called him " Sunday."

If Jesus Christ had been more radical and said, " Love thy enemy as thyself," he wouldn't have said what he meant. Neighbour is a general conception, and enemy is a particular one. The real misfortune is not that we hate our enemies, who are few, but that we don't sufficiently love our neighbours, who are many—fish enough to fill a pond. Christ might have said, " Love thy enemy as thyself " if he had been a woman. Women like catching up bright, striking, particular applications out of general conceptions. But Christ,

who stood above enemies and did not notice them, a virile, balanced, and wide-thinking nature, hardly attached any significance to the difference that exists between the particular instances of the conception "neighbour." You and I are subjective. For instance, if we are told something about animals in general, we at once call to our minds wolves and crocodiles, or nightingales and deer. But to a zoologist there is no difference between a wolf and a deer; to him the difference is too insignificant. You have gained a wide grasp of the conception of "newspaper business"; particularities in it, which agitate the public, seem to you insignificant. You have mastered the general conception, and therefore you have succeeded in your newspaper business, whereas those who have mastered only particularities have come to grief. It's the same in medicine. The man who cannot think in a medical way, but bases his judgment on particulars, denies medicine. But Botkin, Zaharin, Virchov, and Pirogov (clever and gifted men, of course) believe in medicine as other people believe in God, because they have lived their lives with the general conception of "medicine." It's just the same, too, with literature. This hunting for "tendencies" has its origin precisely in man's incapacity to rise above the particular.

But this makes the third sheet. It is late. Please forgive me. My love to all your family.

I am perfectly well.

Your A. T.

Don't say anything to anybody about the play.

(Translated by S. S. Koteliansky.)

ON BEING ONESELF

By J. W. N. Sullivan

It often takes a long time for a sensitive, respectful youth to realize that he is one definite person and not an epitome of the human race. We are making no reference here to the entertaining little puzzle propounded by some psychologists as to whether a man can be regarded as a person at all. When we are talking about real human beings, and not about Mr. A. and Mr. B. of the text-books, we know that an analysis which finds that there is no such thing as what we ordinarily mean by a person is merely an analysis that has left something out. We are not referring to a special kind of youth who has been bewildered by the behaviourists, but merely to the youth who has a normal amount of diffidence and modesty.

A young man comes into an intellectual world which he sees, first of all, as a collection of magnificent objects. These objects are all approximately labelled. There is a hierarchy of great names and great achievements—a hierarchy nearly as impersonal, universal, and rigid as a law of Nature. There is something of the museum hush about these exhibits; they are so obviously imperishable; they will be so carefully preserved. And everything conspires to make one just simply accept the persistent suggestion that they constitute a different order of being from the things in the street outside. One's duty, in front of these objects, is to admire them, and the admiration, it is understood, should be proportioned to their merit. The great achievements are associated with the great names, which form, in reality,

nothing but mnemonic helps. This early world is a world which is static and apart.

In some cases this attitude persists. There are quite a number of cultured people whose interest in the arts *is not very different from the stamp-collector's interest in his specimens. Such people have made a sort of collection of " the best that has been thought and said " and, at frequent intervals,* they spend an hour or two with these treasures. They have their own kind of expertness, also ; a correct taste is quite as technical an accomplishment as is a knowledge of all the varieties of Bermuda stamps. One notices, with such people, a curiously suave impersonality. They are never violent or crude in their judgment ; they suffer from no aberrations. They never change an opinion ; they refine it and make it more expert. And indeed, there is nothing to change in their opinions. It is settled, it is part of the established order of things, that the achievements associated with the great name Dante, for instance, are among the finest objects in the collection. Perhaps an even finer group of objects is in the case labelled Shakespeare. The value of these objects is not a matter dependent upon the caprice of private judgment. They serve, rather, as a test of their critics. Your standing as a cultured person depends upon your reactions before each of these cases. If, for instance, you find Dante dull, you commit a solecism. Even Matthew Arnold laboured to make this point clear. He was irritated by " provincial " judgments in literature. Opinions which did not support the established order he called " saugrenu " and hinted that this was a truly terrible word for anybody to earn. He also recommended, as a protection against this word, that one should carry little chips from the exhibits, as it were, about with one. If you were left alone with some new thing you might incautiously like it. An excellent incantation, in that case, was to repeat two lines from Dante.

Immediately the museum would rise up about you, and that atmosphere of eternal calm and inhuman finality would, nine times out of ten, prove altogether too much for the new thing. That it was not a fit object for the *museum would at once become apparent, and you would realize you had had a merciful escape.*

Well, the sensitive and modest young man does, to begin with, try to come into line. He realizes that his sympathies ought to be both wide and delicate, and he persuades himself that this is what they are. He accepts the hierarchy without question. Often a considerable amount of discipline is necessary. He discovers that he has unregenerate moods, moods when he much prefers H. G. Wells, for instance, to Dante. He learns to accommodate these moods; he permits himself these moments of relaxation; he feels that he can afford to do this if he continually bears in mind that Dante does, after all, appeal to the highest part of his nature, that when Dante *does* interest him he interests him in so intense and high-class a way that all lapses become excusable. It is like a public servant who, in his private capacity, does not mind the humourous, affectionate assumption by his friends that he is a thief and a liar but who, if accused of the slightest irregularity in his conduct as a public servant, feels that the really serious and holy places of his heart have indeed been outraged. And so our young man begins to develop a sort of private and public capacity in these matters. He opens his Dante, when he does open him, with a kind of solemnity. He knows that what he is going to experience is something of the very highest class. It is nothing very vivid, perhaps, but even if one could call it boredom it is a boredom which is truly august. It is certainly something very different from mere *amusement.* But presently he begins to make his own private distinctions amongst the great names. He finds that some of them, of indisputable magnitude, really interest

him as much as the authors he reads in his laxer moods. Amongst the figures in the hierarchy he finds some whose interest for him is not entirely dependent on their standing. And as he realizes this he gradually comes to see that some great achievements mean very little to him. This is a significant moment. This is the beginning of the young man's discovery that he is not, after all, an epitome of the human race, that he is not really a plastic substance that can be moulded into the most approved form, but that he somehow has a life and needs of his own. A little accession of courage, and he may admit to himself that Dante bores him.

But the next step in self-realization may be delayed if our young man now encounters that very curious modern phenomenon, the intellectual snob. It must be remembered that the hierarchy will still be a tremendous thing in the mind of our young man. He is vaguely aware that he must readjust himself towards it, that he is in process of disturbing the established order in favour of some arrangement of his own, but he is not yet fully conscious of the principle of classification that he is adopting. He is dissatisfied, but self-distrustful, and at this moment, we will suppose, he encounters the intellectual snob. A new world is revealed to him, or rather, he becomes aware that there are worlds within worlds. The hierarchy he had been brought up to revere is not, after all, the last word. The whole thing, he sees, is much more subtle than he had ever supposed. He had believed, for instance, that Dickens was one great author, and Flaubert another, but that sort of ranking, he now learns, is almost ludicrously crude and elementary. There is the *artist*—a conception of the most exquisite subtlety. Flaubert was an artist, while Dickens was merely a genius. The revelation is overwhelming. This is a path which only the privileged may tread. There is nothing static in this world ; unlimited progress may be made. By the time our young

man could no more read Dickens than he could eat a haggis he has by no means reached the highest plane possible. The criterion becomes even more subtle and refined. Even Flaubert is seen to be crude. A more exquisite perfection, speaking from the point of view of perfectly pure and, as it were, distilled art, may be found in some early Italian poet or modern South American essayist. To these heights of appreciation few can soar, but to become a member of one of these inner critical rings confers the same kind and intensity of pleasure as to be addressed familiarly by a duchess. If our young man is a sufficiently negative sort of creature he will now become and remain a snob. Or it may be that he will become a snob through sheer lack of interest. If he is one who has no strong reactions in these matters he may find that this particular parlour game, with its concomitants of prestige and that delightful sense of being able to look down on a large number of people, will suffice to fill his vacant hours. He will find that his esoteric allusions, and his assumption that he is one of the elect, enable him to make a large number of more simple people exquisitely uncomfortable and shamefaced. This gives him an agreeable sense of power.

But if our young man has more in him than that he will find, after a time, that the higher snobbishness is merely hampering him. He will revert to his earlier problem with a mind clarified by these exercises. The spell of the traditional hierarchy will be broken. Having been through so much he will no longer shrink from being classed as a man who "knows what he likes." His chief concern will be to find what it is he really does like, to stand by that and never to deny it. He will no longer be afraid of his personal bias. Santayana has said that there comes a time when a man realizes that all life for him has narrowed to one mortal career. A more important moment is when he realizes that he is one particular person. Both moments are realizations

of limitations, but it is only after such moments that the man can achieve anything real. With the realization that one is not a catholic, receptive agent, with the realization that one is a limited but definite person, comes an entirely different attitude towards people and achievements. They are not now good or bad, judged by some impersonal standard; they are helps or hindrances. The academic classification may still, in a way, be accepted, but it is not a matter of vital interest. Life becomes dynamic, not static. Great names and great achievements become living, moribund, or dead—living or dead, that is to say, in relation to the principle of life that one feels within oneself. And the arts, instead of being collections of objects called works of art, become manifestations of living impulses. We distinguish the friendly, the less friendly, and the inimical in these impulses. Some give a greater momentum and richness to the mode of life we ourselves are fashioned to live by; others pollute life, the life that matters to us; others, again, we are merely indifferent toward. We see the irrelevance of the usual classifications of men, whether they be by nation, class, occupation, or what not. We have been fashioned to work towards a certain goal, to make actual a certain way of living, to hold some things in reverence, and some other things in contempt, to fight for some things and against others. We live in a world where we find hardly anything that is truly indifferent. We can almost say that those who are not with us are against us.

Gorky says of Tolstoy that he took from people and things what added to his own harmony, and neglected the rest. A man does this with everything in life, the arts and sciences, love, citizenship, sport. In all these matters there are certain aspects which are proper and native to him, and others which are not. But to do this he must first become aware of his own harmony; otherwise he is really as undiscriminating as a jackdaw. And

at the present day it is unusually difficult for a man to realize what sort of man he is—to be himself, as they say. There are so many insistent voices, there are so many more or less organized groups, there are so many mere swindlers. There is a vast apparatus of suggestion in the modern world. There is hardly any department of modern life which is not full of thieves who have broken through to steal. To distinguish between the true and false, the emancipated and the corrupted, requires exceptional delicacy and integrity. This almost inextricable blending of the base and the noble is particularly prominent in the arts. It is so easy now, in literature or in music, to be smeared by unclean things. Many a young man and woman has been seduced into sitting at the feet of what they supposed was some modern Voltaire, and found that the wit and the grace covered nothing but a stupid sneer. Or they may have found that the indignant denouncer of the wrongs of suffering Europe was really nothing but a cheap little careerist. There is so much of that sort of thing now, and it is so plausibly done. Perhaps the cleanest thing in the modern world is science. It is a difficult atmosphere for charlatans, the prizes for careerists are very small, and it is not a happy medium in which to express corrupt emotions.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Men Like Gods.—Mr. Wells's novel should convince even a critic as jealous of his criteria as is a patrician of his family code that, so far as Wells is concerned, he had better chuck it. The usual standards will not work. The usual standards are generally wan and helpless when disrespectful genius ought to stand still to be measured, but instead of that prefers to sport about in an inhuman way, enlarging and diminishing and changing shape, which is annoying to those whose habits are settled.

And Wells is the most remarkable phenomenon in English literature since Dickens. Everybody knows his books. Whether we belong to the circle which gravely discusses James Joyce, or whether we read, without subsequent anxiety or discussion, Tarzan and Miss Dell, we know Wells. He is as necessary as the Post Office and as popular as the picture-palace. He is in the nature of things, like Charlie Chaplin and football. He takes us all in. He occupies the blessed planet. He is read in Moscow, Tokio, and Paris. He is only a writer, but his name is as familiar as that of a really great man like Lloyd George.

But then Wells is not merely a teller of tales, any more than was Dickens. He has the power to charge the multitude with new ideas—to make Demos conceive. What the square miles of Rothermere print cannot do, he can, and he does. He pictures dramatically for the crowd its critical perceptions, which are new and unformed, but vaguely trouble it. We hear Wells, and it is as though he had called us to life. We are inarticulate no longer. Our unimportant hopes and doubts and fears cease to be unimportant, lonely, and peculiar, for they are evidently shared by many, and are considered to be deeply significant. What is Wells's place in literature? We don't know, and we don't care,

but we rejoice that he lives in our time; and anyhow, *which modern book is likely to last longer than Mr. Polly? And how will the folk centuries hence know what we were like unless they read Wells? In* what other books of our own time are our surmises, our nascent revolts with traditions, our timid questioning of the future, our secret amusement over much that our fellows appear to accept gravely, so blithely and accurately imaged? Wells, in fact, is us.

So was Dickens. Dickens peopled his books with familiar characters, often—some say too often—with their saliencies hilariously exaggerated. Wells fills his books with our common ideas, with our troubled questioning of life, with our seeing and hearing, with, as it were, examples of the growing buds in the popular consciousness. His *Men Like Gods* is what many people have wanted to say of modern society and its institutions, as that society shows with the war behind it; but modern society was that war, and the war was that society, therefore we could only make a picture of it that was a gloomy, indistinguishable mass. But when genius attempts the impossible, it accomplishes it with such ease and certainty that we are left wondering why it was we had never thought of that way of doing it. The author of *Men Like Gods* takes us, and places us against the background of a merely clean and sensible world—which he calls Utopia—and the result is startling. It is not gloomy. It is disastrously funny.

We have always known that figures like Lord Balfour and Mr. Winston Churchill were essentially comic; that a community in which the light was right would receive their posturings and heroic melodrama with mirth. But the light has never been right for that, for it has been coloured lime-light, worked from the wings for their benefit. When, however, Mr. Wells, with no attempt to disguise them, takes those two admired public figures and several more of their sort

and places them, with their Earthling hats and clothes, ideas, gestures, and speech, in a country that is free from stupidity and dirt, and especially free from ugliness of mind, and where violent behaviour and eloquent oratory are recognized as symptoms of disease, our laughter begins. These Earthling figures, puzzled and angry in Utopia, which they reached by accident, are such speaking likenesses of our public heroes that a reader is, at first, a little shocked by Mr. Wells's audacity. They might have walked out of Whitehall straight into the book, for they live and speak there.

The implication is clear. The art of Mr. Wells is such that we do not recognize it as art at all, but as life itself. After we have come to that conclusion there is no more to be said.—H. M. TOMLINSON.

GUSTAV HOLST'S "THE PERFECT FOOL.—A classic theatre; a beautiful auditorium crowded in every part with people of whom quite a fair proportion know what they are about when they listen to an opera. Royalty in the Royal box, with luscious flowers offered by a management conscious of the occasion. The first night of the British operatic season, and the first performance of a new opera by Gustav Holst, a mature British composer whom we all admire very much, some of us enthusiastically, religiously. Apparition of Eugene Goossens, young, pale (not from fright, but from habit), knowing the whole job, expert, highly gifted, comprehending, self-reliant, inspiring confidence, in a word—our pet. We stand up. *God Save the King*—with some of the instruments decidedly off the beat at first. We sit down. A "Fugal Overture,"—not that the fugality of the thing was very plain to me. A pause. It is nearly as exciting as the start of Beckett *v.* Carpentier. The curtain rises. . . .

Less than an hour and a-half later the matter is over and the auditorium empty. And in the dingy foyer and

on the grand staircase of the vast and historic house, to be kept lighted for another hour so that the initiated may discourse at length to one another upon what they have just witnessed, the quidnuncs, journalistic and others, are pacing up and down chattering tentatively and wondering what in God's name they ought to say; and the knowledgeable, possessing taste, standards, convictions, are moodily silent. For the applause at the end, though generous and prolonged, lacked passion.

However, there was no mystery at all about the affair, except for the quidnuncs, most of whom, playing for safety, rushed off to Fleet Street and wrote high-falutin' laudation as hard as they could for thirty minutes. Holst had had an idea for a musical skit, which skit was to take off all current opera from perhaps Donizetti to perhaps Stravinsky. Yes, it was a most excellent idea, in which around the magic-potion theme circled magicians, troubadours, parsifals, wanderers, erdas, princesses, and spirits. And he had laid out the plan of it pretty well for the stage, displaying a certain scenic sense, which only failed him in one or two not unimportant details of construction. (Nobody, for instance, in the whole auditorium believed for a moment that the magician would really have been such an ass as to recount the powers of his potion to a talkative old woman, or, having done so, to leave the colossal beaker unguarded for about a quarter of an hour.)

But Holst was not well served by his producers. The high moments of the potion-drinking, with superb opportunities for ridiculing the first act of *Tristan*, were ruined by ineffective handling; ditto the nascent love of the princess for the parsifal. The scenery had nothing skittish, and displayed that exasperating admixture of black curtains and crude, oleographic realism which so gravely impaired the production of *Tristan* last year. The costumes were acutely Covent Gardenish, and not a bit skittish. The ballet was conventional and vapid

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(to adorable music). The lighting, I admit, was skittish—and I hope intentionally so.

The evening might have safely survived these drawbacks, if Holst had been well served by himself. He was not. I should be buried for ever in ridicule if I announced: " I will write the libretto of an opera, and as I have my notions about music I may as well write the music too." Yet this, *mutatis mutandis*, is almost what Holst did. He has, of course, the general intelligence of a fine creative artist, but when it comes to the point, he is a mere amateur at libretto writing. (He is worse even than the Wagner who committed the libretto of *The Twilight of the Gods*.) He simply does not possess the sense of words. He knows what is funny in life, but he does not know what is funny on the stage. He doubtless feels humorous and means to be humorous, but he cannot " get it over."

Further, all the performers seemed to be puzzled, seemed not quite to know what they were expected to aim at. They were rarely humorous, and never humorous with distinction. I would not blame them. They had an impossible task. If the joke as a whole fell flat, as it did, the reason was that it was bound to fall flat because it was conceived on the wrong scale. Successful skits should not have the scale and apparatus of epics. You cannot in a skit effectively break a leviathan on a titanic, slow-revolving wheel. What you have to do is to make him squirm with a lively hat-pin. The tempo was too deliberate, the machinery too enormous, the pother too grandiose. The mountain was there all right, but the mouse was not even ridiculous. Nevertheless, the British National Opera Company did well to produce *The Perfect Fool*, and has thereby acquired merit. *The Perfect Fool* is incomparably the best modern British opera. So there you are, and you are requested to make what you can of the situation.—Arnold Bennett.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE NOVEL OF CONVENTION.—I have read somewhere that Mr. George Moore claims credit for having destroyed the novel of convention. If Mr. Moore, confusing himself with the Time-Spirit, did in fact make this surprising statement, we can easily understand what he meant by the novel of convention; but all the same the story that anybody has killed it is untrue. Directly we begin to write we are forced to accept and to follow a convention of writing. It is impossible by means of words to describe any single object with precision: we have to make a mark and to call it by the name of the object, trusting thereby to rouse in the reader's mind an image of it. And in the case of the novel this necessity for recognized convention is not to be overcome. Even the voluminousness of Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses*, or the interminable floating reflections of Miriam upon the subject of Miss Dorothy Richardson's old friends, are not solutions of the problem, because, with all their skill, their interest and acuteness, they are somehow "off" reality. They occasionally produce the illusion of mood, but they do not produce the illusion of life, in the sense that one does not live in them. In reading these books we experience nothing; we give our attention only to the author's method. We read as we read the dictionary. I take it that no great novelist has ever thought first of technique, although many modern writers have thought much of it; because the great novelist is ready to take any story, any frame or general assumption regarding life, and by ignoring these details and by concentrating upon essentials to create a masterpiece. In England the novels that are perhaps the most highly conventionalized of all—the novels of Jane Austen—are those from which many sensitive persons are nowadays extracting the most intense emotional reality. It comes to this, that if the writer is so self-conscious as to wish to write a particular kind of novel, or to write it in a

particular "form," or in such a way as to attack an accepted convention of novel-writing, he is putting into his technique concentrated energy which ought to be giving warmth to the work of his imagination. It is not in respect of its convention or its defiance of convention that a novel is good or bad; it is solely in respect of the force and colour, the light and candour, of the author's originality; and his power to imagine character or situation. To say, therefore, that the novel of convention has been killed, whether by Mr. George Moore or the Time-Spirit, is to betray misconception of the novelist's art. This is not to destroy a convention, but to create a living thing.—FRANK SWINNERTON.

A BOOK ON BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA.—A very amusing, instructive, and distressing book I have been reading is Mlle. Odette Keun's *My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia*. It is her own translation of her *Sous Lénine*, and no one could have translated her better. "Bolshevik Russia," she writes, "has broken my heart," but a heart so bold and a mind so fresh and vigorous as hers must have immense recuperative powers, and I refrain from any expressions of pity. As a criticism of things Russian her story is as true and devastating as Gerhardi's wonderful first novel *Futility*, and that is saying a very great deal. Her humour never fails. When the dirt and barbarism becomes intolerable she gets out her travelling indiarubber bath and baths herself, publicly and reproachfully. I will attempt no summary of what she has to tell because all intelligent people will soon be reading her. But I will certify that all I saw in Russia in 1920 tallies with her descriptions. And it is not only under Lenin that she has suffered. Her comments on the British military mind in action in Georgia and Constantinople will be wholesome reading for every patriotic Englishman. For many reasons I doubt if there are libraries attached to our officers'

messes. But I wish that in some way this edifying—and quite easily read—little book could be put into the hands of all young officers going abroad to positions of responsibility. I do not think these young men get enough tonic reading nowadays. I suspect them of overmuch dalliance with the novels of women writers of the softer, more admiring school. And then they happen upon a Mlle. Odette Keun and they do not realize how awfully she will tell about it when it is all over.—H. G. WELLS.

BIG BUSINESS AND THE UNIVERSITIES.—The commercialization of our daily life proceeds apace. Where the last age regarded men like Mill and Huxley as its leaders, our own is being taught that the fountains of wisdom are the protagonists of business enterprise. University societies compete for speeches from Lord Riddell and Lord Leverhulme; they are being made a Marcus Aurelius for the undergraduate. Presently, doubtless, we shall have Sir Eric Geddes as a University Chancellor. Yet as guides to the art of living there is something lacking in these prophets. They speak as descendants of Samuel Smiles. They scatter their little maxims about the glory of private enterprise, the duty of early rising, the folly of altruism in a civilization built upon competition. They exalt the volume of trade without ever looking beyond the scale of living into its substance. They assume that the making of a great fortune is equivalent to the conference of benefit upon the public. They lack all sense of the State. Literature for them is some tag clapped on to a peroration. Knowledge means the amassing of information that can be expressed in terms of increased profits. Of that passionate inquiry into truth for which the university exists they neither know nor care. The professor they regard as an amiable dilettante unrelated to the serious business of life. Research they judge in terms of the

improved industrial process to which it gives rise. The universities will do well to remember that it is better to be poor than cheap. If they look up to the business superman for their endowment or their ideals, there will be an end to their freedom. They will become institutions controlled in their teaching and deprived of their spontaneity. Their students will seek not the discipline of mind but the professional technique. They will be judged not as they serve truth but as they enrich commerce. America has already paid a heavy price for assuming that business talent is the same thing as intellectual ability. We should profit, before it is too late, by her example.

It cannot, indeed, be too often emphasized that it is not the function of universities to teach that practical success in life of which men such as these are illustrations. There will always be a plethora of people to worship their type of solid and tangible eminence and their useful knowledge. Universities are concerned partly with teaching the discipline of mind and partly with the great art of discovering and imparting "useless" knowledge. They invoke as their only true goddess a passionate curiosity in the face of a mysterious universe. To satisfy that impulse is not less truly an end in itself than self-preservation. The justification of science and philosophy does not lie in better machinery and greater wealth. It lies in themselves as ends necessary to the fulfilment of life. The acolytes of science are those who realize that thoughts are weightier than things. As they preach that faith, so they guard a fortress less accessible, perhaps, but ultimately greater than fortune. And by so guarding it, they keep alive the yearning which is the ultimate motive-power of civilization. For the increase of civilization comes not when a contract goes to England rather than to Germany, but when, as with Einstein or Darwin, some dark hinterland of science is brought within the range

of human understanding. What the university must seek is the men who will devote themselves to that search. It can promise them no reward save the zest of inquiry; it cannot even proffer the joy of discovery. But by insisting upon the value of impalpable and incommensurate ideas, it more surely hands on the torch of conscious life than when it trains accountants and lawyers and men skilled in the bastard art of salesmanship. The preservation of that unpractical austerity is the more urgent now when things of the mind are asked to justify themselves in terms of a cash return. If the universities yield to that Philistinism they will have surrendered the keystone of the arch of knowledge.

HAROLD LASKI.

THE IRONY OF E. M. FORSTER.—I am not very fond of irony, or of ironists. Too often it conceals not a criticism and an attitude, as it should, but merely a snigger. But there are moments when an ironical sentence completely carries me away, and it seems to me that irony, when practised by a master, is the finest of all critical methods. The implications it can carry! The compression it necessitates! It is like a tiny pebble dropped into the smooth water of one's consciousness. Ripple follows ripple to the extreme verge.

There is a great deal of the most pregnant irony in E. M. Forster's *Pharos and Pharillon* (Hogarth Press, 5s. net)—a little book of essays on Alexandria old and new which is not merely a book of essays but a book. But the irony attains a perfection that is absolute in the account of the miraculous origin of the Septuagint. In Pharos, says Forster, Ptolemy "shut up seventy rabbis in seventy huts, whence in an incredibly short space of time they emerged with seventy identical translations of the Bible. Even when they slipped they made seventy slips, *and Greek literature was enriched by the possession of an inspired book.*"—J. M. MURRY.

MR. JOINER AND THE BIBLE

By The Journeyman

I am not very eloquent in literary (or in any other) discussion. Unless my man knows me and I know him well, my spasmodic irrelevancies slowly sink into utter silence. I can present my case far better to a blank sheet of paper than to the blank visage of a human being. And more often than not I go away to chew the cud of retrospection and to indulge in an orgy of what the best people call *esprit d'escalier*.

The other day I fell into such a debate. "I have now reached a point," said my opponent, "where I am interested only in the literature which aims at exerting power, at influencing men's actions." Since he happened to be a man whose words do directly influence men's actions, I could understand him well. Were I in the same case, I should doubtless be of the same persuasion. But I am not; so I went my way ruminating home.

On my way I remembered that quite recently Mr. H. G. Wells, being asked to name the twelve most important books, deliberately defined them as the twelve books which have had the most powerful and most visible influence on the lives of men. That was wise of him. Those twelve most important books have a way of keeping you awake of nights, unless you hobble the nightmare with a definition. Mr. Wells, having pegged him down, was able to go blithely and

properly on with the making of his list : the Bible, the Koran, the sayings of Confucius, and the rest. At which Mr. W. J. Turner, of the *New Statesman*, was so angry that he forgot he was supposed to be writing musical criticism, and, after quoting a paragraph of Mr. Wells, almost foamed at the mouth. "What indescribable drivel!" he cried. That was rash of him. First, because "indescribable" is a dangerous word for a critic to use. If it is drivel, he ought to know how to describe it. That is just his business as a critic. Secondly—and more seriously—because Mr. Wells simply does not write "indescribable drivel." He may have committed many offences, but that is not one of them. To say that anything of his is "indescribable drivel" is to be found guilty of perfectly describable drivel oneself.

Mr. Turner's feelings ran away with him. But why? What was there to be annoyed about? His behaviour might almost have suggested that Mr. Wells's statement was true, and that it had proved too painful to the *amour propre* of a poet and a musician. Poets probably think that poets ought to have power. And yet, though I myself have written poetry, I am not so sure of this. Certainly, if they had, we should have to be a little more drastic with bad poets than we are. Instead of putting them in anthologies, we should be putting them in gaol. At all events, the common opinion of mankind to-day is that poets are pretty harmless people, even when they happen to be musical critics as well.

But that does not dispose of the question. Since Mr. Turner was unfortunately made incoherent by his indignation, we must invent somebody else to take his place. . . He is invented. His name is Mr. Joiner. He is a quiet little man with a slight stammer when he

is in unfamiliar company; he wears pince-nez and gree Harris tweeds; and he is a member of the minor Civ Service. He reads THE ADELPHI. THE ADELPHI in fact, is written for Mr. Joiner, because he is one o the people worth writing for. Mr. Joiner read Shakespeare; he also reads Wells; he goes to th Beethoven Fridays at the Queen's Hall. I have a idea it was he who first lent me Trotter's *Instincts o the Herd in Peace and War.* He has grey eyes nondescript, non-committal eyes. His favourite book are *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and *Davi Copperfield,* but he also likes *Tristram Shandy* the more so, oddly enough, because he reache the age of twenty-six before he knew what the first chapter was really about. But Mr. Joiner has go married himself since then. His wife is still pretty, though she is fatter than you would have expected her to be if you had known her, as I did, when she first met Joiner at the Prom. Her name is Rosie. Mr. Joiner was reading H. G. Wells's article to Rosie after Saturday night supper.

" What I like about Wells," said Mr. Joiner when he had finished, " is, he makes you think."

Rosie tried to assume the look of one who has been made to think. She frowned for a moment, then decided she didn't want to be wrinkled before her time, and began to put the plates together instead.

" Never thought of it that way before," said Mr. Joiner.

" Nor did I," said Rosie, truthfully. " Never! " And to avert the danger of having to say something that was not so true, she retired with the tray to the scullery. She didn't even ask Joiner to help her with the washing-up.

In fact, she was pleased that Joiner should remain alone, just then.

So Joiner sat in an arm-chair thinking. That red-brick Roman Catholic Church they were building at the end of Edith Road—the Bible did that, he supposed. But did it really? He'd heard that R.C.s didn't give much for the Bible. Neither did anybody else, for the matter of that, as far as he could see. There was that fellow Britwell, who chucked up his job in Somerset House, to go and be a missionary in China. Silly thing to do, seeing that Giles's *Chinese Civilization* made you feel that China didn't need much in the way of missionaries. If Britwell had been a doctor, a medical missionary, there might have been more sense in it. But then he'd got religion. Mr. Joiner never could understand a man getting religion. Hard-faced men most of them were, too, or they had a sort of breezy-sloppiness like that young curate who called from St. Agatha's.

No, he couldn't see that the Bible counted for very much nowadays. In the Middle Ages, though. . . . Mr. Joiner had time to bask in a sudden, splendid, and scarlet vision of himself, with bell, book, and candle, excommunicating M. Poincaré for daring to march into the Ruhr, before he suddenly remembered that in those days no one could read the Bible at all. Jolly good things, translations!

Still, you couldn't get rid of the Bible quite so easily. He'd read somewhere that more copies of the Bible were sold every year than of all the rest of the books put together. That was a bit exaggerated : must be. But it must have a tremendous circulation. Queer thing Northcliffe didn't get hold of it. A Bible with ads—pages and pages of ads! Funny Northcliffe never thought of that. Perhaps he did. Perhaps there was a law against it. Blasphemy? *Lèse Majesté?* No, that wasn't a crime in England. High treason? Mr. Joiner vaguely remembered a Royal coat of arms on the

title-page. He hunted among his books to make sure. Not that he really expected to find a Bible among them. But he felt he ought to act as though it might be. They had one somewhere about; he'd seen it somewhere lately. A Sunday School prize it was. He wondered where it could be.

"Rosie!" he called.

Rosie emerged from the kitchen, wiping her hands upon a towel.

"You don't happen to know where the Bible is?"

"The Bible!"

"It's all right, dear, I haven't got religion. I just want to have a look at it—if you know where it is."

"It's in the bedroom."

Mr. Joiner was suspicious.

"Do you read it?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she said, shyly. "When I'm waiting for you. It's a nice book to read in bed. You can begin anywhere. You don't mind, do you, Tom?"

"Good Lord, no! Jolly good book. One of the very best. Didn't you hear Wells saying so?"

Rosie had not heard. She never did hear what Mr. Joiner read to her. Without replying she ran upstairs. While she was gone, Mr. Joiner's thoughts were inquisitive. When she handed him the book,

"What bits do you read most, Rosie?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, all sorts—about Benjamin, and David and Jonathan, and Jesus and the little children, and there's the Prodigal Son. I like that best," she said.

"You don't mind if I borrow it—only for a minute or two?"

At the door of the parlour Mr. Joiner turned. "Rosie!" he called. "You might find me that bit about the Prodigal Son." She found it for him.

Mr. Joiner sat back in his arm-chair. He heard Rosie climb the stairs, and the sound was sweet to him. It always had been, ever since they came to an understanding; but to-night somehow sweeter than before. Then he looked at the title-page. *Cum Privilegio Regis* —By Privilege of the King. That explained it. A jolly good job, too. A Bible with ads didn't bear thinking about, somehow. Then he began to read the Prodigal Son. He read it twice, and a third time. And for the third time there was a great tug at his heart when he reached the words of the elder son :—

> " Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment : and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."
>
> And he said unto him, " Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

Queer thing, that. It got you somehow ; simply got you.

There had been other things which " got " Mr. Joiner. In Shakespeare, principally. When they " got " him, they stuck in his mind. So now he began to say softly to himself :—

> And whether we shall meet again I know not.
> Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
> For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
> If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
> If not, why then this parting was well made.

Yes, there was the tug at his heart again. Those noble Romans could do it. The thought brought back yet other lines—strangely precious these, a secret treasure of his, about which no one knew, not even Rosie.

Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble,
We'll do it after the high Roman fashion
And make death proud to take us.

"And make death proud to take us," Mr. Joiner repeated. And, as always before, when he had said it to himself, as he had said it so often, on his way to his chief's room at the office, a sudden thrill shot through his spine. No, he did not care what happened. His very backbone was proud. Let them sack him! He possessed something that could never be taken away.

"The Bible and Shakespeare, Shakespeare and the Bible," he murmured. "It's the same sort of thing."

And then, as he turned out the gas, he felt that it was a wonder and a miracle, no less, that he was going to bed, to sleep with the woman he loved. What more could he ask? Only this, he thought: that they two might also die together.

"And make death proud to take us," he said to himself, as he climbed the stair.

Then when he had got into bed beside Rosie, he took her, half-asleep, into his arms. "That's a wonderful story, darling," he whispered. "That about the Prodigal Son." Then he kissed her as he had not kissed her for years.

MULTUM IN PARVO

DOSTOEVSKY AND DRAPERY.—In the *Nachala* the son of the Russian painter Brullov gives an interesting account of a meeting between his father and Dostoevsky. One day his father called on the Kovalevskys, and found there Dostoevsky and a Hindu who had left India to study European culture. There were no others. Dostoevsky began to expound his ideas concerning the rôles of the European nations.

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The gist of his argument was that only the Latin nations were the creators and discoverers; the Germanic peoples had not created anything original, they had only interpreted and refashioned what the Latins had created. The conversation turned to concrete instances. "With the Greeks," said Dostoevsky, "the whole power of their presentation of the deity in the beautiful human being is expressed in the Venus of Milo; the Italians presented the true Mother of God in the Sistine Madonna. But what is the Madonna of the best Germanic artist—Holbein? Is it a Madonna? It is a washerwoman, a bourgeoise! Nothing more!" Someone said, "What about Goethe's *Faust?* Isn't it the focusing of the deep creative German spirit in an original manifestation?" "Goethe's *Faust?*" replied Dostoevsky. "It's only a re-echo of the Book of Job. Read Job and you will find everything that is of value or interest in *Faust.*" "In that case," said my father, "the Sistine Madonna is also an echo of the ancient world, of the classical conception of beauty." "How? In what respect?" said Dostoevsky. "In every respect," said my father. "In the whole treatment, in every fold of the drapery . . ."

My father had got no farther than this unfortunate word, when Dostoevsky jumped up, seized his head in his hands, and began to pace the room, his face distorted, repeating with indignation and fury, "Drapery! . . . *Drapery!* . . . DRAPERY!" The company held their breath. Dostoevsky sat down in silence, and almost immediately left.

"My father," explains Brullov *fils,* "as a painter, had looked at the picture from the point of view of form. But to Dostoevsky such a point of view, above all in a matter connected with religion, was inadmissible. The Sistine Madonna and drapery! . . . That was why he got into such a frenzy. My father, however, always used to end the story: "But how remarkable

his face was when he kept on repeating 'Drapery! *Drapery!* DRAPERY!'"

ANATOLE FRANCE AND PAUL BOURGET.—It looks indeed as though Thomas Hardy will take as long as Shakespeare to win acknowledgment from Europe as a whole. Anatole France himself confessed to one of our contributors who lately visited him that he had read nothing of Hardy's, and that it was too late for him to begin. Then, to compensate, he let drop a wingèd word on the subject of Paul Bourget. He recalled the great hopes the young Bourget had inspired in him by his *Studies of Contemporary Psychology*, which appeared in the late 'eighties. Alas, the great hopes had not been fulfilled ; Bourget had petered out. "For, after all," said Anatole France, "it is impossible to put the Chuch of Rome into a lady's scent-bottle."

HEARD IN A 'BUS : THE ETERNAL FEMININE.—A woman, helped on to the step by the conductor, is angry with him. She claims he has hurt her leg. "I woon' 'ave said nothing if 'e was a young man. 'E's an ole man. 'E ought to 'ave more sense, din' 'e?" Then her sister echoes. "Tain't as if 'e was a young man. 'E's an ole man, an' 'e ought to know things, din' 'e?"

EINSTEIN SOLVED THIS. CAN YOU?—We propose to give our readers every month a small mathematical problem on which they can exercise their ingenuity in the railway-train. The first is one which Herr Moschowski, at the request of an engineer friend who could not solve it, put to Einstein. No sooner was the problem formulated than Einstein produced the solution. Our readers will probably be less fortunate. This is the question :—

How many times during a space of twelve hours will the hands of a clock be in such a position that, when interchanged, they will still mark a possible time?

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prefers to stay in the security of the beam till morning.

Now it is curious, but it is after dark, when our place has disappeared except for such chance fragments, and when to others we can be but a few unrelated glints among the other stars, that Burra is most populous, warm, and intimate. I see it then for what it is, a vantage for a few of us, who know each other, and who are isolated but feel secure in the unseen and hitherto untravelled region of space where the sun has abandoned us. All around us is bottomless night. Our nearest neighbour is another constellation.

IV.

The rain had ceased, but the quay offered no other benefit. I was there before dawn. Morning had not come, but I suppose the downpour had washed some of the dark out of the night, for all the quay was plain. It was not the quay I knew, but only its wan wraith, and the vessels moored to it were ghosts, the dim impress of perished ships on a world that now just retained a memory of them. There was no sound. There were only phantoms in a pallor. Perhaps it had ceased to rain because rain would be too substantial for a bodiless world. The irregular pools on the quay were not water, but descents to the profound. Rain would at once enlarge them till the quay dissolved and became as the Estuary, and as the sky, for both sea and sky were but the neutral apparition of nothing.

I felt I ought not to be there. There was no telling whether I was too soon or too late, whether I was the first man, or the last. I doubted that hush, and that dim appearance about me. When the air did stir, it was as if it were the breath of death, and the earth were the body of death. Then I made up my mind. It was no use going to sea, as I had intended. I would go back to bed. At that moment there were footsteps, and the quay at once became solid. Two black figures

approached, the size of men. One of them put his foot into a vacuity of the quay, and did not vanish instantly, but made a splash and an exclamation. That voice certainly was something I knew. The other man laughed quietly, the familiar satiric comment which comes of resignation to fate. We were all going to sea, as far as the Foreland.

That cape is the western horn to the bay, where nobody goes except sailors who die there because they see the loom of it, or hear its warning, too late. The Foreland to the people of Burra is like the clouds, part of their own place, but unapproachable. At times it is missing. In some winds it will evaporate, though usually at sunset it shapes again, high, black, and fantastic, the end of the land to the west, and as distant and sombre as the world of the sagas. Is it likely, then, that one would ever think of a voyage to it? That cape, which one sees either because the light is at the right incidence or one's mood allows it, might be only a thought turned backwards to dark antiquity, Ultima Thule, where the sun never rises now, but only sets. It would have no trees. It would be a desolation of granite crags, with mosses and lichens, and the seas below it would be sounding doom, knowing that even the old gods were dead. It was not likely that we could credit such a voyage, though we had assembled for it. What is a light resolution made suddenly with an old sailor in a tavern on a sultry afternoon? As intangible as was our quay when I first saw it that morning, and no more matter than the Foreland itself, which is always distant, and is sometimes missing. Yet here we had met before dawn, for that very voyage, because of a careless word spoken yesterday. The bar, too, would have to be crossed. Besides, we were getting most unreasonably hungry, and so could not smoke; and this induced the early morning temper, which is vile, and would be worse than the early morning courage

but for the fact that that sort of courage is unknown in man, never rising to more than a bleak and miserable fortitude.

Charon hailed us from below. He had with him a nondescript attendant. We embarked for his craft, which he said was anchored in midstream. We recognized him as our sailor of yesterday, though now there was something glum and ominous about him. He had no other word for us, but rowed steadily, and looked down his beard. His bark was like himself when, still in resignation to what we had asked for, we boarded her. She was flush-decked, her freeboard was about eighteen inches, she had no bulwarks—to tell the truth, she was but a barge, with that look of stricken poverty which is the sure mark of the usefulness of the merely industrious. She would float, I guessed, if not kept too long in seas that washed her imperfect hatch-covers. She would sail her distance, if the wind did not force her over till the water reached the rent in her deck. She could carry thirty tons of stone ; and, in fair weather, with reckless men, thirty-five tons. She had a freeboard, I repeat, of one foot six inches, now she was light, and peering through the interstices of her hatchboards I could see her kelson, and note that though she did not leak like a basket she was doing her best. We were going to the Foreland to gather stones for ballast. We could hear faint moaning, when attentive. That was the voice of the bar, three miles away.

The skipper and his man hoisted the mainsail, and we three manned the windlass, winding in link by link a cable without end, till we were automata going up and down indifferent to both this life and the life to come. The barge gave a little leap as the anchor cleared.

The foresail was set. We drifted sideways round the hill. The silent houses, with white faces, looked at us one by one. We found a little wind, and the

barge walked off past the lighthouse, which was still winking. There came a weighty gust; the gear shook and banged, but held taut. Off she went.

Burra was behind us. Before us was a morose, grey emptiness—the bay was apparently the beginning of formless space; though in the neighbourhood of our barge we noticed there was the beginning of form in that neutral and unlighted world. Long leaden mounds of water out of nowhere moved inwards past us, slow and heavy, lifting the barge and dropping her into hollows where her sails shook, and spilled their draught. We three grasped stays, and peered outwards into the icy vacancy, wondering whether this was the free life, whether we were enjoying it, whether we wanted to go to the Foreland, and how long this would last. In the east was a low illuminated stratum of gold. Some of the leaden mounds were now burnished, or glinted with brass. When the brightness came it seemed to grow colder, as though the light sharpened the arrows of the wind.

The hollow murmur from the bar increased to an intermittent plunging roar, and presently we fell into that noise. The smother stood the barge up, and stood her down, and drenched the mainsail to the peak. But it was only in play. We were worth nothing worse. We were allowed to go by, and one of us pumped the wash out of her, for the play had been somewhat rough.

In the long swell of the bay our movements became rhythmic, and we settled down quietly in a long reach. A vault of turquoise had shaped over us. The Foreland, looking towards the new day, was of amber, but over the moors to the north-east the rain-clouds, rolling along at a great pace like the gathering of sullen battalions, challenged the dawn with an entrenched region of gloom. Yet when the sun appeared and looked at them, they went. It was a good morning.

Now we could see all the bay, coloured and defined in every hanging field, steep, and combe. The waters danced. The head of the skipper appeared at the scuttle—only one at a time could get into our cabin—and he had a large communal basin of tea, and a loaf speared on a long knife.

The Foreland, to which for hours we seemed to get no nearer, which had been mocking the efforts to approach it of an obstinate little ship with a crew too stupid to realize that efforts to reach an enchanted coast were futile, suddenly relented. It grew higher and tangible. At last we felt it draw us in, rather too intimately, towards its overshadowing eminence. The nearer it got, the more keen grew my surprise that in a time long past man had found the heart to put off in a galley, to leave what he knew, and to stand in to an unknown shore, if it was as ominous as our cape. The apparition of the Foreland was as awful as the abiding shadow in man's heart. It appeared to have some affinity with that shadow. Though monstrous and towering, it seemed buoyant and without gravity, an image of immense and sombre wrath. Above our mast, when I looked up, earthquakes and landslides were impending, arrested in collapse. But I thought they were quivering, as though the arrest were momentary. That vast mass seemed based on rumblings, shouts, and vast hollow shadows. Our craft still moved in, projected forward on vehement billows, past black jags set in blusters of foam. We anchored, with calamity suspended above. Our ship heaved and fell on submarine displacements. The skipper and his man went below.

They reappeared stark naked. It was a good and even necessary hint. We got into the boat, and pulled towards a beach which was a narrow shelf at the base of a drenched wall. The rocks which flanked that little beach were festooned with weeds, and sea growths

hung like curtains before the gloom of caves. Within a nook there the water was stilled, and all but one of us leaped into it. One man remained in the boat.

The ocean was exploding on steeples and tables of rock. It formed glittering green domes over submerged crags. The midday sun gave the foam the brilliance of an unearthly light. The shore looked timeless, but it smelt young. The sun was new in the heaven. And who were those white figures leaping and shouting in the surf? As I watched them in that light a doubt shook me. I began to wonder whether I knew that little ship, and those laughing figures, and that sea. Who were they? Where was it? When was it?

(*The End.*)

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF TOLSTOY

By Maxim Gorki

ONE hot day he overtook me on the lower road. He was riding on horseback towards Livadia. He was mounted on a quiet Tartar pony. His grey hair loose under a light, mushroom-shaped, white felt hat, he looked like a gnome.

He reined in his horse and began to talk to me. I walked beside him, at his stirrup. Among other things I told him I had had a letter from Korolenko. Tolstoy shook his head angrily.

" Does he believe in God? "

" I don't know."

" Then you don't know the principal thing. He does believe; only he's ashamed to confess it in front of the atheists."

He spoke grumblingly, capriciously, angrily screwing up his eyes. It was clear I was in the way, but when I made as if to depart, he stopped me.

" Where are you off to? I'm riding slowly enough."

And then he grumbled again:

" Your Andreyev—he's also afraid of the atheists, but he also believes in God, and God seems terrible to him."

At the boundary of the estate of the Grand Duke, three members of the Romanov family were standing close together in the road, talking: tall, soldierly men, all of them. The road was blocked by their dog-carts, and a riding-horse also stood across the road. Leo

Nicolaievich could not pass. He fixed a stern, imperative glance on the Romanovs. But they had already turned away. For a moment the riding-horse fidgeted where it stood; then it turned aside, letting Tolstoy's horse pass.

He rode in silence for a minute or two. Then he said :—

" They recognized me—the fools ! "

And a minute later.

" The horse understood that it had to make way for Tolstoy."

" Take care of yourself, for your own sake ; then much of you will be left for others."

" What does it mean—to know? I know I am Tolstoy, a writer, I have a wife, children, grey hair, a plain face, a beard—all that is written down in my passport. But they don't write about the soul in passports. Of the soul I know this ; the soul wants to be close to God. And what is God? That of which my soul is a part. That is all. It is hard for the man who has learned to think to believe ; but one can only live in God by faith. Tertullian said, ' Thought is evil.' "

In spite of the monotony of his preaching, Tolstoy, that unearthly man, is infinitely varied.

To-day in the park, talking with the Mullah (Mohammedan priest) of Gaspra, he behaved like a trustful simpleton of a peasant, for whom the moment has come when he must think of the end of his days on earth. Small, as though shrunken on purpose, beside the robust and solid Tartar, he seemed like an old man who has reflected in his soul on the meaning of life, and is afraid of the questions that have arisen. He raised his shaggy brows in wonderment, and timidly winking his sharp eyes, he quenched their intolerable, pene-

trating fire. His motionless glance pierced the Mullah's broad face, and his pupils lost that sharpness which disturbs. He asked the Mullah childish questions about the meaning of life, of the soul, and of God, always skilfully substituting verses of the Gospels for the verses of the Koran. Essentially, he was acting, acting with an amazing art that is innate only in the great artist and seer.

And a few days ago, when talking to Taneyev and Sulerzhitzky about music, he was in childish raptures over the beauty of music, and one could see that he was enjoying his raptures, or rather his capacity for being in raptures. He said that Schopenhauer had said the best and profoundest things about music. Incidentally, he told an amusing story about Fet, and he called music " the dumb prayer of the soul."

" Why dumb? " asked Sulerzhitzky.

" Because it is without words. In sound there is more soul than in thought. Thought is a purse containing coppers; but sound is not dirtied, it is inwardly pure."

He spoke, with obvious enjoyment, in lovely, childish words, suddenly remembering the words that were best and tenderest. And unexpectedly, smiling into his beard, he said softly, like a caress :—

" All musicians are silly people; and the more talented a musician is, the more limited he is. It's odd, that nearly all of them are religious."

To Tchehov he said over the telephone :—

" I've had such a good day to-day; it's brought such joy to my soul that I want you to be joyful, too. You, especially. You are very nice, very! "

He does not listen and does not believe when people are saying things which are not necessary to him. Essentially, he does not ask, he cross-examines. Like

a collector of rarities, he accepts only that which cannot disturb the harmony of his collection.

Looking through his post.

" They make a noise, and write, but when I die—in a year's time—they will say: ' Tolstoy? Ah, that Count who tried to make boots, and something happened to him. Is that the man? ' "

Several times I saw in his face, in his eyes, the rather sly and contented smile of a man who has unexpectedly found something he once hid. He put something away and forgot about it. Where did he put it? For long days he has lived in secret anxiety, thinking all the while: Where did I put the thing I need? And—he was afraid that people might notice his anxiety, his loss. They will notice it and do something unpleasant, something bad to him. Suddenly, he remembered, he found it. He was filled with joy. And no longer caring to hide it, he looks at everybody a little slily, as if to say,

" You can't do anything to me."

But what he has found and where he found it—about this he is silent.

One is never tired of wondering at him. But it is trying, to see him often. I could not live in the same house with him, much less in the same room. It would be as it is in the desert, where everything is burnt by the sun, and the sun itself is burning out, threatening a dark and endless night.

(*Authorised translation by S. S. Koteliansky.*)

THE PRESSGOAT

I have a specific reason for writing this article, as will presently be seen, quite apart from any monetary reward or personal kudos in showing up a present-day —well, scandal, for that is a point of view, though as a newspaperman I would hesitate to call it that, for I can see the other side, and I wouldn't care twopence whether it were shown up or not. I must admit that I am surprised that the *Times* has not drawn a dignified attention to an abuse of newspaper practice, or that the *Herald* has not seized this as a glorious weapon with which to belabour the System. Indeed, I have been racking my brain to recollect if I have ever seen in print any reference to Pressgoats, and I cannot recall that I have. Of course there are many sides of newspaper work that are considered of no interest to the public— but remembering the competition of the daily Press, the eagerness to be first with news, to originate new stunts, to score over rivals, to boost net sales, I think it is nothing short of marvellous that it should have been left to a new monthly review to make public a matter like the deliberate manufacture of day-to-day, human-interest, throbbing, crimson, palpitating news, such as is the common practice in Fleet Street to-day—and, as I say, it would not be mentioned here but for the fact that I need the protection of publicity.

I had heard all about Pressgoats in a vague way in my dusty corner in the office of a quiet trade monthly, but it had never been my lot to venture into the hurried waters of the Street, so I was interested when I met a specimen only recently, and heard from him some first-hand information about their work.

We drifted into conversation at the Press Club and exchanged reminiscences. He had the usual starvation-in-a-garret stories of the older generation, in which they actually glory. They sneer at us younger men because we have used trade union methods to stabilize ourselves, and talk about destroying all the Bohemianism of the profession.

I soon found that Smithson's hard-luck experiences were entirely his own fault, for he was one of those men quite unsuited to journalism—he had silly, petty prejudices—principles, he called them—and allowed them to interfere with his bread and butter. If that's Bohemianism, you can have it. He had given up a good job on the *Dictator* because he refused to spell licence with an S, or to write " the committee have " when his conscience told him it ought to be " the committee has." I am as jealous as anyone for the privileges of the individual, but I recognize the chaos there would be if every journalist tried to dictate policy to his employer. A fine thing it would be if compositors refused to set anything with which they did not agree! In that connection I remember the trouble we had on the *Broadacres General Advertiser, Bugborough Free Press and Witterlow Record*, on which I served my apprenticeship, with a compositor who had an ancient dictionary and insisted upon spelling portray and humorous with a U.

The story of Smithson's stubbornness went round the Street, and all doors were closed to him. He was told by several chiefs that they daren't take him on because they could never be sure of him; he might want to correct the split infinitives in the articles of the proprietor, or something equally absurd. Eventually he was so reduced that he even asked for a job on the *Morning Advertiser*, but the word licence comes on every line there, so he must have been mad to think of it. At last he was down and out, so decided to have

one last fling. He went to X—— and offered himself as a Pressgoat.

The Pressgoat system was originated at the end of the war by a syndicate of the most powerful newspaper owners. It was thought that after the mad days of the war, when people were willing to buy a special edition every time a balloon went up, that peace-time news would fall rather flat and that circulations would drop with a slump. Then X—— had a brilliant idea. The Street will know quite well whom I am referring to, but there is no need to drag him before the public. He persuaded the proprietors to establish a common fund to pay grants to approved persons who, in return, contracted to commit murders or other specified crimes within a given period, and give the first news of them to the syndicate. Thus for £1,000 a man could live luxuriously for a year or less, and then, when news was scarce, would be called upon for a murder. Extraordinary measures were taken for ensuring completeness of detail, and in the time at his disposal the Goat had to build up an interesting story and background for himself. Sometimes his victim was provided for him in another Goat (perhaps one who was shirking the fulfilment of his obligations); sometimes he had to find his own. The syndicate employed X—— as Goat Editor at £2,000 a year to think out startling stories, and when one thinks of the murder mysteries of the ante-war period, one must admit he has thoroughly justified his appointment.

Smithson was entered for a first-class murder with mystery—that meant he had to get away for a hue and cry, and keep up the interest by sending derisive post-cards to Scotland Yard with duplicates to the syndicate in case the officials tried to hush them up; he received £500 and twelve months' grace. When I met him he was feeling a little depressed, for he has only a few months to run. Naturally, I wanted to know why he

did not leave the country, but he said the syndicate took damn good care of that; the police were warned to watch him, and he could not possibly get away until after the murder.

He told me some capital yarns about Goats which would make a fascinating book. The Bournemouth murder by Allaway was suggested as a model for his own. The Armstrong poisoning case, he said, was expensive, for Armstrong was a cut above the ordinary Goat, and as he nearly liked his wife it took a good offer to tempt him. The Goat Editor had been negotiating with Lord Z——, who is prominent in society but is well known to be penniless; however, he had an exaggerated idea of his own value, for he wanted £20,000 and five years' grace, which was preposterous, of course.

Smithson was envying a man called Bjorkinson, a small Goat; that is, he never contracts for murders, only for lesser crimes at small figures, but he has shown himself such an adept at this new branch of the profession—which is yet in its infancy, so that it has no literature, statistics or precedents behind it—and so clever at escaping, that he is making an excellent income. This he owes to a vivid imagination and daring to carry out his ideas: for instance, it was he who robbed the lost property office at Scotland Yard, put an old bomb in the dust-bin at Buckingham Palace, and burgled the house of one of the Big Four. He really enjoys himself when writing up his own cases and jibing at the inefficiency of the Force. It has been rumoured that he intends to retire and open a school for postal tuition.

What was called the Ilford Murder was one of the most successful Goat cases, for it ended with the hanging of a woman—the first for many years. It was costly, but it filled the papers for months, there were special advertising rates while it ran, and Smithson

heard that one of the papers, which handled the case particularly well, more than recovered the whole of its capital outlay during that time. In fact this case was so good that its end was like the collapse of the war, and in order to let the public down to normal times of second-rate murders gradually, the Maltby case was marked for immediate release. This was not so expensive, Maltby having stipulated for suicide, and the grant was not so large for a man who had not the courage to go to the scaffold and round the story off scientifically. This may be readily understood because the agitation for a reprieve is generally the most exhilarating part of the case so far as the papers' circulations are concerned; while the autobiography of a man who has been tried and acquitted or reprieved is priceless for Sunday publication. In the Ilford case, absolutely no aspect of the story was neglected, and even when crowds were waiting outside the gaols for news that the principals had been executed, employees of the syndicate patrolled the roadway with posters to the effect that if Mrs. Thompson were hanged the judge and jury were murderers also, which I think was a smart follow-up.

I remarked to Smithson that I did not think the Press of this or any other country had ever before risen to the same standard of exploitation of news, and I took it that he agreed with me.

When I asked him if he had any ideas for his own murder he looked gloomy. He had had a good one, but it was stolen by a friend of his, Lindsey Lindsay, a clerk in a West End bank. I tried to think out some ideas for him—for there is a freemasonry in journalism; we are always ready to help each other, and if I help him to-day he may be able to help me to-morrow.

Suddenly I hit upon a wonderful inspiration.

"*Why not stab Poincaré?*" I cried.

"What! For a paltry £500?"

"But you needn't *kill* him." I urged.

"No damned fear. That's worth £30,000 if it's worth a penny. Poincaré himself would need a pretty stiff commission, and the world's Press ought to pay for a thing like that, and so far they haven't got all the papers in. It's rather a joke, you know! the papers that refuse to join the syndicate on conscientious grounds use the news as if it were ordinary stuff. And the syndicate can take no action because the others would have a first-class scandal which would be worth thousands in itself. I suppose it is bound to come out some day, and then they'll have to fall back upon natural murders, which are pretty tame, I can tell you. It's always the way, though—how these people spoil things by their petty squabbles. Here they've got a first-class scheme, an absolute certainty, and they'll wreck it by their jealousies and selfishness. If only they'd exercise a little Christian forbearance and pull together for the common good—but there, that would be expecting too much in these commercialized days. I think some of the papers are anticipating the end, for they are plotting a civil war between a sort of Fascisti and the unemployed. And, of course, in the confusion this Pressgoat business will die down unnoticed."

"That's a good idea."

"Not bad. But I tell you, there's one thing I still marvel at—what a fool Bottomley made of himself. He was a clever man if ever there was one—I wrote his articles for him, so I know—but he had his smash-up too soon, and didn't get a cent from the syndicate. It was the biggest piece of news of the year. Worth as much as he defaulted for. That's what he meant when he said he would pay back every penny, but he played his hand badly and the syndicate let him down. Although, mind you, I can understand the refusal to pay for the fruit which fell into its lap——

"I've got a vague idea for my case, but I haven't worked it out yet. I think I'll kill a journalist."

"Baralonga?" I cried.

"Oh, I don't mean a well-known journalist, because his puffed-up fame might overshadow the ability with which the crime was committed. No, I'll have a quite unknown man, and work out a really artistic murder. That will be such an abominable thing, and apparently so senseless, that it is sure to go down well. At any rate, leave it to the syndicate to blow the horrid deed in every eye. I'm already preparing papers to be found on my arrest, and I assure you they will be stunning reading. I must get the other man to do the same, papers that will fit with mine, supply the missing links in the mystery; but for which detectives will have to "Chase Over Three Continents"—for we must think of the headings, you know.

"The difficulty is to find the right man, one with sympathy for the plot, who will throw himself into it heart and soul and not be satisfied with anything short of a masterpiece. So many men nowadays are content with second-rate stuff. I suppose you don't know of anyone? Why, of course, how silly I am! Now there's a *Daily Mail* article in that."

"In what?" I asked with trepidation.

"How people sit opposite the thing they're looking for without recognizing it. You're the *very* man. I know *you'll* never be satisfied with second-rate stuff. Now let's think out something good. I want people to remember my last piece of journalism."

When I considered his proposal dispassionately, I felt it was not ideal: somehow, I could not guarantee to throw myself into it so wholeheartedly as he desired, and, as my editor said to me when I was writing a puff for a canned meat firm, the man whose heart is not in his work does not produce his best. I thanked him for the offer but declined. He pressed me to give it

maturer consideration, and said he would not take No for an answer. The more I have thought of it the less I am inclined to have anything to do with it. In fact, I even doubt the morality and strict honesty of manufacturing news. Perhaps I am old-fashioned.

Smithson is an obstinate fellow, and in order to convince him that I am *not* the very man I have decided to become a famous journalist, and that quickly too. So I have written this article for THE ADELPHI. Of course I know it is hardly fair to Smithson to give his idea away, and that the Institute of Journalists will probably look with disfavour upon this breach of professional etiquette; yet considering all the circumstances, I am willing to face the reproaches of my fellows and stand or fall by their judgment. For obvious reasons I will not sign my name but will give the number I understand Smithson has entered me under in the syndicate's confidential ledger, just to let him know that I have spoilt the cooking of this little goose.

M. Z. 4,796.

EDUCATION AND SEX

By D. H. Lawrence

THE one thing we have to avoid even while we carry on our own old process of education, is the development of the powers of so-called self-expression in a child. Let us beware of artificially stimulating his self-consciousness and his so-called imagination. All that we do is to pervert the child into a ghastly state of self-consciousness, making him affectedly try to show off as we wish him to show off. The moment the least little trace of self-consciousness enters in a child, good-bye to everything except falsity.

Much better just pound away at the A B C and simple arithmetic and so on. The modern methods do make children sharp, give them a sort of slick finesse, but it is the beginning of the mischief. It ends in the great "unrest" of a nervous, hysterical proletariat. Begin to teach a child of five to "understand." To understand the sun and moon and daisy and the secrets of procreation, bless your soul. Understanding all the way.—And when the child is twenty he'll have a hysterical understanding of his own invented grievance, and there's an end of him. Understanding is the devil.

A child mustn't understand things. He must have them his own way. His vision isn't ours. When a boy of eight sees a horse, he doesn't see the correct biological object we intend him to see. He sees a big living presence of no particular shape with hair dangling from its neck, and four legs. If he puts two

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eyes in the profile, he is quite right. Because he does *not* see with optical, photographic vision. The image on his retina is *not* the image of his consciousness. The image on his retina just does not go into him. His unconsciousness is filled with a strong, dark, vague prescience of a powerful presence, a two-eyed, four-legged, long-maned presence looming imminent.

And to *force* the boy to see a correct one-eyed horse-profile is just like pasting a placard in front of his vision. It simply kills his inward seeing. We don't *want* him to see a proper horse. The child is *not* a little camera. He is a small vital organism which has direct dynamic *rapport* with the objects of the outer universe. He perceives from his breast and his abdomen, with deep-sunken realism, the elemental nature of the creature. So that to this day a Noah's Ark tree is more real than a Corot tree or a Constable tree : and a flat Noah's Ark cow has a deeper vital reality than even a Cuyp cow.

The mode of vision is not one and final. The mode of vision is manifold. And the optical image is a mere vibrating blur to a child—and, indeed, to a passionate adult. In this vibrating blur the soul sees its own true correspondent. It sees, in a cow, horns and squareness, and a long tail. It sees, for a horse, a mane, and a long face, round nose, and four legs. And in each case a darkly vital presence. Now horns and squareness and a long, thin ox-tail, these are the fearful and wonderful elements of the cow-form, which the dynamic soul perfectly perceives. The ideal-image is just outside Nature, for a child—something false. In a picture, a child wants elemental recognition, and not correctness or expression, or, least of all, what we call understanding. The child distorts inevitably and dynamically. But the dynamic abstraction is more than mental. If a huge eye sits in the middle of the cheek, in a child's drawing, this shows that the deep dynamic

consciousness of the eye, its relative exaggeration, is the life-truth, even if it is a scientific falsehood.

On the other hand, what on earth is the good of saying to a child, "The world is a flattened sphere, like an orange"? It is simply pernicious. You had much better say the world is a poached egg in a frying-pan. *That* might have some dynamic meaning. The only thing about the flattened orange is that the child just sees this orange disporting itself in blue air, and never bothers to associate it with the earth he treads on. And yet it would be so much better for the mass of mankind if they never heard of the flattened sphere. They should never be told that the earth is round. It only makes everything unreal to them. They are balked in their impression of the flat good earth, they can't get over this sphere business, they live in a fog of abstraction, and nothing is anything. Save for purposes of abstraction, the earth is a great plain, with hills and valleys. Why force abstractions and kill the reality, when there's no need?

As for children, will we never realize that their abstractions are never based on observations, but on subjective exaggerations? If there is an eye in the face, the face is all eye. It is the child-soul which cannot get over the mystery of the eye. If there is a tree in a landscape, the landscape is all tree. Always this partial focus. The attempt to make a child focus for a whole view—which is really a generalization and an adult abstraction—is simply wicked. Yet the first thing we do is to set a child making relief-maps in clay, for example, of his own district. Imbecility! He has not even the faintest impression of the total hill on which his home stands. A steepness going up to a door—and front garden railings—and perhaps windows. That's the lot.

The top and bottom of it is, that it is a crime to teach a child anything at all, school-wise. It is just evil to

collect children together and teach them through the head. It causes absolute starvation in the dynamic centres, and sterile substitute of brain knowledge is all the gain. The children of the middle classes are so vitally impoverished, that the miracle is they continue to exist at all. The children of the lower classes do better, because they escape into the streets. But even the children of the proletariat are now infected.

And, of course, as my critics point out, under all the school-smarm and newspaper-cant, man is to-day as savage as a cannibal, and more dangerous. The living dynamic self is denaturalized instead of being educated.

We talk about education—leading forth the natural intelligence of a child. But ours is just the opposite of leading forth. It is a ramming in of brain facts through the head, and a consequent distortion, suffocation, and starvation of the primary centres of consciousness. A nice day of reckoning we've got in front of us.

Let us lead forth, by all means. But let us not have mental knowledge before us as the goal of the leading. Much less let us make of it a vicious circle in which we lead the unhappy child-mind, like a cow in a ring at a fair. We don't want to educate children so that they may understand. Understanding is a fallacy and a vice in most people. I don't even want my child to know, much less to understand. *I* don't want my child to know that five fives are twenty-five, any more than I want my child to wear my hat or my boots. I *don't* want my child to *know*. If he wants five fives let him count them on his fingers. As for his little mind, give it a rest, and let his dynamic self be alert. He will ask "why" often enough. But he more often asks why the sun shines, or why men have moustaches, or why grass is green, than anything sensible. Most of a child's questions are, and should be, unanswerable. They are not questions at all. They are exclamations of wonder, they are *remarks* half-sceptically addressed.

When a child says, "Why is grass green?" he half implies: "Is it really green, or is it just taking me in?" And we solemnly begin to prate about chlorophyll. Oh, imbeciles, idiots, inexcusable owls!

The whole of a child's development goes on from the great dynamic centres, and is basically non-mental. To introduce mental activity is to arrest the dynamic activity, and stultify true dynamic development. By the age of twenty-one our young people are helpless, hopeless, selfless, floundering mental entities, with nothing in front of them, because they have been starved from the roots, systematically, for twenty-one years, and fed through the head. They have had all their mental excitements, sex and everything, all through the head, and when it comes to the actual thing, why, there's nothing in it. *Blasé*. The affective centres have been exhausted from the head.

Before the age of fourteen, children should be taught only to move, to act, to *do*. And they should be taught as little as possible even of this. Adults simply cannot and do not know any more what the mode of childish intelligence is. Adults *always* interfere. They *always* force the adult mental mode. Therefore children must be preserved from adult instructions.

Make a child work—yes. Make it do little jobs. Keep a fine and delicate and fierce discipline, so that the little jobs are performed as perfectly as is consistent with the child's nature. Make the child alert, proud, and becoming in its movements. Make it know very definitely that it shall not and must not trespass on other people's privacy or patience. Teach it songs, tell it tales. But *never* instruct it school-wise. And mostly, leave it alone, send it away to be with other children and to get in and out of mischief, and in and out of danger. Forget your child altogether as much as possible.

All this is the active and strenuous business of parents, and must not shelved off on to strangers. It is

the business of parents *mentally* to forget but dynamically never to forsake their children.

It is no use expecting parents to know *why* schools are closed, and *why* they, the parents, must be quite responsible for their own children during the first ten years. If it is quite useless to expect parents to understand a theory of relativity, much less will they understand the development of the dynamic consciousness. But why should they understand? It is the business of very few to understand, and for the mass, it is their business to believe and not to bother, but to be honourable and humanly to fulfil their human responsibilities. To give active obedience to their leaders, and to possess their own souls in natural pride.

Some must understand why a child is not to be mentally educated. Some must have a faint inkling of the processes of consciousness during the first fourteen years. Some must know what a child beholds, when it looks at a horse, and what it means when it says, "Why is grass green?" The answer to this question, by the way, is "Because it is."

The interplay of the four dynamic centres follows no one conceivable law. Mental activity continues according to a law of co-relation. But there is no logical or rational co-relation in the dynamic consciousness. It pulses on inconsequential, and it would be impossible to determine any sequence. Out of the very lack of sequence in dynamic consciousness does the individual himself develop. The dynamic abstraction of a child's precepts follows no mental law, and even no law which can ever be mentally propounded. And this is why it is utterly pernicious to set a child making a clay relief-map of its own district, or to ask a child to draw conclusions from given observations. Dynamically, a child draws no conclusions. All things still remain dynamically possible. A conclusion drawn is a nail in the coffin of a child's developing being. Let a child

make a clay landscape, if it likes. But entirely according to its own fancy, and without conclusions drawn. Only, let the landscape be vividly made—always the discipline of the soul's full attention. "Oh, but where are the factory chimneys?"—or else: "Why have you left out the gas-works?"; or "Do you call that sloppy thing a church?" The particular focus should be vivid, and the record in some way true. The soul must give earnest attention, that is all.

And so actively disciplined, the child develops for the first ten years. We need not be afraid of letting children see the passions and reactions of adult life. Only we must not strain the *sympathies* of a child, in *any* direction, particularly the direction of love and pity. Nor must we introduce the fallacy of right and wrong. Spontaneous distaste should take the place of right and wrong. And least of all must there be a cry: "You see, dear, you don't understand. When you are older——" A child's sagacity is better than an adult understanding anyhow.

Of course, it is ten times criminal to tell young children facts about sex, or to implicate them in adult relationships. A child has a strong evanescent sex consciousness. It instinctively writes impossible words on back walls. But this is not a fully conscious mental act. It is a kind of dream act—quite natural. The child's curious, shadowy, indecent sex-knowledge is quite in the course of Nature. And does nobody any harm at all. Adults had far better not notice it. But if a child sees a cockerel tread a hen, or two dogs coupling, well and good. It *should* see these things. Only, without comment. Let nothing be exaggeratedly hidden. By instinct, let us preserve the decent privacies. But if a child occasionally sees its parent nude, taking a bath, all the better. Or even sitting in the W.C. Exaggerated secrecy is bad. But indecent exposure is also very bad. But worst of all is the

dragging into the *mental* consciousness of these shadowy dynamic realities.

In the same way, to talk to a child about an adult is vile. Let adults keep their adult feelings and communications for people of their own age. But if a child sees its parents violently quarrel, all the better. There must be storms. And a child's dynamic understanding is far deeper and more penetrating than our sophisticated interpretation. But *never* make a child a party to adult affairs. Never drag the child in. Refuse its sympathy on such occasions. Always treat it as if it had *no* business to hear, even if it is present and *must* hear. Truly, it has no business mentally to hear. And the dynamic soul will always weigh things up and dispose of them properly, if there be no interference of adult comment or adult desire for sympathy. It is despicable for any one parent to accept a child's sympathy against the other parent. And the one who *received* the sympathy is always more contemptible than the one who is hated.

Of course, so many children are born to-day unnaturally mentally awake and alive to adult affairs, that there is nothing left but to tell them everything, crudely : or else, much better, to say : " Ah, get out, you know too much, you make me sick."

To return to the question of sex. A child is born sexed. A child is either male or female, in the whole of its psyche and physique is either male or female. Every single living cell is either male or female, and will remain either male or female as long as life lasts. And every single cell in every male child is male, and every cell in every female child is female. The talk about a third sex, or about the indeterminate sex, is just to pervert the issue.

Biologically, it is true, the rudimentary formation of both sexes is found in every individual. That doesn't mean that every individual is a bit of both, or either,

ad lib. After a sufficient period of idealism, men become hopelessly self-conscious. That is, the great affective centres no longer act spontaneously, but always wait for control from the head. This always breeds a great fluster in the psyche, and the poor self-conscious individual cannot help posing and posturing. Our ideal has taught us to be gentle and wistful : rather girlish and yielding, and *very* yielding in our sympathies. In fact, many young men feel so very like what they imagine a girl must feel, that hence they draw the conclusion that they must have a large share of female sex inside them. False conclusion.

These girlish men have often, to-day, the finest maleness, once it is put to the test. How is it, then, that they feel, and look, so girlish? It is largely a question of the direction of the polarized flow. Our ideal has taught us to be *so* loving and *so* submissive and *so* yielding in our sympathy, that the mode has become automatic in many men. Now in what we will call the "natural" mode, man has his positivity in the volitional centres, and woman in the sympathetic. In fulfilling the Christian love ideal, however, men have reversed this. Man has assumed the gentle, all-sympathetic rôle, and woman has become the energetic party, with the authority in her hands. The male is the sensitive, sympathetic nature, the woman the active, effective, authoritative. So that the male acts as the passive, or recipient, pole of attraction, the female as the active, positive, exertive pole, in human relations. Which is a reversal of the old flow. The woman is now the initiator, man the responder. They seem to play each other's parts. But man is purely male, playing woman's part, and woman is purely female, however manly. The gulf between Heliogabalus, or the most womanly man on earth, and the most manly woman, is just the same as ever : just the same old gulf between the sexes. The man is male, the woman is female.

Only they are playing one another's parts, as they mı at certain periods. The dynamic polarity has swu around.

If we look a little closer, we can define this positi and negative business better. As a matter of fa positive and negative, passive and active, cuts bc ways. If the man, as thinker and doer, is active, positive, and the woman negative, then, on the oth hand, as the initiator of emotion, of feeling, and sympathetic understanding the woman is positive, t man negative. The man may be the initiator in actio but the woman is initiator in emotion. The man h the initiative as far as voluntary activity goes, and t woman the initiative as far as sympathetic activity goe In love, it is the woman naturally who loves, the m who is loved. In love, woman is the positive, man t negative. It is woman who asks, in love, and the m who answers. In life, the reverse is the case. knowing and in doing, man is positive and wom negative : man initiates, and woman lives up to it.

Naturally this nicely arranged order of things may l reversed. Action and utterance, which are male, a polarized against feeling, emotion, which are femal And which is positive, which negative? Was man, tl eternal protagonist, born of woman, from her womb fathomless emotion? Or was woman, with her de womb of emotion, born from the rib of active man, tl first created? Man, the doer, the knower, the origin in *being*, is he lord of life? Or is woman, the gre Mother, who bore us from the womb of love, is she tl supreme Goddess?

This is the question of all time. And as long as ma and woman endure, so will the answer be given, fir one way, then the other. Man, as the utterer, usual claims that Eve was created out of his spare rib : fro the field of the creative, upper dynamic consciousnes that is. But woman, as soon as she gets a word i

points to the fact that man inevitably, poor darling, is the issue of his mother's womb. So the battle rages.

But some men always agree with the woman. Some men always yield to woman the creative positivity. And in certain periods, such as the present, the majority of men concur in regarding woman as the source of life, the first term in creation: woman, the mother, the prime being.

And then, the whole polarity shifts over. Man still remains the doer and thinker. But he is so only in the service of emotional and procreative woman. His highest moment is now the emotional moment when he gives himself up to the woman, when he forms the perfect answer for her great emotional and procreative asking. All his thinking, all his activity in the world only contributes to this great moment, when he is fulfilled in the emotional passion of the woman, the birth of rebirth, as Whitman calls it. In his consummation in the emotional passion of a woman, man is reborn, which is quite true.

And there is the point at which we all now stick. Life, thought, and activity, all are devoted truly to the great end of Woman, wife and mother.

Man has now entered on to his negative mode. Now, his consummation is in feeling, not in action. Now, his activity is all of the domestic order and all his thought goes to proving that nothing matters except that birth shall continue and woman shall rock in the nest of this globe like a bird who covers her eggs in some tall tree. Man is the fetcher, the carrier, the sacrifice, the crucified, and the reborn of woman.

This being so, the whole tendency of his nature changes. Instead of being assertive and rather insentient, he becomes wavering and sensitive. He begins to have as many feelings—nay, more than a woman. His heroism is all in altruistic endurance. He worships pity and tenderness and weakness, even in

himself. In short, he takes on very largely the original rôle of woman. Woman, meanwhile, becomes the fearless, inwardly relentless, determined, positive party. She grips the responsibility. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Nay, she makes man discover that cradles should not be rocked, in order that her hands may be left free. She is now a queen of the earth, and inwardly a fearsome tyrant. She keeps pity and tenderness emblazoned on her banners. But God help the man whom she pities. Ultimately she tears him to bits.

Therefore we see the reversal of the old poles. Man becomes the emotional party, woman the positive and active. Man begins to show strong signs of the peculiarly strong passive sex desire, the desire to be taken, which is considered characteristic of woman. Man begins to have all the feelings of woman—or the feelings which he attributed to woman. He becomes more feminine than woman ever was, and worships his own femininity, calling it the highest. In short, he begins to exhibit all signs of sexual complexity. He begins to imagine he really is half-female. And certainly woman seems very male. So the hermaphrodite fallacy revives again.

But it is all a fallacy. Man, in the midst of all his effeminacy, is still male and nothing but male. And woman, though she harangue in Parliament or patrol the streets with a helmet on her head, is still completely female. They are only playing each other's rôles, because the poles have swung into reversion. The compass is reversed. But that doesn't mean that the North Pole has become the South Pole, or that each is a bit of both.

Of course, a woman should stick to her own natural emotional positivity. But then man must stick to his own positivity of *being*, of action, *disinterested*, *non-domestic*, *male* action, which is not devoted to the

increase of the female. Once man vacates his camp of sincere, passionate positivity in disinterested being, his supreme responsibility to fulfil his own profoundest impulses, with reference to none but God or his own soul, not taking woman into count at all, in this primary responsibility to his own deepest soul; once man vacates this strong citadel of his own genuine, not spurious, divinity; then in comes woman, picks up the sceptre, and begins to conduct a rag-time band.

Man remains man, however he may put on wistfulness and tenderness like petticoats, and sensibilities like pearl ornaments. Your sensitive little big-eyed boy, so much more gentle and loving than his harder sister, is male for all that, believe me. Perhaps evilly male, so mothers may learn to their cost: and wives still more.

Of course, there should be a great balance between the sexes. Man, in the daytime, must follow his own soul's greatest impulse, and give himself to life-work and risk himself to death. It is not woman who claims the highest in man. It is a man's own religious soul that drives him on beyond woman, to his supreme activity. For his highest, man is responsible to God alone. He may not pause to remember that he has a life to lose, or a wife and children to leave. He must carry forward the banner of life, though seven worlds perish, with all the wives and mothers and children in them. Hence Jesus, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" Every man that lives has to say it again to his wife or mother, once he has any work or mission in hand, that comes from his soul.

But again, no man is a blooming marvel for twenty-four hours a day. Jesus or Napoleon or any other of them ought to have been man enough to be able to come home at tea-time and put his slippers on and sit under the spell of his wife. For there you are, the woman has her world, her positivity: the world of love, of emotion, of sympathy. And it behoves every man in

his hour to take off his shoes and relax and give himself up to his woman and her world. Not to give up his purpose. But to give up himself for a time to her who is his mate.—And so it is one detests the clockwork Kant, and the petit-bourgeois Napoleon divorcing his Josephine for a Hapsburg—or even Jesus, with his "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"—He might have added, "just now."—They were all failures.

TO L. H. B. (1894-1915)

LAST night for the first time since you were dead
I walked with you, my brother, in a dream.
We were at home again beside the stream
Fringed with tall berry bushes, white and red.
"Don't touch them: they are poisonous," I said.
But your hand hovered, and I saw a beam
Of strange, bright laughter flying round your head;
And as you stooped I saw the berries gleam.
"Don't you remember? We called them Dead Man's
Bread."
I woke and heard the wind moan and the roar
Of the dark water tumbling on the shore.
Where—where is the path of my dream for my eager
feet?
By the remembered stream my brother stands
Waiting for me with berries in his hands.
"These are my body. Sister, take and eat."

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

By Katherine Mansfield

[The majority of the following passages of Katherine Mansfield's Journal are contained in one of the little exercise-books in which she did most of her writing. This one is a French exercise-book, for the passages belong to the winter of 1915-16, when she was living at Bandol, a little watering-place on the Mediterranean. The conventional spaces on the sky-blue cover have been filled up by her thus :—

Appartenant à	Katherine Mansfield
Commencé le	toujoursième
Fini le	jamaisième.

One of the most potent reasons for her leaving England at this time—for her health was then excellent—was the death of her passionately loved younger brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp, who was killed in France in October, 1915, at the age of twenty-one, barely a week after leaving England for the front. He had come from New Zealand to take a commission in an English regiment. Just before he left England for France with his regiment, he had spent a few days with his sister at her house, No. 5 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood. They talked together for hours of the things that were in New Zealand; and they talked of them not only in "the little top-room" which was Katherine Mansfield's workroom, but in every corner of the house and at every moment. The book which Katherine Mansfield promised her brother she would write is *Prelude*. It was originally called *The Aloe*. The

passages of her journal given here explain the mood in which that acknowledged masterpiece was conceived and written. The title-page of the first edition was finally inscribed: "To L. H. B. and J. M. M."

The poem "To L. H. B.," which is printed elsewhere in this number, was written in January, 1916, at the same period as these passages from the journal.]

October 29th, 1915 [5, Acacia Road].

Awake, awake! my little boy.

A misty, misty evening. I want to write down the fact that not only am I not afraid of death—I welcome the idea of death. I believe in immortality because he is not here, and I long to join him. First, my darling, I've got things to do for both of us, and then I will come as quickly as I can. Dearest heart, I know you are there, and I live with you, and I will write for you. Other people are near, but they are not close to me. To you only do I belong, just as *you* belong to me. Nobody knows how often I am with you. Indeed, I am always with you, and I begin to feel that you know—that when I leave this house and this place it will be with you, and I will never even for the shortest space of time be away from you. You have me. You're in my flesh as well as in my soul. I give others my "surplus" love, but to you I hold and to you I give my deepest love.

[November, 1915. Bandol.]

Brother. I think I have known for a long time that life was over for me, but I never realised it or acknowledged it until my brother died. Yes, though he is lying in the middle of a little wood in France and I am still walking upright and feeling the sun and the wind from the sea, I am just as much dead as he is. The present and the future mean nothing to me. I am no longer "curious" about people; I do not wish to go any-

where; and the only possible value that anything can have for me is that it should put me in mind of something that happened or was when we were alive. "Do you remember, Katie?" I hear his voice in trees and flowers, in scents and light and shadow. Have people, apart from these faraway people, ever existed for me? Or have they always failed me and faded because I denied them reality? Supposing I were to die as I sit at this table, playing with my Indian paper-knife, what would the difference be? No difference at all. Then why don't I commit suicide? Because I feel I have a duty to perform to the lovely time when we were both alive. I want to write about it, and he wanted me to. We talked it over in my little top room in London. I said: I will just put on the front page: To my brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp. Very well: it shall be done.

The wind died down at sunset. Half a ring of moon hangs in the hollow air. It is very quiet. Somewhere I can hear a woman crooning a song. Perhaps she is crouched before the stove in the corridor, for it is the kind of song that a woman sings before a fire—brooding, warm, sleepy, and safe. I see a little house with flower patches under the windows and the soft mass of a haystack at the back. The fowls have all gone to roost—they are woolly blurs on the perches. The pony is in the stable with a cloth on. The dog lies in the kennel, his head on his forepaws. The cat sits. . . . [*The rest of the page is missing.*]

[December, 1915.]

This afternoon I did not go for a walk. There is a long stone embankment that goes out to the sea. Huge stones on either side and a little rough goat path in the centre. When I came to the end the sun was going down. So, feeling extremely solitary and romantic, I sat me down on a stone and watched the red sun, which

looked horribly like a morsel of tinned apricot, sink into a sea like a huge junket. I began, feebly but certainly perceptibly, to harp " Alone between sea and sky, &c." But suddenly I saw a minute speck on the bar coming towards me. It grew. It turned into a young officer in dark blue, slim, with an olive skin, fine eyebrows, long, black eyes, a fine silky moustache.

You are alone, Madame?

Alone, Monsieur.

You are living at the hotel, Madame?

At the hotel, Monsieur.

Ah, I have noticed you walking alone several times, Madame.

It is possible, Monsieur.

He blushed and put his hand to his cap.

I am very indiscreet, Madame.

Very indiscreet, Monsieur.

[January 22nd, 1916.]

Now, really, what is it that I do want to write? I ask myself, Am I less of a writer than I used to be? Is the need to write less urgent? Does it still seem as natural to me to seek that form of expression? Has speech fulfilled it? Do I ask anything more than to relate, to remember, to assure myself? There are times when these thoughts half-frighten me and very nearly convince. I say, You are now so fulfilled in your own being, in being alive, in loving, in aspiring towards a greater sense of life and a deeper loving, the other thing has gone out of you. But no, at bottom I am not convinced, for at bottom never has my desire been so ardent. Only the form that I would choose has changed utterly. I feel no longer concerned with the same appearance of things. The people who lived or whom I wished to bring into my stories don't interest me any more. The plots of my stories leave me perfectly cold. Granted that these people exist and all the differences,

complexities, and resolutions are true to them—why should *I* write about them? They are not near me. All the false threads that bound me to them are cut away quite.

Now—now I want to write recollections of my own country. Yes, I want to write about my own country till I simply exhaust my store. Not only because it is a "sacred debt" that I pay to my country because my brother and I were born there, but also because in my thoughts I range with him over all the remembered places. I am never far away from them. I long to renew them in writing.

Ah, the people—the people we loved there—of them, too, I want to write. Another "debt of love." Oh, I want for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World. It must be mysterious, as though floating. It must take the breath. It must be "one of those islands" . . . I shall tell everything, even of how the laundry-basket squeaked at "75." But all must be told with a sense of mystery, a radiance, an afterglow, because you, my little sun of it, are set. You have dropped over the dazzling brim of the world. Now I must play my part.

Then I want to write poetry. I feel always trembling on the brink of poetry. The almond tree, the birds, the little wood where you are, the flowers you do not see, the open window out of which I lean and dream that you are against my shoulder, and the times that your photograph "looks sad." But especially I want to write a kind of long elegy to you . . . perhaps not in poetry. Nor perhaps in prose. Almost certainly in a kind of special *prose*.

And, lastly, I want to keep a kind of *minute notebook*, to be published some day. That's all. No novels, no problem stories, nothing that is not simple, open.

K. M.

February 13th [1916].

I have written practically nothing yet, and now again the time is getting short. There is nothing done. I am no nearer my achievement than I was two months ago, and I keep half-doubting my will to perform anything. Each time I make a move my demon says at almost the same moment: "Oh, yes, we've heard that before!" And then I hear R. B. in the Café Royal, "Do you still write?" If I went back to England without a book *finished* I should give myself up. I should know that, whatever I said, I was not really a writer and had no claim to "a table in my room." But if I go back with a book finished it will be a *profession de foi pour toujours*. Why do I hesitate so long? Is it just idleness? Lack of will-power? Yes, I feel that's what it is, and that's why it's so immensely important that I should assert myself. I have put a table to-day in my room, facing a corner, but from where I sit I can see some top shoots of the almond-tree, and the sea sounds loud. There is a vase of beautiful geraniums on the table. Nothing could be nicer than this spot, and it's so quiet and so high, like sitting up in a tree. I feel I shall be able to write here, especially towards twilight.

Ah, once fairly alight—how I'd blaze and burn! Here is a new fact. When I am not writing I feel my brother calling me, and he is not happy. Only when I write or am in a state of writing—a state of "inspiration"—do I feel that he is calm. . . . Last night I dreamed of him and Father Zossima. Father Zossima said: "Do not let the new man die." My brother was certainly there. But last evening he called me while I sat down by the fire. At last I obeyed and came upstairs. I stayed in the dark and waited. The moon got very bright. There were stars outside, very bright twinkling stars, that seemed to move as I watched them. The moon shone. I could see the curve of the sea and the curve of the

land embracing, and above in the sky there was a round sweep of cloud. Perhaps those three half-circles were very magic. But then, when I leaned out of the window I seemed to see my brother dotted all over the field—now on his back, now on his face, now huddled up, now half-pressed into the earth. Wherever I looked, there he lay. I felt that God showed him to me like that for some express purpose, and I knelt down by the bed. But I could not pray. I had done no work. I was not in an active state of grace. So I got up finally and went downstairs again. But I was terribly sad. . . . The night before, when I lay in bed, I felt suddenly passionate. I wanted J. to embrace me. But as I turned to speak to him or to kiss him I saw my brother lying fast asleep, and I got cold. That happens nearly always. Perhaps because I went to sleep thinking of him, I woke and was he, for quite a long time. I felt my face was his serious, sleepy face. I felt that the lines of my mouth were changed, and I blinked like he did on waking.

This year I have to make money and get known. I want to make enough money to be able to give L. M. some. In fact, I want to provide for her. That's my idea, and to make enough so that J. and I shall be able to pay our debts and live honourably. I should like to have a book published and *numbers* of short stories ready. Ah, even as I write, the smoke of a cigarette seems to mount in a reflective way, and I feel nearer that kind of silent, crystallised being that used to be almost me.

[February] 14th [1916].

I begin to think of an unfinished memory which has been with me for years. It is a very good story if only I can tell it right, and is called "Lena." It plays in New Zealand and would go in the book. If only I can get right down to it.

Dear brother, as I jot these notes, I am speaking to you. To whom did I always write when I kept those huge complaining diaries? Was it to myself? But now as I write these words and talk of getting down to the New Zealand atmosphere, I see you opposite to me, I see your thoughtful, seeing eyes. Yes, it is to you. We were travelling—sitting opposite to each other and moving very fast. Ah, my darling, how have I kept away from this tremendous joy? Each time I take up my pen *you* are with me. You are mine. You are my playfellow, my brother, and we shall range all over our country together. It is with you that I see, and that is why I see so clearly. That is a great mystery. My brother, I have doubted these last few days. I have been in dreadful places. I have felt that I could not *come* through to you. But now, quite suddenly, the mists are rising, and I see and I know you are near me. You are more vividly with me now this moment than if you were alive and I were writing to you from a short distance away. As you speak my name, the name you call me by that I love so—Katie—your lip lifts in a smile—you believe in me, you know I am here. Oh, Chummie! put your arms round me. I was going to write: Let us shut out everybody. But no, it is not that. Only we shall look on at them together. My brother, you know, with all my desire, my will is weak. To do things—even to write absolutely for myself and by myself—is awfully hard for me. God knows why, when my desire is so strong. But just as it was always our delight to sit together—you remember?—and to talk of the old days, down to the last detail—the last feeling—looking at each other and by our eyes expressing when speech ended how intimately we understood each other—so now, my dear one, we shall do that again. You know how unhappy I have been lately. I almost felt: Perhaps "the new man" will not live. Perhaps I am not yet risen. . . But now I do not

doubt. It is the idea (it has always been there, but never as it is with me to-night) that I do not write alone. That in every word I write and every place I visit I carry you with me. Indeed, that might be the motto of my book. There are daisies on the table and a red flower, like a poppy, shines through. Of daisies I will write. Of the dark. Of the wind—and the sun and the mists. Of the shadows. Ah! of all that you loved and that I too love and feel. To-night it is made plain. However often I write and rewrite I shall not really falter, dearest, and the book shall be written and ready.

[February] 15th [1916].

I have broken the silence. It took long. Did I fail you when I sat reading? Oh, bear with me a little. I will be better. I will do *all*, all that we would wish. Love, I will not fail. To-night it is very wild. Do you hear? It is all wind and sea. You feel that the world is blowing like a feather, springing and rocking in the air like a balloon from Lindsay's. I seem to hear a piano sometimes, but that's fancy. How loud the wind sounds! If I write every day faithfully a little record of how I have kept faith with you—that is what I must do. Now you are back with me. You are stepping forward, one hand in your pocket. My brother, my little boy brother! Your thoughtful eyes! I see you always as you left me. I saw you a moment alone—by yourself—and quite lost, I felt. My heart yearned over you then. Oh, it yearns over you to-night and now! Did you cry? I always felt: He never, never must be unhappy. Now I will come quite close to you, take your hand, and we shall tell this story to each other.

[February] 16th [1916].

I *found The Aloe* this morning. And when I had reread it I knew that I was not quite "right" yesterday. No, dearest, it was not just the spirit. *The Aloe*

is right. *The Aloe* is lovely. It simply fascinates me, and I know that it is what you would wish me to write. And now I know what the last chapter is. It is your birth—your coming in the autumn. You in Grandmother's arms under the tree, your solemnity, your wonderful beauty. Your hands, your head—your helplessness, lying on the earth, and, above all, your tremendous solemnity. That chapter will end the book. The next book will be yours and mine. And you must mean the world to Linda; and before ever you are born Kezia must play with you—her little Bogey. Oh, Bogey—I must hurry. All of them must have this book. It is good, my treasure! My little brother, it is good, and it is what we really meant.

[February] 17th [1916].

I am sad to-night. Perhaps it is the old forlorn wind. And the thought of you *spiritually* is not enough to-night. I want you by me. I must get deep down into my book, for then I shall be happy. Lose myself, lose myself to find you, dearest. Oh, I want this book to be written. It MUST be done. It must be bound and wrapped and sent to New Zealand. I feel that with all my soul. It will be.

[On the next page is a drawing which Katherine Mansfield made at this time of the little house in which she was to live "for ever and ever." The writing beneath reads thus:—

"This is the kind of place that would be so nice, Bogey. You observe we are driving *from* the sea; and I am sitting with my *back* to you and the horse to watch the waves."

TIG.]



This is the kind of place that would be so nice, Boy E. You observe we are driving from the sea: and I am sitting with my back to you & the horse to watch the waves. Tig.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

R. U. R.—I have been twice to this amazingly impressive play at the St. Martin's. Not mine to indulge in examination of how its wheels go round or appraise my fellow craftsmen—the subject of this note is not the play, but its message and the audience to which it is delivered. Possibly the authors have a little mixed the babies by satirizing both the domination of men's lives by the machines they make, and capitalism menaced by a proletariat deprived of soul through too mechanical usage. But it doesn't matter—the general target is the trend of Western "Progress," based on machinery and maximum production at the mercy of demand. The vicious circle run by that "Progress" is made quite clear in the third act when the four men are awaiting their destruction by the Robots—machine-men invented by their scientific itch, their commercial greed, and their longing to deliver real men from manual labour and make them masters of their fate. We listen with a grin to the reasons why it was impossible for them to stop making Robots, in spite of the danger when Governments began turning them into soldiers.

Governments were ordering Robots, shareholders were insisting on dividends—how then could they possibly stop making them? In a word, demand, however shortsighted, causes supply. Take, for instance, what is happening to-day with flying machines. The demand for them, no matter to what destructive uses they may be put, is causing a supply that nobody dreams of stopping. And when the manager relates how he personally *had* to go on making the fatal Robots because he was urged by his unconquerable soul to remove the ills of mankind, our grin would become pitying, if pity were permissible nowadays.

The invincible human spirit conquered by its own shortsighted invincibility, is shortly—not sweetly—the message of the play. Or, put in medical terms: Western civilization has outgrown its power of balance, has lost spinal control. It is a frightfully true message, applicable spiritually to all Western countries; concretely applicable to most Western countries, and *especially to this country*.

How does the audience take it? With a mixture of thrills and giggles. To the great majority of us the play is just a melodrama, which makes us creep here, and cackle there, as all good melodrama should. All that an intelligent woman could say about it was: "Glad I'm not a Robot!" One reads in the theatre-programme that others take the play as an attack on the working class, or on capitalists, or on religion; or simply ask: "What's it all about?" One even sees that there will have been a public debate about its meaning before these words appear in print. If the object-lesson of this play has not leapt to our eyes, what earthly chance have we as a people of arresting our decline or averting the peril of our position? Owing to the machines we invented and the trade they fostered, seven-eighths of us now live in towns on food that is more than half imported. Year by year we have to buy more food with the proceeds of manufactures, and a carrying trade diminished, and likely for a long time to remain diminished. With light hearts we reached this bloated condition before the war, trusting to Sea-Power, which vanished, so far as Europe is concerned, as it were in a night, when machines climbed into the air. In the laboratories of chemists and in aeroplane factories are growing the means of ruining, in a week, nations of townsmen fed from overseas. We have it all set before us on a vigorous stage—an allegory of the way machines have lured us on to an utterly disproportionate condition, and are waiting at the first chance to

do us in, and we greet it with: "Glad I'm not a Robot!'"

The liquid, the spirituous element of the allegory—entrusted to Alquist in the play—can be left till we have digested the solid.—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

MODERN REVIEWING.—How many people have read *Lady into Fox* by David Garnett? Most of us round and about the professional literary world have done so, but has it got through yet to the large public of intelligent readers beyond? I very much doubt it. Our critical reviewing people are cursed by a sort of gentility that makes them mumble the news they have to tell; busy doctors, teachers, business men, and so forth, have not the time to attend to these undertones. No doubt *Lady into Fox* has been praised a good deal in this mumbling, ineffective way. But has it got through? In the newspapers we ought to have more news about books and less hasty essay writing by way of reviewing. A book, bad or good, gets its two or three or four or five inches of "review" in the papers and then no more about it. You cannot tell from most book reviews whether the book matters in the slightest degree, whether it has any significant freshness in it at all. The good things are hustled past public attention in a crowd of weary notices, weak blame, weak praise, and vague comment. Newspapers don't treat tennis or golf in that fashion. A new golfer is shouted about. Why was there no shouting about Stella Benson's *The Poor Man* or Gerhardi's *Futility*—shouting to reach the suburbs and country towns? Both these are wonderful books and only quite a few people seem to have heard of them yet. *Lady into Fox* is the most amazingly good story I have read for a long time. I don't propose to offer criticisms. I accept a book like this; I don't criticize it. I have nothing to say about how it is done, because I think it is perfectly done and could not have

been done in any other way. It is a quite fresh thing. It is as astonishing and it is as entirely right and consistent as a new creation, a new sort of animal, let us say, suddenly running about in the world. It is like a small, queer, furry animal I admit, but as alive, as whimsically inevitable as a very healthy kitten. It shows up most other stories, all these trade stories that fill the booksellers' shops, for the clockwork beasts they are.—H. G. Wells.

Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida."—It is a thousand pities that Chaucer should be a sealed book to the vast majority of modern readers. A few thousands read the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales at school; a few hundreds read a little more of the body of his work at the university—and that is all. And of these last few hundreds how many really appreciate the astonishing beauty and truth of *Troilus and Cressida?* There is, I firmly believe, no love-story like it in the English language. *Romeo and Juliet* appears romantic by its side; *Antony and Cleopatra* is something greater, but something different. But *Troilus and Cressida* is a story of the love that may happen every day to a man and a woman; it has its feet on earth and its head in the clouds; it is impassioned and actual, exquisite and real, imaginative and humorous, the work of a man who understood the souls of human beings as clearly as he saw their bodies.

When one has read *Troilus and Cressida*, everything else that has been written on this everlasting theme of love seems exaggerated, except perhaps in Shakespeare's romantic comedies. It is either too bodily or too spiritual; the flame is either gross or impalpable. But in Chaucer's story love has at once the substance, the roots, and the beauty of a flower. It is there, it exists on earth, it is part of the earth, and it is a miracle. And the tragedy is that the finest and most human love-

story we English possess should be as effectually concealed from 999 in a 1,000 Englishmen as it would be were it written in Chinese. Not that the language is very difficult; but it looks difficult. It is alarming. But, just for one moment, let us see.

The most surprising chapters of a story which is a surprise from the first page to the last, are the third and fourth books. The third tells of the meeting of Troilus and Cressida and of the consummation of their love in Pandar's house, the fourth of their enforced parting. Pandar (how unlike the Pandar of legend, or Shakespeare's half-creation!—a picture of Chaucer himself, without a shadow of doubt) has arranged that Cressida shall stay the night with him. When the lights are out and the house is asleep Pandar comes in to tell her his made-up story that Troilus, distraught by jealousy, has forced his way in. Cressida is distressed: she will give Troilus a precious blue ring to reassure him. A ring! cries Pandar. Then it must be set with a stone with power to make a dead man live. She must see him. See him at last she does; and while she tells him he has no cause for jealousy, he is pale and speechless. "Forgive me," she whispers, "if I have caused you pain."

Then they clasp each other.

> And as about a tree, with a many a twist,
> Is fast enlaced and wreathed the sweet woodbind,
> Gan each of them in arms the other wind.
>
> And as the new-abashèd nightingale
> That stinteth first when she beginneth sing
> When that she heareth any shepherd tale (talk)
> Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
> And after certain doth her voice out-ring,
> Right so Criseyde, when her fears were still,
> Open her heart and told him what she will.

I am ashamed of what I have done to that extraordinary verse; but even now it seems to me supremely beautiful —"the native music of achievèd love."

And the simple clarity with which the subtleties of Cressida's psychology are presented in the next book is no less astonishing. She becomes wholly fascinating, and absolutely convincing, in her long talks with Troilus. All her reasons for going over to the Greeks and not running away to live on love in a garret are perfectly natural. Her life and his honour would be risked. If there were peace—it's sure, quite sure, to come soon—he couldn't go back to Troy, having run away. And, anyhow, isn't she coming back in ten days? Yet, by some queer masterpiece of suggestion you feel that the real reason is that Cressida doesn't want any bother, that she is, as Chaucer finally describes her, "tender-hearted but sliding of courage"; she loves Troilus truly, but she shrinks away from difficulties. Don't let's have any fuss. She is ready to swear anything and to *believe* anything. You feel that she has quite convinced herself that she will be back in ten days. She has the true faculty of believing in the pleasant thing. But Troilus has not. For a moment he is half-persuaded; then his fears return again. His final reply, for those who know anything about love, is as deeply pathetic as it is true:—

> And now, so this be sooth, quoth Troilus,
> I shall well suffer unto the tenth day
> Since that I see that needs it must be thus,
> But for the love of God, if be it may,
> So let us two steal privily away,
> For ever in one so as to live at rest,
> My heart says to me this will be the best.

She replies, "You don't trust me"; then, "It's sure to be all right"; then, "Please be cheerful, you make one so sad"; then, "I must see you looking happy before I go"; and then—masterstroke of feminity—"Be faithful to me!"

But, although, or perhaps because, Chaucer knows her so well, and defends her at every turn, he cannot

reconcile himself to her taking up with Diomed so soon. His heart is no longer in the business. He apologizes: the man from whom he had the tale is responsible, not he. He quite understands why she should have done it; but still—"Men say, I not, that she gave him her heart."—J. M. Murry.

A Note on Michel Angelo.—What impressed me most when I first saw Michel Angelo's work in Florence was the astonishing grasp of his conception, even to its last significant detail—and all Michel Angelo's detail is significant—that he must have had before he began work. Take, for instance, the *David*. Every lock of hair has its meaning; there is the vein on the back of the hand. The block of marble before Michel Angelo must have measured 30 feet high by 8 feet broad. Yet when he began to cut that block he must have known *exactly* where the topmost surface of the vein and the ends of the hair would be. Not merely the general relation of masses but the precise position of every point on the surface of the finished statue. For you cannot make mistakes in cutting marble. A painter can scrape out; a writer can rewrite. But with a sculptor of stone one cut too deep and the whole is ruined beyond remedy. And Michel Angelo, hacking furiously at his colossal block of marble, made no mistake at all. I am left wondering by what miraculous capacity he was able to conceive and hold clear in his mind the last perfected detail of his superb creation.

Michel Angelo was the greatest of them all. None before, and none after, has achieved such harmony of plastic form and spiritual significance, to the point at which the one *is* the other, and the mere idea of separating them seems fantastic. And Michel Angelo said the profoundest thing about painting—"Good painting is a music and a melody which can be

appreciated by the intellect alone, and then only with difficulty. This kind of painting is so rare that few are able to attain to it." Only I am puzzled here by the word "intellect." I do not know what the original Italian word is, nor should I be any the wiser if I did; but I feel it must contain the meaning "pictorial sense" or "pictorial understanding"—a specific aptitude of mind, rather than general intellectual ability. —MARK GERTLER.

IRRELEVANT PARAGRAPHS.—It is time some energetic protest was made against the extremely low standard of reporting which is tolerated by some of our newspapers. In my *Daily Mail* of this morning, for instance, I am informed that a young woman of twenty-seven has had removed from her stomach seventeen keys, two coins, three safety-pins, one button, one engineer's split pin, and one pencil sharpener. As a result of the removal of this mass of metal she is recovering, the paragraph informs me, from her abdominal troubles. That is all: the writer tells me nothing else. There is no hint that this diet is unusual; nothing is said to explain this appetite for keys and safety-pins. None of the questions that flash into my horrified and bewildered mind are allowed for in this execrably unintelligent paragraph. I don't know whether Schools of Journalism include courses in précis-writing, but they certainly ought to. As another instance, the remarks of Affable Hawk in a recent number of the *New Statesman*, dealing with my article "On Being Oneself," would certainly be different if Affable Hawk were a practised précis-writer. My argument was perfectly simple, and to the effect that a man should be honest with himself about his literary tastes. It is not a very easy thing to be, and it has important consequences for the individual. But Affable Hawk imagines that I am asserting that every young man's likes and dislikes are important to the world at

large, and that I am urging him to communicate them to the world at large. This is very bad précis-writing, more particularly as Affable Hawk quotes a passage from my article which is inconsistent with his version of it. Although the *Daily Mail* case is, of course, much the more glaring instance of the two, both cases are examples of a failure to realize obvious implications. Each of these instances may be considered trifling in itself; each one of them, like a blind alley that one discovers to be blind after a few yards, wastes but little of one's time. But cases, like these, of intellectual slovenliness, may be found in every issue of every paper, and the total wastage of energy and time caused by them must mount up, like the wastage of mustard, to considerable quantities. For this sort of litter there can be no extenuating circumstances; it is a gratuitous addition to the untidiness of the world.—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

A BOOK TO REMEMBER.—If I may draw the attention of readers of THE ADELPHI to books printed long ago, I should like to emphasise the interest and virtues of M. Roustan's *Les Philosophes et La Société Française au XVIIIme. Siècle* (Paris 1906). I know no book which, with so much charm and learning, paints so exquisite a picture of the society which rushed to the catastrophe of 1789 as this. The French historians make a speciality of depicting manners, and M. Roustan is peculiarly exquisite in the practice of his art. He is learned and witty, careful and combative, full of ideas, and with that *fond* of purpose which makes Tocqueville so attractive. If someone would do for the English eighteenth century what this book accomplishes for France, the understanding of a misunderstood generation would be an easier task. I envy anyone who reads Roustan for the first time; even the third reading is a joyous adventure.—H. J. LASKI.

GOING OUT AND GOING IN

By The Journeyman

I seldom go out to the theatre. Indeed, when I come to think of it, I seldom *go out* at all. I much prefer to go in. And when I do go out, I think I have wasted my time unless it has given me the chance of going in, of fetching out from its dim hiding place something precious that I have forgotten or never knew I had. The converse of friends can do this for me, or rather can help me to do this. They give me a kind of courage of discovery; they ask me a question in a voice which says, "Yes, you have the answer," so quietly, with such certainty, that I too begin to believe I may have it somewhere. So I take my candle down, light it in the fire of their confidence, and set off boldly into the disused rooms. And the marvel is that I do find something. I bring it out into the light of day. I blink, I rub it gingerly upon my sleeve. "Can that be mine?" I wonder. Indeed, I never cease from wondering this, even when my friends have accepted it and I have put it in my pocket for my own. But mine or not, I am the richer for it.

A going out, for me, must have a going in for its reward. Perhaps it is because I am afraid of being disappointed that I so seldom go out to the theatre. Yet I have been very fortunate. Of the four plays I have been out to see in the last three years, two were miraculous and one made me laugh as I laugh at Pickwick or at the opening of Bealby. That was *Le Médecin malgré lui* at the Odéon last spring. The

other two were Tchehov's *The Cherry Orchard*, not very well played by the Stage Society, and a matinée production of *Othello* by Matheson Lang and Arthur Bourchier. This sounds, I fear, as though I were very cultured. I cannot help it. Those are the facts. Another fact is that I wept warm tears when both those plays were ended. Here was my allegiance; this my loyalty. This vision of life was true. There was no more room for regret or sorrow.

> Come, come no time for lamentation now,
> Nor much more cause.

No cause, no cause at all. In this enchantment, I also had my place; for this moment I too could look on the created world and see that it was good. And when the great Othello turned—

> And say besides that in Aleppo once,
> Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
> Beat a Venetian and traduced the State,
> I took by the throat the circumcised dog
> And smote his *thus*—

then I discovered in myself a spirit equal to his own and knew what high descent was in my blood.

And when I laughed at *Le Médecin malgré lui*, again I entered into possession of something in myself I had forgotten. Once more, *I did not care*. I was not a hero, I was not wise perhaps as I was wise when I listened to Carlotta's falsetto "I don't even know whether I *had* a father" on the garden seat, but likewise I did not care. The world was full of foolishness and I could laugh; of beauty and I could weep; of greatness and I could breathe. And this time with no penny candle from my own cupboard, but with a great lamp lit by genius, I entered into possession of my own forgotten aptitudes. My going-out had been the prelude to a triumphant going-in. "We be three Calendars, the sons of kings."

I suppose it is because I have tasted these things and cannot lightly risk a disappointment that I so seldom go out to the theatre. But the other night I did. I had been told, told many times, that I must see *At Mrs. Beam's*, and since I was told it by one who shares my conviction that Charlie Chaplin is the greatest actor in the world, I inclined my ear. He did not say that *At Mrs. Beam's* was as good as *The Immigrant* or *Easy Street*, for he has a sense of values and knows that such a statement would be incredible. But the mere fact that he could mention a modern English comedy within a breath or two of Chaplin's masterpieces was enough. On the first opportunity I would go.

I went. I paid eight and sixpence. I laughed. I could not see what the second act was for. At the rest I laughed. Once, at the scene over the card-table, I laughed a great deal. But never for a single moment did I forget that I had paid eight-and-six for the opportunity. I imagine that I got for my money one sixpenny laugh, two twopenny ones, and about a dozen penny and halfpenny ones mixed. One and sevenpence. And it cost me eightpence to get there, and two and ninepence for my dinner out. Debit : one and tenpence and an evening. Credit : one little problem. After all, I did laugh. Probably, if they were measured by the cachinnometer, my laughs were as many as *Le Médecin malgré lui* or *Pay Day* had compelled from me. But those laughs have nothing whatever to do with each other ; they would not recognize each other in the street. One bubbles up from my vitals, takes hold of me like an atavism, and I am possessed. The other is just a trick of my physical body. It laughs, and I—I am thinking that a writer is expected to give a great deal better value for eight-and-six than the author of a modern play.

Now those two laughs begin to worry me. I have not settled with them; and I love, above all else, to have settled with things—even with bills, when I can afford it. What is it that makes the difference? What *is* it?

Then I begin to grope for the truth with vague phrases. The true comic attitude is adequate to life; it is comprehensive, it is profound. Very likely. But it will not do. I must find out more. When Aristophanes guys Socrates, when Falstaff pulls the leg of the world, when the long gamekeeper muses over Mr. Winkle's marksmanship, when Charlie Chaplin converted takes the offertory-box out of his trousers at the beginning of *Easy Street*, when Gogol's Tchitchikov appears, entering the provincial town of N.

> In the chaise sat a gentleman, not handsome but not bad-looking, not too stout and not too thin; it could not be said that he was old, neither could he be described as extremely young. His arrival in the town created no sensation whatever, and was not accompanied by anything remarkable—

when things like this begin to happen, something begins to happen to me. I feel that through these spectacles I could look at the world for ever: by their queer magic all the pain and cruelty of things would be blotted out.

And yet, I wonder. Is that really what I feel? No, it is something subtler. Before many moments are gone, I find myself, even while I laugh, feeling sorry for Mr. Winkle, terrified lest Charlie Chaplin should not escape from the hooligan, full of fears lest the rogue Tchitchikov should be publicly disgraced, and—strangest of all, perhaps—really apprehensive for Sir John Falstaff. He is running it too fine with the Lord Chief Justice; he will be shut up in the Tower; he will have his head cut off. And when people say, "What an artistic blunder to make Falstaff a pathetic figure at

the last!" I feel that Shakespeare knew precisely what he was about. I suspect that Falstaff is supremely comic because the possibility of disaster is always hanging about him. He is rollicking along a tight-rope. So it is with Tchitchikov; so with Charlie Chaplin, so with Bealby, so with Sganarelle. We are on their side. They are playing single-handed against the machine, against that order to which we have succumbed. They represent all that is rebellious and untamed and living in ourselves. They lie, they cheat, they steal, they do everything except inflict pain, and we applaud them from our hearts. We know that they have need of every pebble they can lay their hands on to sling against their Goliath. They have not the remotest chance of killing him. The most they can hope to do is throw a handful of dust in his eyes, or trip him up with a string, while they run for their little lives. Is a man to stick to Queensberry rules when he is fighting the scheme of things? The truly comic character cannot be a man of honour; he would merely be a fool.

Is not this perhaps the clue to the mystery? The secret of comic laughter is the liberation of some vital spontaneity of act and word from all the mechanisms of control. We give, we long to give, the comic genius and his characters a licence to kick this prim and boring universe about, to put carpet-tacks in the seat of authority, and banana-skins in the paths of the planets —and we rush, when once it is started, to join in the game. And that anguished fear that the universe, the authorities, and the planets may get their own back— is not that an essential part of the fascination and of the cause why we surrender ourselves with such hysterical abandon to comic laughter when the chance of it comes our way. We snatch at this chance of freedom. And the comic genius himself seems to snatch at it. He feels, perhaps more than we do, that the

shades of the prison-house are closing fast. Few comic geniuses have remained comic for long. Shakespeare dropped it suddenly; so did Dickens; Gogol could not keep it up even through a single book—he took a fright that carried him eventually to his death-bed. Perhaps Charlie Chaplin—— But no, the thought is too appalling. In a generation which has been brought up in the war as within the walls of a gaol, he alone has been able to escape and throw stones at the windows. There have been months, I verily believe, when he has done more than any living man to keep the soul of humanity alive. If he were to succumb, those many tiny ones who do not read Shakespeare or Dickens or Gogol, but who sit on the threepenny benches and jump in their seats and shriek "Good old Charlie!" the moment the hat and the trousers and the stick and the moustache wobble into sight, might never learn to laugh at all. But there is no cause for alarm. A new Chaplin film is promised for August. Then, sure that the dormant rebel against the whole silly scheme of things will be waked in me, sure, that is to say, of my reward of going-in—then, and not till then, I shall go out again.

MULTUM IN PARVO

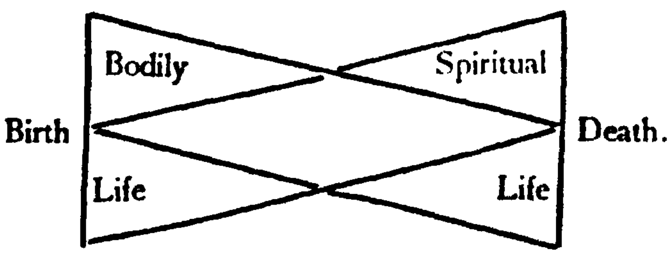
WHAT MR. POLLY MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—The devoted admirers of H. G. Wells's *Mr. Polly*—as innumerable, surely, as the laughter of the sea, and as distinguished as it is possible for a host to be (are we not all reckoned among them?)—will take a melancholy interest in learning that there might easily have been ten times as much of Mr. Polly as there actually is. When Wells was writing Mr. Polly's adventures, he felt—to use his own words—that "he could have gone on for ever." And not only did he feel that he could, but he wanted to. He had only to imagine new situations for his character—"which was easy"—and to describe Mr. Polly's reactions to them. Accordingly, he proposed to the publishers that they should issue *The Adventures of Mr. Polly* in parts, and that he should go on writing them until he was tired of his own creation. But the publishers were afraid; they had the fixed idea that Mr. Polly must be of a certain size to fit a certain series. And so we owe it to them that we have four hundred instead of four thousand pages of that delectable man.

Moreover, there is an odd element of coincidence in this sad story. For many of us *The Adventures of Mr. Polly* is the only thing in English literature to be compared with the Adventures of Mr. Pickwick. They are quite different; but they satisfy the same demands in our natures. They belong to the handful of masterpieces of the pure comic. *Pickwick* was published in parts, and by that device he conquered England and won a new audience for literature. Mr. Polly would certainly have reconquered it by the same means. Again, it stands on record that Dickens felt about Mr. Pickwick precisely what Wells felt about Mr. Polly—that he could go on with him for ever. It looks as

though this consciousness of inexhaustible fertility is essential to the finest comic writing. Yet I wonder whether Shakespeare felt the same about Falstaff. I have my doubts; or certainly I had them when last I made inquiry. I must look into it again. If the results are interesting, they shall be set out in these pages.

TOLSTOY ON THE MEANING OF LIFE.—In his book *Near Tolstoy*, recently published in Russian, A. B. Goldenweiser reports Tolstoy as saying in 1904 :—

" When we look at our life in time as past and future we involuntarily link it into a chain of causes and effects ; and from this point of view we are certainly not free. But in the actual present, which is out of time and beyond cause, the question does not and cannot arise. Man's life is a gradual liberation of the spiritual ' I ' from the bodily envelope. To me the whole course of man's life appears like this drawing :



" At birth the bodily element is at its maximum. Spiritually we are infinitely small. Our subsequent life is a gradual process of bodily decay and spiritual growth and liberation. The life of the body, diminishing infinitely in death reaches zero. Spiritual life grows and finally liberates itself in death. Anyone who is at a certain point of spiritual growth, cannot be at the highest point at the same time, and therefore is not liable to judgment.

" When one comes to this conclusion, one begins to feel easy and free, knowing that there is not in men good and evil for which they can be condemned. Man cannot stand higher than his own conception of life. We must not condemn him, but try to liberate his spiritual ' I ' from its bodily fetters. And in this infinite liberation of the spiritual ' I ' is the meaning of life. It is life."

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE RIVIERA.—The more you look at the mountains there, the more you grow used to feeling that they are the bodies of huge animals. The backbone shows so plain against the sky, like that of a starved Behemoth; his fur is mangy, the grey skin beneath shows through everywhere. Poor old Behemoth! And then you begin to wonder why he is so patient, why he kneels there like a faithful camel. What if one day he stretched himself and yawned and shook his sides, gave them one weary little twitch, and all the stucco villas, and the roads, and the packthread of the telegraph wires, and the human vermin crawling everywhere—just tumbled off into the sea.

ANATOLE FRANCE ON RELATIVITY.—" Things in themselves are neither large nor small, and when we say the universe is vast, it is an altogether human notion. If it were suddenly reduced to the size of a nut, with everything in proportion, we could not possibly perceive the change at all. The Pole star, enclosed in the nut together with ourselves, would still, as in the past, take fifty years to send us its light. And the earth, become less than an atom, would be watered with the same amount of tears and blood with which it is watered to-day. What is wonderful, is not that the starry universe should be so vast, but that man should have measured it.—*The Garden of Epicurus.*

A Lovely Thing.—The old cart-horses, who had dragged the caravans up to Hampstead Heath for the bank-holiday fair, were let loose in the evening to graze. Very slowly and ponderously, rather like elephants, they lowered themselves to the ground, forelegs first, and then rolled on their backs on the grass. It only lasted a few seconds, and it was done most solemnly. Then they got up again.

Shakespearian Eloquence.—" The world is struggling painfully towards the goal of a lasting peace. The road seems full of pitfalls. It may be visionary to suggest that the path would be straightened if the wayfarers would quaff more liberally that milk of human kindness with which Shakespeare's pages teem " (Sir Sidney Lee). Before we could decide we should require to know what they had been drinking before.

In the Kremlin.—An aged Jew is trying to enter the Kremlin; but the guards refuse to let him pass. He insists. At least, if he can't be permitted to enter, let him be allowed to see Trotsky. Finally, Trotsky comes out to him and asks him why he is so anxious to get inside the Kremlin.

The aged Jew replies: " I feel death coming on, and I should like to die among my own people."

English Poetry.—" La poésie anglaise qui est en somme la poésie " (René Boylesve). It is generous in a Frenchman to recognize the fact.

The Death of a Handel Legend.—There are many legends of Handel. A dozen years ago Mr. R. A. Streatfeild demolished some of them. Now Mr. Newman Flower, in his book *Handel: His Personality and Times* (Cassell, 21s.), seems finally to have disposed of one of the most attractive, one that makes a

pleasant reappearance on the programme every time there is a performance of the lovely *Water Music* at the Queen's Hall. The story, as everyone knows, is that Handel, fallen out of favour with George I., composed the *Water Music* and had it played from a boat which followed the Royal barge. The king was charmed—as well he might be—and Handel restored to favour and a pension. It was a pretty story, and one that did unexpected credit to the king who did not know how the apple got into the dumpling. But, alas! Mr. Flower has found a report of the Prussian Envoy in London which says that the music was composed in 1717—two years too late for the story.

Seen in Passing.—Over the window of a squalid rag-and-bone shop near the Theobald's Road: "The Granville Exchange and Commission Agency."

In an advertisement of the Palladium in a Tube lift: "Tubby Edlin: The Man who made H.M. the Queen laugh."

Did the Disciples know Shorthand? By John Robert Clegg. (From an advertisement of *The Woman's Magazine*.)

This Month's Problem.—The following question requires no mathematics. No calculations are necessary, merely clear-headedness.

A vessel A contains milk. A vessel B contains water. A spoonful of milk is taken from A and put into B and thoroughly mixed with the water. A spoonful of the mixture is put into A. What is the ratio of the volume of water in A to the volume of milk in B?

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AT THE SIGN OF THE "REINE PEDAUQUE." By Anatole France. (Lane.) 2s. 6d. net.

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VAUBAN. Par Daniel Halévy. (Paris: Grasset.) 6 francs 75.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By Andrew Marvell, Esq. (Nonesuch Press.) 15s. net.—A very beautiful book, but for moderately rich people only.

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IN common with (I expect) most publishers who have never organized a literary competition, I have often wondered if the offer of £100, or even £500, for a "first" novel attracts a large number of really good manuscripts. It is just possible that it does. On the other hand, I can scarcely believe there are many first-rate stories that have not already been snapped up by one publisher or another. At all events, too few really readable manuscripts by new authors come my way. I receive through the post several hundred stories every year; only a score or so of them are altogether bad, and most hold out a certain promise: but I doubt if, out of every hundred, there is more than one upon which an experienced publisher would care to risk his money

Still, there is always good work being written by new men and women, and by good work I do not necessarily mean popular work. The history of our literature during the last hundred years demonstrates that a superlatively fine novel inevitably finds a wide public. So, of course, do many indifferent ones. Well, I want to discover that superlatively fine novel. If it does not exist, then I want to find as good a novel as does exist. I am prepared to pay £100 for it. That is to say, I will pay £100 *in addition to* a royalty of fifteen per cent. on all copies sold, with an agreement covering the world rights and bearing the usual clauses. £100 is not a very large sum? No, not very large. But I am not offering it for the novel that seems to me and my fellow-adjudicators the "best-seller", but for the novel of the greatest literary merit. Every year there are issued quite a number of admirable stories that, unfortunately, do not earn their respective authors even as much as £100; true they are not of the "superlatively fine" kind to which I have just referred, but they contain fine qualities. I do not want to publish a bad novel that will sell; but naturally I should like to publish a good novel that will recompense its author (and me) for our trouble. What I want to insist on is that my £100 will go to the writer who will send me before September 22nd the story that contains most literary quality.

My fellow-adjudicators will be Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr Osbert Sitwell and Mr. Gerald Cumberland. Every manuscript submitted will be examined by at least one of these adjudicators. That is important. In all competitions of this kind with which I am acquainted, the manuscripts are first of all read by men whose names are not disclosed to the competitors; these men sift out, say, a dozen of the best stories, and it is this dozen that goes to the judges for a final reading and award. My competition provides that no one shall be in the least concerned with the adjudication save myself and the three well known writers I have named.

The rules? No manuscript should contain fewer than [illegible] words or more than 150,000. Each manuscript submitted should bear its title and a pseudonym, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the title, the pseudonym, and the author's address and real name. (The envelope accompanying the successful manuscript will remain unopened until the award has been made, but unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned, in rotation, as soon as possible.) Manuscripts should be sent in immediately, if possible, but in any case not later than September 22nd, 19[illegible], on which date the competition closes. All manuscripts must be submitted on the understanding that, in the event of their failing to win the prize, they are offered to me on the terms I usually arrange with new writers. No writer can be admitted to the competition who has already published a novel in book form.

The result of the competition will be announced as early as possible in the *Times Literary Supplement*.

I have no advice to offer in regard to subject or period. If you wish to write (or have already written) a story of adventure, let me see it—or a historical novel, or a psychological novel, or a detective yarn, or a novel of manners, or even a novel "with a purpose." All will have an equal chance of securing the prize.

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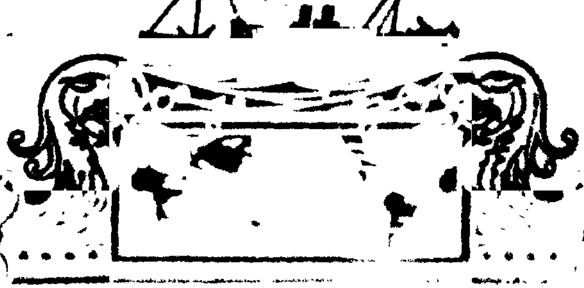
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"NYET! NYET!"

"Little Uncle, little Uncle, give for the love of Christ, give us bread." One after another they would come, cutting you through like a knife, those voices. We should have liked to fill their arms full of everything we had . . . But after each one came so many others, and the little given in this way is such a temporary help, so we would hand out a scrap of bread . . . or we would say "Nyet!" (There is nothing to give). Then we would pull down the blinds, so that we could not hear. . . .

So writes one of our workers in Russia. In Pugachev there are 20,000 dependent upon our help until the Harvest. Shall we to say "Nyet, Nyet"?

. . . .

Friends are also working in Germany where relief is being given by the Council for International Service.

THE NEED IS URGENT—LET THE RESPONSE BE GENEROUS.

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RELIGION AND FAITH

By John Middleton Murry

WE live in worlds of our own. For long times—days, weeks, months—we may believe that our world is shared by others; that others judge as we judge, imagine as we imagine, respond as we respond, that the same things jar and the same things delight their hearts as ours. We are inveterate optimists—or is it that we have an invincible fear of ultimate loneliness?—and we make haste towards the comfort of believing that truth is as universally current as a Treasury Note, and sincerity as apparent to all men as the Pole Star.

Of course, it is a foolish way of going on; there is no excuse for it, unless as an expression of our invincible faith in a millennium. Experience—wise old nurse to whom we never listen—is quite positive about its foolishness. She tells us we are heading for the crash. Our ears are deaf to her warnings; we go blindly on. The lover still persuades himself that the thought of the beloved is as his own, until one day she utters, in the voice of intimate comprehension that is itself the evidence that no misunderstanding between *them* could ever be, an enormity the more enormous because she does not know it is one. Baudelaire, Tchehov, Katherine Mansfield—each has written an immortal story upon this theme. It is quintessential; that is why they chose it.

"Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu."

And it came, with all the shock of novelty, though I have been through it a thousand times in a thousand disguises, to me the other day. It began by my receiving a letter from the Westminster Catholic Association protesting against the essay by Mr. D. H. Lawrence on "Education and Sex." The conclusion of the essay, said the letter, was a studied insult to the Christian religion; it passed the comprehension of the Association how the editor of a responsible review could have allowed it to appear. As Shakespeare said—and nobody quite knows what he meant—it was a cooling card. It would have been positively glacial had it not come from an Association. But for some odd reason I can never take associations, federations, leagues, committees, societies, academies, and other bodies corporate quite seriously. They are so depersonalized that they seem to lose half the quality of real existence. So that I had some difficulty in restraining myself from replying simply that THE ADELPHI was not a responsible review. For indeed it is not, if that upholstered phrase means what it seems in practice to mean. A "responsible review"—as far as my experience goes—is one that takes care not to offend anybody; and the only way to offend nobody is to be nothing and to say nothing. In which the "responsible review" is generally successful.

However, I did not make this reply to the Association. I simply said that if I had thought Mr. Lawrence's article contained a studied insult to Christianity I would not have printed it. No sooner had I sent the answer than I received another letter which affected me very differently. Here it is:—

"May I, at the risk of being thought very old-fashioned and narrow, protest against your admitting into your most delightful magazine sneers at the Founder of the Christian

> religion such as Mr. D. H. Lawrence's remark on p. 136? I don't think you can really want to drive out from the circle of your readers the thousands of people who are alienated by this sort of thing. I suppose that every one of us has at some time or another rebelled against or even blasphemed God, but the average Christian is not much perturbed by that. It is like men throwing stones at a star. But if the star comes down to earth—if, as we Christians believe, God delivered himself into our hands, then it does send cold shivers down the spine to find such an attitude among those from whom we were hoping to receive a new gleam of light upon our difficult path. . . . Criticize Christians as much as you like, and also—but in a more reverent spirit—the Christian religion, but don't let your contributors spit in the face of Jesus Christ."

That letter moves me; there is a simple sincerity about it that is exquisite. To alienate such a reader would be for me a personal disaster. I can do no less than try to explain.

It seems to me that the essence of the truly religious attitude is to be serious about life. (Let me say, once for all, that to be serious is not to be solemn.) The man who seeks, with the whole force of his being, a way of life which shall be in harmony with his own deepest experience, is the religious man. It does not matter whether he finds a way of life that is in accord with any known religion. There are two things, and two things alone, which distinguish the truly religious man—the passionate search for a way of life, or the truth, as some may prefer to call it; and the loyalty to his own experience by which that search is governed. The religious man—and perhaps this distinction has become obscured in these Laodicean days—takes nothing on trust; he abides by his own experience, and by his own instinctive knowledge of what is truest and most profound in that experience. The religious man lives, or tries to live, not by faith, but by knowledge. But what he knows he does not learn by his intellect alone. If you desire to call his knowledge faith, you

may ; but it is better not to. It is much better to face the fact that the highest, the truest, the most permanent kind of knowledge is not rational—neither is it irrational—it is just knowledge.

Faith, as I understand it, is a different thing altogether. Faith is the attitude of mind of the man who can accept such knowledge only when it is formulated. But the essence of this knowledge is that it is not formulable ; it can be conveyed, it can be presented, but it cannot be formulated. The dogma of the Trinity, for example, is an attempted formulation of man's knowledge of God. I do not believe that anyone who has known God has ever needed it. Whether it has ever helped anyone to know God, I cannot say : but I wonder. The attitude of mind of the man who can believe in God only by believing in the Trinity is what I call faith. For me personally, faith (as I have tried to define it) is of little account. I believe that it has fettered humanity ; it has hampered the advance of true knowledge and sanctified all manner of evil and cruel things. It can easily become a blasphemy against the human spirit which can only truly live by loyalty to its own experience.

Nothing, it seems to me, can be more irreligious than faith. It was faith that moved Mr. G. K. Chesterton to make the most profoundly irreligious criticism that has been made in my time : when he wrote of Thomas Hardy's work that it reminded him of "the village atheist brooding over the village idiot." It is one of those things that cannot be forgiven. We do not, thank heaven, get much of it in England ; but in France and those countries where Catholic polemists flourish, where it is a mark of intellectual high spirits to go to Mass on Sunday and behave like a Yahoo for the rest of the week, remarks of this kind are frequently thought witty. If such a thing were to creep into this paper, it would be better to close it down the day after.

RELIGION AND FAITH

For Thomas Hardy and Anton Tchehov are the two truly religious writers of our time. Both of them are called pessimistic, simply because the kind of people who can conceive religion only in terms of dogmatic formulae can see in a great writer's work only the mechanism of revelation; they are blind to the thing revealed. But the man who can read Hardy without being exalted by the courage and steadfastness of his vision, or Tchehov without being thrilled by the beauty of all earthly things which his delicate fingers discover, has very little of true religion in him, though he may be crammed to the bursting-point with faith. Like turns to like; and the man who has come to hate the lie in his own soul and to make what war on it he can, is bound to respond to the work of men, like Hardy and Tchehov, who have killed the lie in themselves, if indeed it ever existed in them. There is no falseness in their souls or in their writings, but only purity. Even though they may never have known it, they themselves are an answer to the question which troubled them. In the very manner of *their* asking: Does God exist? God is manifest.

I use the word God and tremble. I cannot for ever be defining what I mean. As it is I fill up far too much room in this small magazine. I am not a Christian, I am not anything, but I have been forced to the conclusion that I am religious. I would gladly leave it at that. But (let us assume it is simply because I am religious) I am frightened of being misunderstood. To step an inch beyond my own knowledge is intolerable to me. I don't mind in the least when clever people say I have been converted, or as one did the other day, that I was running a Salvation Army and that he knew all about it; he had seen that kind of thing happen before. If he really did know all about it, I think he would write rather differently—for he is a writer. He would probably find it a little harder to say the irresponsible things

he does say, so charming and so untrue; he would be a little more certain than he actually is about the difference between a big writer and a little one; he would know, in short, a little more about his own job, for he is a literary critic. It does not matter in the least that he should be content to dismiss me as the founder of a new Salvation Army—it does not matter, that is, so far as I am concerned. But I think it matters a good deal to him; for it is a minor test of his own discrimination. I hope he is satisfied with the result; I am.

I am not afraid of using the word God because of him or those he represents; but I am nervous of misrepresenting myself to those to whom the word is part of a scheme. What I mean by God is not the God of those who have what I mean by faith. When I say that God is manifest in the tone and manner in which a Hardy or a Tchehov asks "Does God exist?" I mean that the very impulse which drives such men to that utter honesty we feel in their work, is mysterious. Why is it that they *cannot* tell lies? Why is it that they *must* be loyal to their experience, and therefore to humanity? Why is it that their metal is so fine and sensitive that they instinctively obey the monition of John Donne:

> Let falsehood like a discord anger you?

And the only answer I can give that satisfies me is that they acknowledge, somewhere, somehow, an allegiance to the hidden universe, therefore they command our own allegiance; they are governed by a reality which is beyond reality, therefore we are governed by them.

There is more, much more, to be said about this matter; but there is no room to say it. I must return to the question of Mr. Lawrence's article, with the faint hope that what I have said may be enough to make clear what I am going to say now. Whether the statement that Christ was "a failure" is a sneer at Christianity or not depends wholly on how it is said, in the last resort upon who says it. If it is said by a man

who is engaged, with all the force of his being, in the search for a way of life, it becomes not merely not a sneer but a word of import, to be understood. Mr. Lawrence is such a man. It is, to my mind, impossible to read either of the essays we have published, without realizing this. Their validity, the quality of being which produced them, is writ large in their substance. They are alive, not with the spurious vitality of modern journalism, but with an enduring spirit ; it is the voice of a real person we hear in them. Mr. Lawrence is seeking a way of life ; he began the search when he began to write : he has never paused. That is why he is become, since Katherine Mansfield's death, incomparably the most important English writer of his generation.

And precisely because of this what he writes must be read not with the mind of faith but in the spirit of religion. In spite of (more truly, because of) its gaiety it is extremely serious. He says, in fact, that Christ, in so far as He offered humanity a way of life, was a failure. Where is the sneer in this ; where the irreverence ? Is it not even true ? What had Christ to tell us of that tremendous problem—the relation between a man and a woman ? Is it the less real to us because Christ did not face it, any more than Dostoevsky's recreation of Christ in Myshkin could face it ? I myself believe (though possibly Mr. Lawrence does not) that Christ was the greatest human being of whom record remains ; and that of all men whom we know He had most of the divine in Him, as I have tried to describe this mysterious element. But to say that He supplied an answer to all the questions we in our living lives have to solve is to say the thing which is not.

But, just because He did supply the answer to many questions, and revealed many mysteries, anyone who takes life seriously is bound to take Him seriously also. He returns again and again to command our hearts. And to take Him seriously, for some of us, means to

decide as honestly as we can between that part of His message which is of eternal validity and that part which is mortal as He was.

In saying that I have perhaps again offended. I cannot help it. I do not think it is possible for those who believe that Christ was a man of like passions with themselves to avoid offending those who believe He was wholly divine. But I do not believe that those to whom "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" is the most poignant cry in history, a confession of final failure wrung from the lips of the rarest spirit that ever inhabited a human body—are less reverent to religion than those to whom such words are blasphemy. There is more than one way of making Christ real to oneself; and I think that Mr. Lawrence's is a necessary way at this point of time.

When, therefore, Mr. Lawrence insists that Christ was a failure and that His words tell us nothing on a question of such vital concern to us as the relation between a man and a woman, he is doing no less than his plain duty. He is not sneering at Christ; he is regarding Christ as a present reality; it is faith that he offends, not religion. I shall be accused of paradox if I say that his two essays are the most profoundly religious contributions that have been made to this magazine; but since I believe it, I will say it. Moreover, I will say this: I believe that faith must be offended if we are to have any real religion in this generation. Nevertheless, although I believe all these things, I am sorry that anything in this magazine should have given pain to one who has both religion and faith. I am sorry, too, that I cannot promise it shall never happen again. I also have my religion and my loyalty; it includes a conviction of Mr. Lawrence's sincerity and significance. It must be left to the future to decide whether I shall live for ever wholly in a world of my own.

A DISTINGUISHED SWEDE

A Distinguished Swede: An Apology.—I have received a letter from Mr. Tor Hedberg, one of the Swedish delegates at the P.E.N. Club dinner, in which, while accepting the reference of the story to himself made apparently by the Swedish Press, he denies absolutely that he made the remark concerning Mr. Hardy attributed to him (though not by name) in the June number of this magazine. I accept his disclaimer without any reserve, and offer him my sincere apology.

I am also assured on good authority that I am wrong in saying, as I said in the July number, that Mr. Hedberg is a member of the Nobel Prize Committee. Mr. Hedberg is a member of the Swedish Academy, but not of that committee of its members which awards the Nobel Prize. Had I not believed that he was, I should never have published the original paragraph. It is clear to me that some remark of Mr. Hedberg's was, in all good faith, misinterpreted by his listeners. And I regret exceedingly that I should have been instrumental in turning a meeting of a club devoted to international amity into an occasion of international dissension.

Since I wrote the above, a letter from Mr. Hedberg's fellow-delegate, Mr. Grunius, has been published in the *Times*, which introduces a new and undesirable element into an incident that had far better be closed. In his letter, Mr. Grunius very plainly suggests that the story was *invented* by Mr. Hedberg's listeners in order to punish Mr. Hedberg for not sufficiently admiring some other writer, who was not Mr. Hardy. Such a suggestion is absolutely without foundation, and I can only say that Mr. Grunius has most indiscreetly gone beyond his brief on his friend's behalf in making it.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

By Katherine Mansfield

Butterfly Laughter

In the middle of our porridge plates
There was a blue butterfly painted,
And each morning we tried who could reach the butterfly first.
Then the Grandmother said "Do not eat the poor butterfly."
That made us laugh.
Always she said it and always it started us laughing.
It seemed such a sweet little joke.
I was certain that one fine morning
The butterfly would fly out of the plates,
Laughing the teeniest laugh in the world,
And perch on the Grandmother's lap.

Little Brother's Secret

When my birthday was coming
Little Brother had a secret.
He kept it for days and days
And just hummed a little tune when I asked him.
But one night it rained
And I woke up and heard him crying;
Then he told me.
"I planted two lumps of sugar in your garden
Because you love it so frightfully.
I thought there would be a whole sugar tree for your birthday.
And now it will be all melted."
Oh, the darling!

The Candle

By my bed, on a little round table
The Grandmother placed a candle.
She gave me three kisses saying they were three dreams
And tucked me in just where I loved being tucked.
Then she went out of the room and the door was shut.
I lay still, waiting for my three dreams to talk;
But they were silent.
Suddenly I remembered giving her three kisses back.
Perhaps, by mistake, I had given my three little dreams.
I sat up in bed.
The room grew big, oh, bigger far than a church;
The wardrobe, quite by itself, as big as a house,
And the jug on the washstand smiled at me.
It was not a friendly smile.
I looked at the basket-chair where my clothes lay folded:
The chair gave a creak as though it were listening for something.
Perhaps it was coming alive and going to dress in my clothes.
But the awful thing was the window:
I could not think what was outside.
No tree to be seen, I was sure,
No nice little plant or friendly pebbly path
Why did she pull the blind down every night?
It was better to know.
I crunched my teeth and crept out of bed,
I peeped through a slit of the blind.
There was nothing at all to be seen
But hundreds of friendly candles all over the sky
In remembrance of frightened children.
I went back to bed. . . .
The three dreams started singing a little song.

Little Brother's Story

We sat in front of the fire ;
Grandmother was in the rocking-chair doing her knitting
And Little Brother and I were lying down flat.
" Please tell us a story, Grandmother," we said.
But she put her head on one side and began counting the stitches.
" Suppose you tell me one instead."
I made up one about a spotted tiger
That had a knot in his tail ;
But though *I* liked this about the knot
I did not know why it was put there.
So I said : " Little Brother's turn."
" I know a perfect story," he cried, waving his hands.
Grandmother laid down her knitting.
" Do tell us, dear."
" Once upon a time there was a bad little girl,
And her Mummy gave her the slipper, and that's all."
It was not a very special story.
But we pretended to be very pleased
And Grandmother gave him jumps on her lap.

When I was a Bird

I climbed up the karaka tree
Into a nest all made of leaves
But soft as feathers.
I made up a song that went on singing all by itself
And hadn't any words, but got sad at the end.
There were daisies in the grass under the tree.
I said just to try them :
" I'll bite off your heads and give them to my little children to eat."

But they didn't believe I was a bird;
They stayed quite open.
The sky was like a blue nest with white feathers
And the sun was like a mother bird keeping it warm.
That's what my song said, though it hadn't any words.
Little Brother came up the path, wheeling his barrow.
I made my dress into wings and kept very quiet.
When he was quite near, I said: "Sweet, sweet!"
For a moment he looked quite startled;
Then he said: "Pooh, you're not a bird; I can see
your legs."
But the daisies didn't really matter,
And Little Brother didn't really matter;
I felt *just* like a bird.

The Man with a Wooden Leg

There was a man lived quite near us;
He had a wooden leg and a goldfinch in a green cage.
His name was Farkey Anderson,
And he'd been in a war to get his leg.
We were very sad about him,
Because he had such a beautiful smile
And was such a big man to live in a very small house.
When he walked on the road his leg did not matter so
much;
But when he walked in his little house
It made an ugly noise.
Little Brother said his goldfinch sang the loudest of
all birds
So that he should not hear his poor leg
And feel too sorry about it.

THE PAIN

By Pauline Smith

ALL their married, childless life of nearly fifty years Juriaan van Royen and his wife Deltje had lived in the Aangenaam valley in lands that he hired from Mijnheer van der Wenter of Vergelegen.

His lands lay an hour by foot from the Vergelegen homestead, on a little plateau on the mountain side facing the north and the sun. The soil was poor and thin, and of all the poor men working hired lands in the Aangenaam valley Juriaan was one of the poorest. He was a tall, thin, loosely built man, slow and quiet in his speech, and slow and quiet in his movements. His lanky dust-coloured hair, fading with age instead of turning grey, and worn long like a Tak-Haar Boer's from the Transvaal, gave him a wild and unkempt look that seemed but to accentuate his gentleness of heart. For his wife Deltje his tenderness had increased with age, and lately, with her pain. The little old woman, plump and round, with skin as soft and smooth as a child's, and a quiet never-failing cheerfulness of spirit in spite of her pain, was dearer to him now than she had been as his bride. As his bride she had come to him up in the mountains from the harsh service of Mevrouw du Toit of Leeuw Kraal with but the clothes she wore and her Bible tied up in a red and white handkerchief. Mevrouw's eyes had been weak, and to save her Mistress's eyes Deltje as a bond-child had been taught to read. Juriaan could neither read nor write, and when on their marriage night Deltje had opened her Bible and read to him it had seemed to him that no music in all the

world could be so beautiful as this. In old age her voice had become thin as a bird's, but her reading was still beautiful to him. Their years of poverty, which might have embittered them, their childlessness, which might have driven them apart, had but drawn them closer together, and it was together that they now faced Deltje's pain. And to them both, because all their lives they had been healthy, Deltje's pain was like a thing apart : a mysterious and powerful third person who for incomprehensible reasons clutched at Deltje's side and forced her to lie helpless for hours on the low wooden bedstead in the little bedroom.

The three-roomed mud-walled house in which the old couple lived stood close to a small stream behind a row of peach-trees. Every year from these trees they took a thank-offering of dried fruit to the Thanksgiving at Harmonie, and year by year they had beaten the stones of the peaches into the earthen floor of the living-room. Every morning Deltje sprinkled this floor with clear water from the stream and swept it with a stiff besom. The floors of the kitchen and bedroom she smeared regularly with a mixture of cow-dung and ashes called *mist*. The little house smelt always of *mist*, of strong black coffee, the beans of which were ground with peas to make it go further, and of griddle cakes baked in the ashes of the open fire in the kitchen.

The living-room, with its three chairs strung with thongs of leather, its table scrubbed a bright yellow with the yellow-bush that grew on the mountain side, and its gaily painted waggon-box, was a small square room with a half-door opening on to the yard behind the peach-trees. This was the only door the house possessed, for the doorways between the living-room and the kitchen and the living-room and the bedroom were empty. The partition wall, like the outer walls built of mud, did not go up to the reed-and-thatch roof, but ended, within reach, in a flat ledge on which pumpkins, twisted rolls

of tobacco, little bags of seed, bars of home-made soap and water-candles, and various odds and ends were stored. From the rafters hung cobs of dried mealies, and just outside the door was the worn mealie-stamper, cut out of a tree-trunk and shaped like an hour-glass in which the mealies were pounded into meal. There was one window, in the wall opposite the half-door. It had no glass, and was closed by an unpainted wooden shutter. Built into the wall between the living-room and the bedroom were three small shelves, and here Deltje kept their few treasures: her Bible, two cups and saucers, thick and heavy, with roses like red cabbages around them, a little pink mug, with "A Present for a Good Girl" in letters of gold on one side of the handle, and a golden Crystal Palace on the other, a green and red-crocheted wool mat, a black-bordered funeral card in memory of Mijnheer van der Wenter's mother, an ostrich egg, and a small box, lined with blue satin and covered with rows of little shells round an inch-square mirror. This was the pride of their simple hearts, and these, after fifty years of life together, were their treasures.

It was on the upper shelf of the window-cupboard that for over a year now Deltje had kept the little bottles of "Grandmother's Drops" which, from time to time, Juriaan had got for her from the Jew woman's store at Harmonie, for the pain in her side. At first the drops had seemed definitely to relieve Deltje's pain, to baffle the mysterious third person who caused it, and even when the attacks became more frequent and more violent the faith of both Deltje and Juriaan had persisted because of the printed word on the wrapper. But in the month of January Juriaan's faith at last was shaken. In that month of long hot days there came a succession of attacks which exhausted all the remaining drops and left Deltje weak and helpless as an infant on the low wooden bed. And leaving her there Juriaan

went down in haste to the Jew-woman's store at Harmonie.

When Juriaan reached the little white-washed store, with the sign "Winkel" printed crookedly with a blue-bag over its door, he found there Piet Deiselmann, the transport-rider between Platkops dorp and Princestown village. Piet Deiselmann, eager, impetuous, a Platkops man who was full of pride for Dutch Platkops and contempt for English Princestown, was speaking to the old Jew-woman and her grandson of the new hospital which had lately been opened in Platkops dorp, and of which Juriaan up in the mountains had never heard before. The hospital was the first to be built in the Little Karroo, and it was Dutch Platkops that had built it. In Princestown, said Piet Deiselmann contemptuously, men might still die by hundreds for want of a hospital, but in Platkops there was now no need to suffer pain. One went to the Platkops hospital so ill that one had to be carried there, and one left it leaping and praising the Lord.

All that Piet Deiselmann said of the hospital filled Juriaan, with Deltje's damp twisted face always before him, with a strange agitation of hope, wonder, and fear. For long he dared not speak. But at last, in a voice that quavered and broke, he asked:

"And must a man then be rich to go to the hospital in Platkops dorp?"

"Rich!" cried Piet Deiselmann. "Rich? Let a man be so poor as he can be to live and at the hospital they will take him in."

"Our Father!" said Juriaan in wonder. "Our Father!" And it was as if, staring at the transport-rider, he already saw Deltje, her round, soft, childish face alight with joy, leaping and praising the Lord on the hospital *stoep*.

Juriaan went back to the mountains and found Deltje as he had left her on the feather bed. He poured out

some drops for her, made some strong black coffee brought it to her with a little black bread, and t sitting down on a low stool by her side spoke of hospital in Platkops dorp. All that Piet Deiselm had said he repeated, and in his slow quiet speech ev thing Piet Deiselmann had said seemed to gain a gre significance. And holding Deltje's hand in his, he her how he would put the feather bed in the ox-cart, his reed and canvas tent over the cart, and his love, heart, the joy of his life, would lie there like a bir its nest; and so carefully as if it were the very Ar the Lord that he were driving he would take her ir the hospital in Platkops dorp and her pain would cured. . . He spoke as Piet Deiselmann had don men leaping and praising the Lord, and so great now their faith in everything that Piet Deiselmann said that it was as if within their old and worn bo their hearts were already leaping and praising Him.

Early the next morning the old man began his p parations for the journey. He went first up to the k on the mountain side where Jafta Nicodemus, Vergelegen shepherd, kept his master's flocks, an was settled that for some rolls of tobacco Jafta wo take charge of his goats and his hens. His lands must leave to God. He went back to the house, stretching an old sail-cloth across a bamboo frame fi this tent to his ox-cart. Under the cart he tied the black kettle and the three-legged pot which were th only cooking utensils. He filled a small water-c from the stream and tied that also below the cart. brought out the painted waggon-box and fixed it in fr of the cart for a seat. In the box was their small st of provisions: biltong, a small bag of coffee, a kid-s full of dried rusks, meal for griddle cakes, and the sal ribs of a goat recently killed. Behind the cart he t some bundles of forage, and below the forage dangle folding stool. On the floor of the cart he spread

feather bed, pillows and blankets for Deltje's nest.

When all was ready, and the two plough-oxen were inspanned, Deltje came out to the cart. She wore her black calico Sacrament gown and sunbonnet, and on her stockingless feet were veldschoen which Juriaan himself had made for her. She carried in her hand a red cotton handkerchief, sprinkled with white moons, in which were her Bible, the Present for a Good Girl, and the little satin-lined shell-covered box. Excitement, or the drops, had eased for the time her pain, and her round, smooth, innocent face was alight with her faith in the Almighty, her faith in the hospital, and her faith in Juriaan. And as Juriaan helped her into the cart he called her again by those tender, beautiful, and endearing names which were the natural expression of his love.

The journey to Platkops dorp by ox-cart from Vergelegen took three nights and the greater part of three days. They travelled slowly because of Deltje's pain, and with frequent outspans to rest their oxen. From Vergelegen to Harmonie all was familiar to them, but not for many years had they been further afield than Harmonie, and even in the blazing January heat the straight grey road through the brown parched veld, with far-lying homesteads in bare parched lands, was full of interest to them. At night, when the oxen moved steadily forward with a rhythm that the darkness accented, or when they outspanned and the flames of Juriaan's fire danced to the stars above them, their hearts were filled with a quiet content. And before them, day and night, they saw not the grey stone building which Piet Deiselmann had described, but a golden wonder like the Crystal Palace on Deltje's mug. And to this golden wonder, this haven of refuge for the sick and suffering, they clung with unwavering faith through those desperate hours when Deltje, like some gentle dumb animal, lay damp and twisted in the sweat and agony of her pain.

It was towards midday on the fourth day of their journey that they reached Platkops dorp, a long straggling village on the east bank of the Ghamka River. Its low, whitewashed thatched houses stood back from the wide Hoeg Straat in gardens or green lands sloping down to the river. The street was lined with poplars, willows, and giant eucalyptus trees, and one looked up this green avenue to the Zwartkops Mountains or down it to the Teniquotas. North, south, east and west the Platkops plain was bounded by mountain ranges, and the village lay in the heart of the plain. The hospital was the only building on the west bank of the river, and was one of the few houses built of stone. It had as yet no trees, no garden, and no green lands around it, but stood, grey and new, with even its yard unenclosed, in the open veld. It did not look in the least like the Crystal Palace on Deltje's mug, but faith, hope, and the tears which dimmed their eyes as they came within sight of it made that bare building, surrounded by a wide *stoep*, beautiful to the old couple. They crossed the river by the nearest drift and drove slowly across the veld towards it.

When Juriaan and Deltje reached the hospital steps the building was already closed and shuttered for the midday heat, and beyond the creaking of the ox-cart, and the slow "Our Father! Our Father!" breathed by the old man as he gazed around him, all was silence. The closed doors and shutters, the empty *stoep*, upon which they had expected to see men and women, cured of their pain, leaping and praising God, did not shake their faith, as the faith of others might have been shaken, in Piet Deiselmann's report. That burning midday silence was for them but the Peace of God, and with the unquestioning patience of poverty and old age they awaited in it whatever was to befall them.

It was the Matron who, half an hour later, found the ox-cart at the *stoep* steps. The Matron was a kindly,

capable, middle-aged woman who spoke both English and Dutch. Juriaan, holding his soft, wide-brimmed hat in his hand, answered her questions humbly. He was Juriaan van Royen, seventy-five years old, working lands on Mijnheer van der Wenter's farm of Vergelegen in the Aangenaam valley, and in the cart there, in a nest that he had made for her of the feather bed and pillows, was his wife Deltje, seventy years, come to be cured of the pain in her side. . .

The Matron turned from the old man, so wild and unkempt, so humble and so gentle, to the patient suffering little old woman seated with her bundle on the feather bed. With Juriaan's help she lifted Deltje out of the cart, and together the old couple followed her up the steps to her office. Here she left them, and in that quiet darkened room they sat on a couch together like children, hand in hand. They did not speak, but now and then the old man, drawing his wife towards him, would whisper that she was his dove, his pearl, his rose of the mountains, and the light of his eyes.

When the Matron returned she brought with her a young pleasant-faced nurse. Nurse Robert, she explained, would take Deltje to the women's ward, and here, on his afternoon round, the Doctor would examine her. Juriaan, she said, must await the Doctor's report, and had better drive his cart round to the side of the hospital and outspan. Afterwards he might go back to his lands in the Aangenaam valley, or across the river to his friends in Platkops dorp. . It was now that for the first time the old couple realised that the hospital was to part them, and that Deltje's cure was not to be immediate. God knows what the little old woman thought as, clinging to the red and white handkerchief which held her Bible, her mug, and her shell-covered box, she was led meekly away by the nurse; but for Juriaan it was as if the end of the world had come. Stunned and shaken, groping his way like a man sud-

denly blinded in paths that are strange to him, he went out into the dazzling sunshine and outspanned.

It was not until after coffee-time—but the old man had had no heart for coffee-making—that Juriaan was sent for to the Matron's office, where the Doctor was waiting for him. The Doctor was an Englishman, and that he had settled in Dutch Platkops when he might have settled in English Princestown was a fact never forgotten by Platkops and never forgiven by Princestown. With the old man standing humbly before him he explained now, in slow careful Dutch, the nature of Deltje's pain. It was a bad pain. Such a pain in a younger woman might perhaps be cured, but for an old woman there was no cure, only a treatment that for a time might ease it. If Juriaan would leave his wife for some weeks in the hospital all that could be done for her the Doctor would do, and it might be that after some weeks she would be well enough to go back again to the Aangenaam valley. It was for Juriaan himself to say whether she should stay, and it was for Juriaan to say whether, in the meantime, he would go back to his lands on the mountain side or to his friends in Platkops dorp.

The old man thanked the Doctor, and in the quiet measured speech which gave weight and dignity to all he said, answered that if it was in the hospital that the Doctor could ease Deltje's pain it was in the hospital that she must stay. As for himself, he could not go back to the Aangehaam valley without his love, his life, his dear one. Nor could he go to his friends in Platkops dorp, for he had none there. He was a stranger to Platkops dorp. All his life had he lived on the mountain side in the Aangenaam valley, and fifty years had his little dove lived with him. If it was not the will of the Lord that she should be cured of her pain, let the Doctor do what he could to ease it, and let him, of his goodness and mercy, give Juriaan leave to camp out in the veld by

the hospital to be near her until he could take her home. . .

The Doctor turned to the Matron and said briefly: "Let him stay. Take him to her."

Juriaan followed the Matron out of the office down a long bare passage, which ended in a long, bare, bright room. In this room were six narrow white beds. By the side of each bed was a well-scrubbed locker, and above each bed hung a plain white card. The floor was as white as were the lockers, and this bright, bare cleanliness was all that at first the old man could grasp. Presently he saw that in three of the beds were women, wearing little white frilled caps that made them look like babies. And slowly it dawned upon him that one of these women, one of these babies, was Deltje.

At the sight of Deltje's smooth, round, innocent face set off so oddly by the little frilled cap, Juriaan forgot the strangeness of that strange room, forgot the white-capped heads in the other beds, forgot the Matron standing by his side. He saw only his love, his joy, his treasure. And kneeling down by her side he drew her two brown hands into his and held them close against his breast.

That night, for the first time since their marriage, Juriaan and Deltje lay apart. For the old man there was neither rest nor sleep. For long he watched the lights in Platkops dorp twinkling across the river, and for long after those lights died out he watched the stars above him. He lay now on the feather bed in the cart, and now on the hard ground beneath it. He wandered like a ghost round the silent hospital buildings and came back to the ox-cart with a pain that brought tears to his eyes, though he could trace it to no definite part of his body whatever. He did not now cry "Our Father! Our Father!" for help. The silence of the night, the silence of the grey stone building which held his little dove, his pearl, was still for him the silence of the Peace

of God. But it was of a God withdrawn as if for ever from his reach.

For Deltje, too, the night was endless. For the first time in her life she lay, not in her shift and petticoats on a feather bed, but in a cotton nightgown on a narrow mattress. The unaccustomed freedom of her limbs made that narrow bed wide and empty as a desert to her. And when she slept, in short broken snatches between attacks of pain, it was to dream that Juriaan lay dead by her side and that she pressed against his cold body for comfort and warmth in vain. When morning came it was not the pain in Deltje's side that made life a mystery to the old couple. It was the pain in both their hearts.

Through the long hot days, and the hot, still, moonlit nights that followed, the loneliness of the old people, and, for Juriaan the sense of a God withdrawn, steadily increased. The ways of the hospital, the order and routine necessary for the running of it, remained to the end incomprehensible to them both. For fifty years on their mountain side in the Aangenaam valley life had been for them as simple as were their daily needs, as humble as were their hearts. In this new and bewildering world the kindness of the English Doctor, of the Matron, and of the nurse reached them only as the kindness of human beings reaches the suffering of dumb animals. On neither side was there, nor could there be, complete understanding. The Doctor and the Matron might know all that was to be known about the pain in Deltje's side. About the pain in her heart and in Juriaan's they knew nothing. And from the inquisitiveness of the other patients in the ward the little old woman shrank with a gentle timidity which increased her isolation.

Alone among strangers in that bright, bare room Deltje would lie, quiet and uncomplaining, thinking of her house on the mountain side: of the warmth and comfort of the feather bed in the little bedroom that

smelt so pleasantly of *mist* : of the wooden shutter, held by a leather thong, which creaked with the lightest of mountain breezes : of the peach-stone floor, with patches of sunlight crossing it from the open half-door : of the peach-trees by the little stream that never once in fifty years had failed them : of fruit-drying for the Thanksgiving : of the Thanksgiving service in front of the church door at Harmonie, when Juriaan, bareheaded among the men, would smile across to her among the women : of the journey home again and the first glimpse that came to one down in the valley road of the little brown-walled house perched high up on the mountain side by the peach-trees and the stream. . .

With his own hands had Juriaan built that house for her. For fifty years had the little stream quenched their thirst, and now they drank of a strange, lifeless water stored in tanks. For fifty years had they slept side by side in the little room with the friendly creaking shutter, and now they lay apart . . What was it that had brought them here? The pain in her side. . . But she had now no pain in her side. All her pain was now in her heart. Every day she would insist to the nurse that she had now no pain in her side. And the nurse would laugh, jerk her head a little to one side, and say : " Am I then a child? Wait a little, Tanta ! Wait a little ! It is for me to say when you have no pain in your side ! " Of the pain in her heart she spoke only to Juriaan, when, in the evenings he sat with her for half an hour. . .

The old man had made his camp on that side of the hospital in which the women's ward lay, and from her bed Deltje could see the smoke of his fire as it rose into the still, hot, clear air. He seldom left the camp except to wander disconsolate round the hospital buildings, or out into the veld to attend to his oxen. Twice a day he sat for a little with Deltje in the ward, and in her thin, clear voice she would read to him from her Bible. But nothing that she read in that bright, bare room,

smelling so strangely of disinfectants, brought comfort to his soul. His God was still withdrawn. Night and day the pain in his heart gave him no peace. He lived like a man in a trance. Once he was sent across the river to Platkops dorp. He saw there, in the windows of the shops in the Hoeg Straat, such things as he never before had seen and was never to see again, but they made no impression on his mind whatever. He passed down the Hoeg Straat as if in a dream of unbearable sadness and never revisited it.

It was the young, pleasant-faced Nurse Robert who had sent Juriaan in to Platkops dorp. To her there still remained the bright, hard self-confidence of youth, and in Juriaan and Deltje she saw only two aged innocents whose affairs it was her duty, and certainly her pleasure, to control. Her management of them, she was convinced, was for their good, and in all she did for them there was a certain brusque kindliness. It was she who answered for Deltje when the Doctor made his daily round, and though even to the Doctor Deltje would timidly protest that she had now no pain in her side her protests were drowned in the brisk common sense of the nurse. It was Nurse Robert too, who timed Juriaan's visit to his wife, and who, on occasions, shooed him out of the ward like a hen. And humble and gentle as they were, the aged innocents were unaccustomed to any control beyond that love of God and of each other which up on the mountain side had ruled their simple lives. This brisk, bright personal interference bewildered them as nothing else in the hospital did. They came to resent it. They came to fear the pleasant-faced nurse as they had never before feared any other human being. She stood between them and the Doctor: between them and the Matron: and, by her refusal to allow that Deltje's pain was cured, and her return to the Aangenaam valley possible, between them and everything that made life

and

dear. With her brisk, bright contempt for the Aangenaam valley, and her praise for everything that Platkops, by contrast, produced, even to its rain-water, she drove them into a bewildered silence, and at last to flight.

It was the rain-water that, for the old couple, brought the pain in their hearts to its quiet and unnoticed crisis. In Platkops dorp the water in the sluits and rivers was so brackish that in marshy lands the ground had always a thin white coating of salt, and for drinking purposes rain-water was stored in iron tanks. For this water Deltje had what Nurse Robert considered an unreasonable distaste. It was in fact the gentle uncomplaining little old woman's one whimsy, and as the days passed and, though neither she nor Juriaan realized it, as her weakness increased, her mind dwelt more and more on the brown bubbling mountain stream which for fifty years had quenched her thirst. There came a day when in her weakness her talk wandered brokenly from the stream by the peach-trees to the well of Bethlehem, and from David's cry for the water of that well, to the River of Water of Life. . . . Juriaan sitting helpless by her side felt that his heart must break with its sorrow, that his body must die of the dull heavy pain that possessed it. . . . And slowly, through his suffering, his mind came to its deliberate resolve.

When Nurse Robert ordered Juriaan out of the ward that evening the old man left by the French door close to Deltje's bed. In those hot January nights this door was left open, and only the outer shutters were closed. The catch of these, Juriaan knew, could be raised from the outside with a knife. He knew also that Deltje's clothes had been folded away into the locker that stood by her bed. There was now only one other patient in the ward, an old old woman dozing her life away at the far end of the room. And because there were at present no serious cases in the hospital no one was on

duty at night. On all these things his mind worked slowly, but clearly, as he went out into the veld to look for his oxen. He found them, drove them back to the cart, fed them, and tied them to it. He lit a fire and made himself some strong, black, bitter coffee. He ate nothing. His stock of provisions, in spite of his daily meal from the hospital kitchen, was now so low for what he had in hand that he dared not lessen it. Night had now fallen, and after arranging the feather bed and pillows into a little nest, the old man lay down on the hard ground beneath the cart. Above him the sky was sprinkled with stars and the Milky Way made a broad white path across the heavens. But Juriaan did not look at the stars, and if God walked in his starry heavens his servant Juriaan did not know it. His God was still withdrawn. Sorrow was all his company. . . .

When the last of the lights had twinkled into darkness across the river the old man took off his veldschoen and crept cautiously round the hospital buildings. Here, too, all was silence and darkness. He returned to the cart and inspanned the oxen, tying the reins to one of the wheels. Then he went back to the hospital, mounted the *stoep*, raised the hasp of the shutters with his knife, and slipped into the silent ward, where Deltje on her narrow bed, that wide and empty desert, lay quietly, awake. The old man went up to her and said, without haste, without fear, but with an infinite tenderness :

" Look now, my little one ! Look now, my dove ! Have I not made again a nest in the cart for you ? And are not our oxen once more inspanned ? Come now, in my arms will I carry you out to the cart, and back to the Aagenaam valley we will go. . . ."

He stooped down, opened the locker, and drew out her clothes. With a strange, gentle deliberation he helped her into her petticoats, and tied up her Bible,

her mug, and her shell-covered box. The bottle of medicine left standing on the locker he slipped into his pocket. Then he gathered the little old woman up into his arms and carried her out into the moonlit night.

In her little nest in the feather bed Deltje lay content. She had ceased now to tremble, and not for one moment did she question Juriaan's right to act as he was doing. Already her heart was filled with that sense of security which his mere presence brought her. Already the hospital was but a dream that only for a moment had parted them. The pain in her heart had gone. Of the pain in her side she would not think. Had she not learned in the hospital how to hide it? Up in the mountains sitting by the stream and drinking of its clear brown water she would have no pain. . . . Lying through the night by Juriaan's side she would have no pain. . . . She lay back among the pillows, a gentle, dying, woman, her heart overflowing with its quiet content.

Seated on the waggon-box before her Juriaan drove steadily across the veld, through the drift, and out on to the Platkops-Princestown road. Slowly his numbed heart regained its warmth. Slowly he came to feel that his God was no longer withdrawn. Here, in the ox-cart with his little love, was his God. Had He not eased her pain? If she was weak had He not given His servant Juriaan arms that were strong to carry her? Against his breast like a little child he would carry her, and so should she rest. . . .

They reached the top of the Groot Kop, the highest of the low, flat-topped hills that surrounded Platkops dorp, and here the old man wheeled round the cart and halted to rest his oxen. Below them, in the clear pale moonlight, lay the quiet village, but it was across the river that they looked, at the grey stone building standing there alone. A moment only they halted, then turned, and went on.

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

AN INDICTMENT

By Charles H. Barker

THE trouble about education is that education is despised. There are, of course, many people with a vague belief that a certain amount of a certain sort of schooling is excellent for the youth of the well-to-do, and that a strictly limited amount of a cheaper and different sort of schooling is desirable for the children of the poor. Shabby ideals will rule the schools so long as education is planned not as a preparation for life, but as a preparation for a predestined station in life. And just so long will teachers be despised, especially we who teach in the elementary schools, for our business is the training of a class for helotry. Conscious of public contempt, we make a bid for self-respect by despising one another ; to be " taken for a schoolmaster " is our crowning indignity. Besides, after the petty régime of the classroom, we long to pose as " men of the world," able to hold our own with the auctioneer, the pawnbroker, or the bookmaker. At the same time, we are obsessed with a " Fool, of thyself speak well " policy. Lacking even the shadow of self-government, teachers regard themselves as a " profession," and exhibit most of the professional instincts. Professionalism has been called a conspiracy against the public ; men may not be able to live by taking in one another's washing, but they contrive to exist by plotting against one another. Every calling seems to have a cat which mustn't be allowed to escape from the bag and a skeleton to be kept hidden

in its cupboard. Hence all this professional wangling and window dressing, the cowardly reticences and perverted loyalties.

I don't suppose that the pseudo-profession of teaching is any worse than the real professions in these matters. What I do know is that we teachers are intensely suspicious and uncomfortable in the presence of "outsiders"; parents, managers, inspectors fill us with vague misgivings. The inspector, our traditional foe, can inspire us with foolish and irrational terror. When his presence on the school premises is known, an urgent warning is sent to every classroom, and we dig ourselves in. We cling to each other in fear, asking with pale lips why the visitation has come upon us. Candour is taboo; a teacher confessing to an inspector any weakness in the school organization is a traitor; we must all bark with the pack. The "Open Day," instituted to give parents an opportunity to see the school in its ordinary working aspect,—there, too, we scent danger, and distract attention by arranging elaborate performances carefully rehearsed for the occasion.

The monster class is largely responsible. Strangers introduce a human element into the classroom which is fatal to mass discipline. "Strong" discipline is the teacher's proudest achievement, and the regiment can easily become a mob. Herd teaching, the curse of the elementary school, has never been removed. We teachers have been educated in herds, and we teach herds Unused to freedom, we are timid of granting freedom to others. Why is it that, while educational theory makes indisputable progress every generation, educational practice limps painfully behind Comenius and Pestalozzi? Experts write beautiful essays on school method, educational authorities issue enlightened reports; but they don't knock off our chains. Blue books do not freedom give, and repression still rules in the schools. Discipline—external discipline—is valued

for its own sake; we applaud a class, temporarily unoccupied, that remains dumb as the sheep before the shearers. Cruel corporal punishment has, I think, wholly disappeared. The days of my childhood when I stood in the daily procession of thirty or more trembling youngsters awaiting a severe flogging for failing to work four sums correctly—those days of frightfulness when thousands of little children were cruelly beaten every day to earn Government grants—are gone. What persists is an all-pervading atmosphere of snappishness. It is a nerve-racking job, this eternal repression of childish energies; it breeds bad temper, destroys sweet reasonableness. No sensible person expects his work to be all smooth going, but in school life we seem to be ever struggling uphill on a rough road changing gear every moment. People tell us we work in a groove; that may be, but our groove never wears smooth. And so we yap and nag our lives away. Sometimes I pull myself up and ask, "Why carry on so absurdly? Why 'savage' a kid because he prefers cigarette cards to my expositions?" Before you good, amiable folk criticize us, come in and try the job—I won't say for a lifetime—but come in for a brief five or ten years. You'd be the first who ever taught in an elementary school for the sheer love of the thing.

After all, teachers are by nature no more churlish than other people. Within his limits, the elementary school teacher is extraordinarily efficient; not only does he work hard, but he takes his work seriously. It is, perhaps, a pity that he is so efficient, otherwise the whole system would have collapsed long ago. Attempts have been made to improve the personnel of the profession, but I see little change. "The reform needed," said Pestalozzi, a century ago, "is not that the school coach should be better horsed, but that it should be turned right round and started on a new track." That remains true to-day. We teachers are

bound to regard childish peccadilloes as serious crimes; to scold, tongue in cheek, is pedagogically a fatal weakness; success in anything, no matter how puerile, demands sincerity. You, therefore, who may be contemplating teaching as a trade can apply a simple test for your fitness. Are you capable of fire and fury at the sight of misspelt words or blotted pages? Will your blood boil if a child opens his eyes during prayers or sniggers when he reads how Oliver presents Rosalind with the "bloody napkin"? If these things infuriate you, then by all means join up; teaching is, above all else, a solemn business; in no sense of the word, child's play.

Nothing in the world astonishes me more than that my ex-pupils treat me so decently; it is a triumphant testimony to the goodness of human nature; or, possibly, it may be sheer forgetfulness. It's lucky they ignored my injunction not to forget anything I said in class. Still, there was one occasion when I felt I was a bit of a hero to my pupils. The incident is instructive. Some years ago I was called upon to break into a room where a wretched woman had taken her life in a particularly unpleasant fashion. A few days later I noticed a number of my pupils eagerly reading dirty scraps of paper and glancing curiously at me. The scraps of paper were cuttings from a Sunday newspaper which had reported the horrid details of my evidence in the Coroner's Court. But I knew I was famous; I had my hour.

Most people would find the elementary school exhaustingly moralistic. Everything is twisted into a "duty." A person in authority setting others to a distasteful task, naturally finds the moral goad convenient. And teachers treat a child's lack of interest in a subject not as a personal tendency, not even as an intellectual defect, but as a moral failing. We harry and ridicule the backward child, and justify ourselves by

calling him lazy. "Master," asked the disciples, "who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" And we ask, "Where were you when brains were given out?" I have little doubt that the child who hates the multiplication table feels convicted of sin; he knows that the way to please God is to please teacher. One teacher I knew would turn an arithmetic lesson into a sermon on truthfulness and maintain that an incorrect solution was a particularly heinous kind of falsehood. Even on cricket and football we wax homiletic. No doubt every activity has its moral aspect, but excessive "pijaw" is the nastiest form of "soft" pedagogy, a symptom of moral anaemia. Far better give the young rascal a whacking; that is, if you can refrain from telling him you're acting out of kindness. When my old schoolmaster flogged me, he used to say that it hurt him more than it hurt me. And I knew he was lying! Again the huge class is chiefly to blame; our dislike of the dull child is a heritage of the past. And it isn't always easy to distinguish between work-shyness and backwardness.

It is said that the Public School, despite its faults, does at any rate afford excellent opportunities to the brilliant boy, giving him leisure to follow his inclinations. In the elementary school, it is the brilliant child who suffers most; he has to keep in step, he must always subordinate his inclinations; the hare and the tortoise must run together in harness. The ignoring of personal tastes is, indeed, the most tragic result of herd teaching. We scold Tom because his Arithmetic is inferior to Dick's, and Dick because his English Composition is not equal to Tom's. We expect children to tackle the multiplication table with the same spontaneity and relish with which they read *John Gilpin* or *Tiger, tiger, burning bright*; to swallow cheerfully and uncritically anything we administer. "Here's richness!" cried Mr. Squeers, smacking his lips as he tasted the milk

"drownded" with water which he had provided for his unhappy pupils. We haven't even Mr. Squeers's satisfaction of seeing a hungry gleam in the eyes of our children; we expect an every course gusto. Our ideal pupil is he who plods passively and perseveringly through every lesson, who never sighs with relief or disappointment when he is switched from one subject to another. The dull child, the brilliant child, the peculiar child, are all thorns in our side, even the abnormally small or the abnormally tall child presents practical difficulties—any child who cannot be standardized we regard as a misfit. Miss Blimber's report on Paul Dombey expresses our feelings admirably. "It is naturally painful to us," she said, "that you are singular in your character and conduct, for we can't like you, you know, Dombey, as well as we could wish."

I am not advocating a "go-as-you-please" system, nor do I see how it is possible to abolish all coercive measures in school; it is, however, a truism that in education nothing is more important than the formation of real tastes. You can't form real tastes when you are ever trying to please somebody else. The teacher himself is eternally worried lest he should not be teaching "on right lines"—"right lines," of course, meaning, somebody else's "lines." He daren't please himself; he tries to please others, and so pleases nobody. He strives pitifully to alter his shabby coat according to the latest thing in educational fashion. Too enervated to be braced by criticism, he longs to bask in the approving smiles of his masters.

Nothing is easier than to sneer at the teacher's subservience; but it is only fair to remember the tragic story of the schools. About half of the present teachers grew up under the "Payment by Results" régime. I have already shown how the old terror of the inspector clings hamperingly round the teacher of to-day. In the old days the voice of the inspector was the voice of

God; even that is a feeble figure. How vivid are the nightmare recollections of the "Examination Day" of my childhood—the freshly scrubbed school smelling strongly of soap, the cleaned windows, the unfamiliar bowl of flowers on the master's desk; the nervous teachers; the children in Sunday suits, with clean collars round clean necks; the subdued hush; everything as tidy and sad as a funeral. It appalled me that there should exist a being so awful that even our dreaded headmaster cringed before him. One inspector (I see him still, a short, stoutish man, with a curly tonsured head and aggressive eyebrows) greatly detested the disgusting manners of the lower orders. He insisted that sponges should be used for "cleaning" slates, and a set of sponges was kept for use when he appeared. A shocking waste of time, my teacher thought. For, as he said, "Boys always have more saliva than they know what to do with!" We youngsters, too, had a sort of contempt for the sponge, "girlish" we thought it. And besides by skilfully tilting our slates in varying directions we could trace ingenious and alluring patterns with a flow of saliva. The same inspector had a trick of planting himself in a narrow gangway when the children were passing; if we pushed past him, the school was penalized for a "bad tone" in manners. But our headmaster soon changed all that. He taught us the formula, "Please, sir, excuse me!" Then, cane in hand, he would practise on us the inspector's trick. He soon "learnt us our manners." All of which is ancient history; but with such a training is it surprising that education comes to mean a set of tricks acquired to ingratiate our superiors?

Altogether the elementary school teacher is shabbily educated. His training is a miracle of ineptitude, it has all the defects of narrow vocationalism without the advantages of specialism. Immured with his fellow teachers for two years in a ridiculous Training College,

an institution, semi-monastic, semi-charitable, he gains a smattering of many subjects; when he comes out, armed with a sheaf of foolish certificates, proving proficiency in everything, he is set to teach everything. Teachers of every class appear to be no more concerned with educational theory than is the professional cricketer with the theory of projectiles. It is more than likely that the elementary school teacher has a fuller knowledge of the science of teaching (if there is such a science) than other types of teachers. But, in general, we are thoroughgoing empirics and prone to routine. I believe the investigations of educational experts are (or will be) of the highest importance; I believe their sympathies are entirely with the practical teacher. The man of action should always be prepared to give at least a respectable hearing to the man of reflection. It is singularly unfortunate that the absurd clash between theory and practice should be so marked in the sphere of education. The teacher has a hearty contempt for the "expert" who is held to be ignorant of the practical difficulties of the classroom, as he probably is. The teacher will obediently take up a new idea, but, unless teaching is held to be a mechanical business, the success of any new method must depend largely on the teacher's intelligent approval and whole-hearted co-operation. At present, teachers have a humiliating sense that their opinions on educational questions are negligible. From time to time we are served with a mandamus; ours not to reason why, and we take refuge in sham enthusiasms. Even then we are not safe. Quite recently a Director of Education visited one of the schools under his charge, and recommended a certain course to one of the teachers. The news spread; here was the latest thing; and within a short time every school in the district had ostentatiously adopted the suggestion. "He will be pleased!" thought the teachers. But he wasn't! He is reported as saying

that he now feels that he dare not drop the slightest hint lest the thing will be pushed under his nose in every school he visits. One has some sympathy with the Director, but he can't have it both ways. It is not for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to complain if citizens are prompt in paying the income tax. Unless the wit of men can devise a system in which new and progressive ideas in teaching can develop naturally within the schools instead of being thrust on us willy-nilly from above, an education of make-shift and make-believe is inevitable.

REVULSION

I would that this poor tired mind could fall asleep,
  And sleeping dream and die,
Without the pain of knowledge that you weep,
  I would not have you cry.
Leave you to fend in the world together
  With no mother to call!
Would you in after life blame your mother?
  No, not if you knew all.
Could I take you too, you beautiful things,
  Ah! no! that could not be,
For life might fly for you on joyous wings,
  Though I'm not there to see.

L. DAYKIN.

NO DEFENCE

By J. D. Beresford

WHENAS I stand before that arbiter
To face the record of my tallied sins,
Must I acknowledge neither fault nor slur
In this my surety of how begins
How ends the counted letter of the law;
My single hope then be that I foresaw
The furthest ambit of the prime decree
That set the rhythm of the universe
To hold life in uncertain chancery?

In youth I learned the rule for Heaven's ascent
By ordered conduct and observances
Of this the documented rubric lent
By God to order man's emergences:
Beyond it only faith the law required
To reach the summit whither we aspired;
A ladder set, to mount with lifted head,
Each rung to be attained by diligence,
Then patiently to join the remembered dead.

But ardent travel of the soaring road
Which leads to knowledge brought me to that place
Where passive reading of the ancient code
Is charged with question, and the uncertain face
Of wisdom's patriarch, the erected god,
Peers from the shadow of a lifted rod
Held by a warning priest. Then for that time
I cast the heavy cloak of urgency
And set my willing feet again to climb.

So to the pass of middle age, and choice
Between the level heights achieved and those
Cloud-hidden crests from which the eternal voice
Calls without cease the little few who chose
Once for the search. However brief their quest
Scattered is all relinquishment in rest;
Not complacency they follow now, but peace;
Into the far unknown beyond the known,
Beyond all knowledge till they find surcease.

And how shall these plead ignorance who saw
The first transcendence of their pilgrimage,
Who knew the furthest ambit of the law
Should touch no limit that they might not gauge
By the everlasting search through chancered life
For God in man, integrity through strife?
They've no defence who kindled at the spark
Which man unto himself makes manifest,
And brightening shall illumine all the dark.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TCHEHOV

By Maxim Gorki

THIS is the fifth day I have had a high temperature, but I cannot make myself lie down. The grey Finnish rain sprinkles the earth with wet dust. The guns at fort Inno are booming; they are being "tested." At night the long tongue of the searchlight licks the clouds; it is a disgusting sight, for it does not let one forget this devilish disease—the war.

I read Tchehov. If he had not died ten years ago, the war would probably have killed him, after first poisoning him with hatred of people. I recalled his uneral.

The coffin of the writer so "tenderly loved" by Moscow was brought to the city in a greenish railway-an, bearing on its doors in large letters: "For Oysters." A part of the small crowd that came to e railway station to meet Tchehov's coffin followed at of General Keller, brought from Manchuria, and ey were much surprised to hear a military band aying at Tchehov's funeral. When the mistake was eared up, some cheerful souls began tittering and ggling. After Tchehov's coffin marched about a undred people, no more; I remember two lawyers, th in new boots and spotted neckties—just like idegrooms. As I walked behind them I heard one—A. Maklakov—speaking of the intelligence of dogs, d the other, whom I did not know, praising the nforts of his country house and the beauty of the dscape round about. And a lady, walking beneath

So to the pass of middle age, and choice
Between the level heights achieved and those
Cloud-hidden crests from which the eternal voice
Calls without cease the little few who chose
Once for the search. However brief their quest
Scattered is all relinquishment in rest;
Not complacency they follow now, but peace;
Into the far unknown beyond the known,
Beyond all knowledge till they find surcease.

And how shall these plead ignorance who saw
The first transcendence of their pilgrimage,
Who knew the furthest ambit of the law
Should touch no limit that they might not gauge
By the everlasting search through chanceried life
For God in man, integrity through strife?
They've no defence who kindled at the spark
Which man unto himself makes manifest,
And brightening shall illumine all the dark.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TCHEHOV

By Maxim Gorki

THIS is the fifth day I have had a high temperature, but I cannot make myself lie down. The grey Finnish rain sprinkles the earth with wet dust. The guns at fort Inno are booming; they are being "tested." At night the long tongue of the searchlight licks the clouds; it is a disgusting sight, for it does not let one forget this devilish disease—the war.

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The coffin of the writer so "tenderly loved" by Moscow was brought to the city in a greenish railway-van, bearing on its doors in large letters: "For Oysters." A part of the small crowd that came to the railway station to meet Tchehov's coffin followed that of General Keller, brought from Manchuria, and they were much surprised to hear a military band playing at Tchehov's funeral. When the mistake was cleared up, some cheerful souls began tittering and giggling. After Tchehov's coffin marched about a hundred people, no more; I remember two lawyers, both in new boots and spotted neckties—just like bridegrooms. As I walked behind them I heard one—V. A. Maklakov—speaking of the intelligence of dogs, and the other, whom I did not know, praising the comforts of his country house and the beauty of the landscape round about. And a lady, walking beneath

a lilac-coloured sunshade, kept on persuading an old man in tortoiseshell spectacles:

"Ah, he was wonderfully nice and *so* witty . . ."

The old man coughed mistrustfully. It was a hot, dusty day. At the head of the procession a fat police-inspector rode majestically on a fat white horse. All these things and many others were cruelly banal and incongruous with the memory of the great and exquisite artist.

In one of his letters to old Souvorin Tchehov wrote: "There is nothing more boring and—let us say—unpoetical than the prosaic struggle for existence which takes away the joy of life and drives one into apathy."

These words express a very Russian mood which, I think, was not on the whole characteristic of Tchehov. In Russia, where there is plenty of everything in men except the love of work, the majority thinks in that way. A Russian admires energy, but has a very faint belief in it. A writer with an active temperament—a Jack London, for instance—is an impossibility in Russia. Jack London's books are read with gusto in Russia, but I do not see that they have aroused the will of the Russian to activity; they only tickle his imagination. But Tchehov is not much of a Russian in that sense. As far back as his early youth "the struggle for existence" was revealed to him in the degraded, colourless shape of everyday, petty anxieties about bread and butter—about a great deal of bread and butter. Deprived of joys, he surrendered to these anxieties all the powers of his youth, and it is a miracle that he could have preserved his humour. He saw life only as a living struggle of men towards satiety and rest; the great dramas and tragedies of life were buried beneath the thick crust of ordinariness. And only when he had freed himself a little from the care of seeing those round him properly fed, did he

give an eagle-eyed glance into the essence of those dramas.

I have never met a man who felt the importance of work as the foundation of culture so deeply and so comprehensively as Tchehov did. In him this was expressed in all the details of his domestic arrangements, in his choice of things and in the noble love he felt for them—a love which, utterly excluding the desire to hoard them up, never tires of admiring them as products of the creativeness of the human spirit. He loved to build, to plant gardens, to adorn the earth; he felt the poetry of work. With what touching care he used to look at the fruit trees and shrubberies he had planted in his garden! When he was engrossed by the building of his house in Autka he said:

"If everyone did all he could on his piece of land, how beautiful our earth would be!"

At that time I was contemplating writing a play, *Vaska Buslayev* (a legendary Russian hero), and I read to him Vaska's boasting monologue:

"Ah! Ah! If only I had strength,—in plenty—
With my hot breath—I would melt the snows;
Round the earth I would go, ploughing it;
I would go round for ever—building cities,
Building churches, planting gardens and orchards!
I would adorn the earth as a girl,
I would embrace the earth as my bride,
I would lift up the earth to my breast,
I would lift her up, bring her up to God:
'Look, Lord, how beautiful the earth is!
How fine Vaska has made her!
Thou hast thrown her down like a stone from the heavens,
But I have made her a lovely emerald!
Look thou down, Lord, and rejoice
How green she shines in the sun!
I would give her to you as a present
But it wouldn't be right; she is too precious to me.'"

Tchehov liked this monologue, and with an agitated little cough, he said to me and to Doctor Alexin:

" It's good. . . . The real thing, human! Indeed, in this is 'the meaning of all philosophy.' Man made the earth habitable, he will make her cosy too." With a stubborn little nod of his head, he repeated: " He will do it!"

He suggested I should read Vaska's boast once again; he listened to it, looking out of the window, and said:

" The last two lines ought not be there; it is dare-devilry . . . superfluous . . ."

Of his literary work he spoke little and with reluctance; I should say—with a sensitive reserve and with the same delicate caution as he spoke of Leo Tolstoi. Only rarely, in a moment of happiness, with a smile, he would tell a plot—always a humorous one.

" Do you know—I'll write about a schoolmistress. She is an atheist, adores Darwin, she is convinced of the necessity of fighting against the prejudices and superstitions of the people; but she herself, at mid-night, boils a black cat in the copper in order to get the little bone that attracts the male, arousing love in him—there is such a little bone . . ."

Of his plays he spoke as of " gay things," and I think he was sincerely convinced that he was indeed writing " gay things." Probably, it was what he had heard from Tchehov that made Savva Morosov argue so stubbornly: " Tchehov plays ought to be acted as lyrical comedies."

But literature in general he watched with the keenest attention, and had a particularly touching interest in " beginning writers." With amazing patience he used to read the abundant MSS. of B. Lazarevsky, N. Oliger, and many others.

" We need more writers," he used to say. " In our state of society literature is still a novelty and for the

'elect.' In Norway there is one writer to every 226 of the population, and with us—one to a million . . ."

His disease sometimes made him hypochondriac or even misanthropic. At such times he was capricious in his judgments and difficult in his relations to people.

Once, lying on the couch, he said with a dry cough, playing with the thermometer :

"To live in order to die is not amusing, anyhow, but to live knowing that you will die before your time—that is utterly stupid . . ."

At another time, sitting by the open window, and looking into the distance, towards the sea, he suddenly, angrily, said :

"We have got used to living in the hope of nice weather, a good harvest, a pleasant love-affair, of becoming rich or getting the post of Chief of Police, yet I don't observe in people the hope of becoming wise. We keep on thinking : It will be better under a new Tsar, and better still in two hundred years' time, but nobody takes the trouble that the 'better' should begin to-morrow. On the whole, life is becoming more and more complicated every day ; it is moving somewhere by itself. Men are becoming noticeably sillier, and more and more of them are getting divorced from life."

He thought for a while ; then, wrinkling his forehead, he added :

"Just like crippled beggars at a church procession."

He was a doctor, and a doctor's illness is always graver than that of his patients ; the patient only feels, but the doctor also knows how his organism is being destroyed. It is one of those cases when knowledge brings death.

When he smiled, his eyes were beautiful—womanly,

caressing and tenderly soft. And his laugh, almost noiseless, was particularly fine. When he laughed, he enjoyed his laugh indeed; he exulted in it. I wonder who else could laugh so—what shall I say?—"spiritually."

Coarse anecdotes never made him laugh.

With that lovely, cordial laugh he said to me:

"Do you know why Tolstoi is so capricious towards you? He is jealous: he thinks that Sulerzhitsky is fonder of you than of him. Yes, yes! Yesterday he said to me: 'I cannot take to Gorki sincerely, I don't know why, but I cannot. I don't even like it that Suler is staying with him. It does Suler no good. Gorki is a cross man. He is like a theological student who has been forced into taking orders and is therefore cross with everything. He has the soul of a spy; he came from somewhere into a land of Canaan, strange to him; he examines everything, observes everything, and reports it all to some god of his. And his god is a monster, something like the wood or water demon of peasant women.'"

As he told me this Tchehov laughed till the tears ran; wiping his eyes, he went on: "I said: 'Gorki is a good man!' But he insisted: 'No, no, I know. He has a duck's nose; only unhappy and bad people have such noses. And women don't love him, and women, like dogs, have a flair for good men. Now Suler—he really has the precious capacity of disinterested love for people. In this he is a genius! To know how to love means to know everything . . .'"

After a little pause, Tchehov repeated:

"Yes, the old man is jealous. . . . What a wonderful man!"

He always spoke of Tolstoi with a special, almost imperceptible little smile of tenderness and anxiety in his eyes; he spoke with a lowered voice, as

of something phantasmal, mysterious, which requires soft and wary words.

More than once he complained that there was no Eckermann near Tolstoi, to write down carefully the sharp, unexpected, and often contradictory ideas of the old wizard.

"You ought to do it"—he tried to persuade Sulerzhitsky—"Tolstoi is so fond of you, talks to you so much and so well."

Of Sulerzhitsky Tchehov said to me:

"He's a wise baby . . ."

Very well said.

Once in my presence Tolstoi was in rapture over one of Tchehov's stories, I think it was *The Darling*. He said:

"It is like a piece of lace worked by a chaste girl; there were such girls in olden times, lace-makers 'for ever'; they put all their lives, all their dreams of happiness into the pattern. They dreamt in their patterns of what was most dear to them; all their vague, pure love they knitted into the lace." Tolstoi spoke with much agitation, with tears in his eyes.

And Tchehov that day had a high temperature; he sat with red spots on his cheeks and his head bent down, diligently rubbing his pince-nez. He was silent for a long while, at last, with a sigh, said in a soft bashful voice:

"There are misprints in it . . ."

Of Tchehov one could write much, but it is necessary to write of him very finely and distinctly, which I cannot do. It would be lovely to write of him as he wrote his *Steppe*, a story that is sweet-smelling, light and so truly Russian in its pensive sadness. A story for oneself.

(*Authorised Translation by S. S. Koteliansky.*)

A HEAVY HEART

By Peter Altenberg

AMONG meadows and orchards stands a huge, yellow house. It is a girls' school, especially for "Englische Fraülein." Inside are many pious sisters and much homesickness.

Fathers often come there, to see their little daughters. "Papa, darling. . . ."

In this simple music, "Papa, darling . . ." sound their small hearts' deepest hymns, dying away in "Good-bye, Papa . . ." like arpeggios on the harp.

It was a rainy Sunday in country November. I was sitting in the warm and friendly little café, smoking and dreaming.

A tall, handsome man came in with a wonderful little girl. She was an angel without wings, in a gold-green velvet coat.

The gentleman sat down at my table. "Bring some *Weekly Illustrateds* for the child," he said to the waiter.

"Thank you, papa, I'd rather not . . ." said the angel without wings.

Silence. Then the father asked:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said the child.

Then the father said, "Where are you up to in mathematics?" He felt that this was a safe general topic. In science you know where you are.

"Interest," said the angel. "What is it? What does it mean? I don't understand it at all. What do they use interest for? That's what I don't understand."

"Long hair—short wits." The father smiled and stroked her golden hair, which shone like silk.

"Well?" she said.

Silence. I never saw such a sad little face. It trembled like a flower-stem weighted with snow. It was like Eleonora Duse saying, "Oh!" or Gemma Bellincioni singing it.

The father thought to himself "Brain work is a distraction. Anyhow, it can't do any harm. The soul gets rocked to sleep. . . . One must arouse interest. It's still dormant, naturally. . . ."

So he said: "Interest! Oh, that's fascinating. It was my strong point when I was at school." A gleam of past arithmetical triumphs flitted over his face. "Now suppose—wait a moment—now suppose someone buys a house. Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes. Someone buys a house."

"Let's suppose it is the house you were born in, at Görz." He was making it more exciting by bringing science and family affairs together so cleverly. "It costs two thousand pounds. What would the rent have to be to bring in five per cent.?"

The angel said, "No one can possibly know that. . . . Papa, does Uncle Victor come to see us often now?"

"No, very seldom. And when he does he always sits in your empty room. But listen! Two thousand pounds. What is five per cent. on two thousand pounds? As many five pounds, of course, as there are hundreds in two thousand. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," the child said, and didn't understand why Uncle Victor came so seldom.

The father said: "Well then, how much rent must he get? A hundred pounds. You see, it's quite simple."

"Yes, a hundred pounds. . . . Papa, does the big

white lamp in the dining-room still smoke when you light it?"

"Of course. Now you've got some idea of interest, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. But how does money *bear* interest? It's not like a pear-tree. It's quite dead—money."

"Little stupid!" said her father. After all, though, it was her teacher's affair.

Silence. Then she whispered softly, "I want to go home with you. . . ."

"No. You'll be a sensible little girl, won't you?"

Two tears trickled slowly down her cheeks. Home-sickness turned into shimmering pearls.

Then she smiled and said: "There are three little sisters at school, Papa. The oldest may have three cakes for tea, the next two, and the youngest only one. I wonder if they'll be raised next term."

The father laughed. "There, see what fun you have at school!"

"How do you mean—fun? We think of it, because it makes us laugh. You don't mean what makes us laugh makes us happy?"

"Little philosopher!" said the father, proud and happy, and he read in his little daughter's glistening eyes that philosophy and life are two different things.

She became rosy and pale, pale and rosy, by turns. It was like a struggle in the sweet, small face. Written on it was "Good-bye, Papa, oh, good-bye!"

I wanted to say to the father, "Sir, look at that little Madonna face. There's a small heart breaking."

And he would have replied, "My dear sir, *c'est la vie*. Not everyone can sit in a café all day smoking and dreaming."

The father said, "Where are you in history?" He thought, "She must be distracted. That's my principle."

"We're at Egypt," said the little girl.

"Oh, Egypt!" said the father, as though there were no place in the world like Egypt. He was positively astonished that anyone should ask for anything better than Egypt.

"The Pyramids," he said, "the mummies, King Sesostris, Cheops. Then come the Babylonians and the Assyrians. . . ." The more he could trot out the better.

"Yes," said the child, as much as to say, "What do I care about these dead races?"

"When is your dancing lesson?" said the father. Dancing was a cheerful subject.

"To-day."

"What time?"

"The moment you are gone, Papa. Dancing is from seven to eight."

"Oh, dancing is very good for you. Work hard at it."

The gentleman got up to go. As he politely raised his hat to me I said: "Excuse me, sir, excuse me, please. I have a great, a very great, favour to beg of you. . . ."

"Of me? What is it?"

"I entreat you, sir, to have your little daughter excused her dancing lesson to-day."

He stared at me. Then he pressed my hand.

"Granted," he said.

The angel looked up at me. "How is it you understand me?" said her glistening eyes.

"Run on a little," he said to the child. Then he said to me:

"Excuse me, but do you think the principle is right?"

"Yes, surely," I said. "Where the soul is concerned the only right principle is to have none at all."

(*Authorized Translation by Beatrice Marshall.*)

ON PRIVATE UNIVERSES

By J. W. N. Sullivan

An interesting statement, made with great frequency a few years ago, asserts that we believe what we want to believe. It is a statement which is obviously largely true, and which seems, just as obviously, to be largely false. To make it seem wholly true requires a fair amount of ingenuity; the ingenuity is expended, of course, on making vaguer and more comprehensive the verb "to want"; we find that we are once more assisting at that process so familiar in modern psychological writings whereby a term is gradually purified of its popular meaning till it is at last presented with almost no meaning. When at last we give our assent to propositions involving this purified term we have a bemused conviction that we have made an addition to our knowledge. We also discover, a little later, that we are curiously embarrassed whenever we try to explain to others in what this addition to knowledge consists. Our enlightenment is, in fact, of that singularly elusive kind which most philosophical literature seems to confer.

It is nevertheless true that beliefs are conditioned by personal preferences, and it is even possible that no truth has exactly the same significance for any two minds. No mind is a *tabula rasa*; any new truth has to be placed within an already existing context; and the more we have experience of men, and the more honest we are with ourselves, the more we see that this context includes vastly more than a collection of previously accepted truths. A new truth is related, not only to our beliefs and desires, but to what may be called our kind of awareness.

ON PRIVATE UNIVERSES

There are people who seem able to take the world quite literally. The generally accepted schemes, current in their time and community, for explaining man and the universe, never appear to be understood by them as schemes possessing possible alternatives, but as final statements about reality. There are other people who seems to be continually haunted by the realization that the whole world of physical science and even of psychology is merely an "appearance." To these people there are degrees of reality. All beliefs which are not mere consequences of definitions are held by them with reservations or, we may say more precisely, are held to be true within a scheme of whose provisional character they are always aware. A distinguished physicist expressed his surprise, the other day, that a certain great man of science appeared literally to believe that atoms were "really there"; that, dotted about in space, there are actual positively charged nuclei, surrounded by actual electrons which are really moving round and round at terrific speeds. It was the distinguished physicist's surprise which chiefly surprised his hearer. How many physicists are there who would be bewildered to find someone who "really" believed in atoms? And there are people who, in this sense, do not "really" believe in chairs, nor in stars, nor in space and time, nor even in emotions, nor even, it may be, in life and death. Such people are haunted by an awareness of what they call the "spiritual." We are not now referring to metaphysicians, although many metaphysicians are of this race. The function of metaphysics appears to be to show the unreality of tables; but the people we are referring to are less concerned with the unreality of the results of our devices for dealing with the world than they are with the glimpses of reality that certain phenomena give them. As compared with the people who live, undoubting and at home, in a right, tight little universe, these others have a vague but

persistent sense of possibilities which may lead, in favourable cases, to remarkably original achievements, achievements which seem to reveal an unsuspected possibility of the mind. This is not to say that such achievements always originate with men who are aware of what they would be willing to call a "spiritual" reality. I know of no evidence which would lead one to suppose that Einstein, for instance, has any sympathy with the mysticism that some of his disciples declare is supported by his theory. But no one who remembers vividly the kind of difficulty he had in understanding Einstein's theory but will admit that it was altogether different from the difficulty of understanding any ordinary, even if more complicated, investigation in mathematical physics or astronomy. The chief difficulty of the theory lay precisely in the unfamiliar mental context it assumed. Those silly people who tell one that Einstein's theory was already known to poets and philosophers are trying to say something which is not entirely irrelevant. They are trying to say that some poems and philosophies produce in them a sense of possibilities, regarding both the universe and the mind of man, which makes what they vaguely surmise Einstein's theory to be easily credible and perfectly natural. And it is true that the great difficulty in grasping Einstein's theory was the difficulty one had in hoisting oneself out of the commonplace world, even the comparatively commonplace world of orthodox physics, and in realizing just what arbitrary, provisional, and perhaps unnecessary devices of accommodation some of our most solid commonplace realities really are. And it is chiefly the dislike of this effort, as we quite easily see, which is responsible for the grudging attention Einstein's theory still receives from some scientific quarters. Whether or not it is true that the theory supports mysticism, or philosophic idealism, or the belief that man is a spiritual being, or whatever else it has been invoked to support, it is true that it fits more

easily into such general contexts than it does into the naïve realism which takes atoms as being "really there." It still seems possible, for some physicists, to refuse belief to Einstein's theory, but it does not seem, in many cases, that this belief is withheld because of the evidence; it is withheld because such physicists are uneasy at that *kind* of explanation. And it is welcomed, in some other quarters, not so much for its logical consistency and its experimental confirmations, as because it is the kind of theory which fits in with the man's total attitude towards things. Even here, therefore, there is some truth in the saying that we believe what we want to believe. But to talk about what we "want" to believe is probably, in such cases, less just than to say that some beliefs come easier to us because they are consistent with the kind of awareness we have about ourselves and the universe. The cynical twist in the phrase that we believe what we want to believe is not really a bluff facing of facts, but is probably an indication of what these writers want to believe about human nature.

Communication between people who have different kinds of awareness is, except for the ordinary purposes of practice, almost impossible. All their most important terms have different significations. This difficulty is much more apparent, it is true, when the arts, rather than the sciences, are being discussed. But even in the sciences there is, besides the "truth" of a scientific heory, what Dr. Campbell has called its "meaning." The "truth" of a scientific theory is what we may call he objective element in it; it is conceivably the same for ll believers. But the "meaning" of a scientific theory ; different for each individual mind. It is that element) a theory which makes it as personal a creation as a ork of art, and which also, as in works of art, makes personal and largely incommunicable apprehension of possible. To a much slighter degree than with a work

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of art a scientific theory or a great mathematical memoir implies the personal context in which it originated. A sufficiently penetrating criticism could conceivably, for instance, "reconstruct" Weierstrass and Riemann from their mathematical work in a way analogous, although inferior to, the way in which Tolstoy and Dostoevsky can be reconstructed from their literary work. Even the same mathematical theorem, as Poincaré has said, has not precisely the same meaning for two different mathematicians. And it is notorious that there are many unanswerable philosophic theories which nearly all people except their authors feel no disposition to believe. They have been elaborated to make coherent a certain kind of awareness, to satisfy certain desires, and to accommodate certain truths, but the kind of awareness and the desires served by the theory may be too little representative for the theory to have a wide appeal.

But if one's reaction even towards scientific theories can serve to indicate the kind of awareness one possesses, the indication is much clearer in the case of the arts. The indication is here so clear that it suffices to divide those interested in the arts into two main classes. There are those to whom certain great works of art give precisely the least ambiguous glimpse of that "reality" for which they seek; to whom a work of art affords an incommunicable but most precious revelation. And there are those who find that a work of art awakens in them a most pleasurable meaningless emotion. This emotion is often referred to as "the aesthetic emotion." It appears that a distinct appetite, different from hunger or the sexual appetite, is satisfied by works of art, and the satisfaction of this appetite is a source of pleasure greatly valued by its possessors. This appetite has never been properly investigated. We know practically nothing about its physiological conditions, and as little about its evolution. It may even be that it is confined

wholly to man, although authorities differ on this point. The aesthetic emotion experienced by animals seems to be associated with their state of sexual excitement, and to be strongest at mating time. Whether this dependence of the aesthetic emotion on the sexual state also holds good of man has not yet been determined, and the matter is further complicated by the fact that connoisseurs in art, like the rest of mankind, have no periodic mating time. But it is established that the aesthetic emotion differs in intensity according to the work of art to which the subject is submitting himself. There are more and less desirable works of art, as there are more or less palatable kinds of food. A man finds by experience what works of art satisfy his appetite most completely, and he is thus enabled to construct his private hierarchy—his private menu, as it were. It does not follow, of course, that each work of art occupies a different position on the list. A quite considerable number of items may be grouped together at the top of the list—all the "perfect" works of art. A Michel Angelo statue and a Serbian mat, a stanza by Herrick and a play by Shakespeare, may all be perfect, *i.e.*, each one of these objects may arouse the intensest aesthetic emotion of which the subject is capable. The division into "great" and "small" is irrelevant in this context. There are "perfect" and "imperfect" works of art; those that produce orgasm, and those which confer only partial satisfaction.

The classification by great and small, on the other hand, indicates a quite different context, a different kind of awareness on the part of the critic. A great work of art may produce in him a heightened consciousness, an increased state of awareness, may enable him to glimpse a reality he does not normally perceive. And the unique value of art to him consists precisely in the fact that it appears to be the only vehicle by which such revelations can be conveyed. Certainly he finds it

impossible to convey the revelation in any other terms. The perception, in this way, of what he feels to be reality may, like other acts of comprehension, be attended with considerable pleasure. But to him the *raison d'être* of a work of art is not its communication of pleasure, but its communication of comprehension. And there are great and small revelations.

One is very sensitive to these different mental contexts. Great men are usually not only more sensitive, but more homogeneous, than the ordinary run of men. Their greater sensitiveness has enabled them to accept and to reject more swiftly and decisively than we can do, and so they have achieved, with exceptional purity, a personal vision of life. Their remarks on one another often strike one not only as *saugrenu*, but as delivered with quite unnecessary passion. They lack our broad tolerance, but then they also lack our indifference ; they have a swift, violent reaction, where we are only conscious of a gentle stirring of muddled emotions. The curious popularity amongst great Russian writers of the question " Does he believe in God ? " is probably an indication that the answer gave them a good rough estimate of the sort of context within which the man's statements should be related. Similarly, a remark on coal-miners may, for us, awaken suspicion of every other one of the man's remarks, even when they appear to be correct statements of our own belief. It is easily possible to assent to every statement in a book and yet to dislike it profoundly ; we have condemned the book for what it does not say, and it is this judgment which is the really important one. Philosophical literature forms a very good example of the way in which the tone, the attitude, can be more important than the explicit statement. Admirers of Plato do not feel called upon to defend the logic of Socrates. The value of Plato, to those who get nourishment from him, depends chiefly upon his

attitude towards the questions he discusses, the context within which he relates them, the kind of solution he seeks. A perfectly clear and logically impeccable treatment of these questions by another mind may appear to the lover of Plato merely as arid and insensitive. It would not appear to him that the same questions were, in truth, being discussed, although the statements of the questions might be logically equivalent. It is perfectly possible for a writer to be clear and logical, to be in possession of a thoroughly self-consistent scheme, and able to meet all explicit objections to it, and yet the effect on a reader with a different kind of awareness may simply be that the writer does not know what he is talking about.

There is a certain amount of common ground, of course. In the practical affairs of life, and to a very large extent in the sciences, all men may speak the same language. But the rest of human discourse is concerned with statements which have not exactly the same meaning for any two minds, and where the differences in meaning may be profound. It is not easy to find other men whose problems are our problems. Philosophic speculation has proved so fruitless not only, it may be supposed, because of the inherent difficulty of the questions, but because the questions are never quite the same. And one's "favourite" philosopher is not he who knows the answers to one's questions, but he who convinces one that he knows the questions. It is as well to realize that God has created a diversity of creatures, if only because it helps us not to be impatient with those who do not understand our language.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Sitwells.—The Sitwell sister and brothers have each published a book of verse within the last twelve months; and the latest volume is Osbert Sitwell's *Out of the Flame* (Grant Richards, Ltd., 6s. net), which has set my thoughts flowing around the triune phenomenon. The Sitwells can all write. They are educated in words. They are interested in words; they have an affection for words—even if they have a greater affection for images. This at any rate cannot be denied of them. To my mind—and I have said it before—Edith is the most accomplished technician in verse (unless it be Robert Bridges) now writing. Her skill dazzles me, who once attempted rhyme. Further, the Sitwells are all personages. See them in the flesh. See Edith's portrait in the Tate. Further, they all afflict the public—I mean the poetical public: which is a grand thing to do. They seldom or never deal with love. They exult in a scrap. Battle is in the curve of their nostrils. They issue forth from their bright pavilions and demand trouble. And few spectacles are more touching than their gentle, quiet, surprised, ruthless demeanour when they get it, as they generally do. Under the leadership of Osbert they have printed themselves on the map. Osbert is a born impresario—the Charles B. Cochran of the muse (and let no high-brow frown disdainfully upon Charles B. Cochran, who has real taste in various arts). Osbert "presents" the family, and does it with originality. Edith is the chief gladiator, and like Eclipse has never been beaten. Sacheverell is the dark horse. Sacheverell's sole volume, published last year, *The 101 Harlequins*, attracted, I fear, little notice from the mandarins. Ninety-three harlequins were omitted from it (why?);

but despite the vast omission, it appeared to me to be a wonderful portent. It is most damnably difficult, though it seems less difficult to me this year than it did last. I can still make scarcely anything of the sixth Harlequin, for example, or of several other pieces. And when you have finished the book you feel like nothing at all. But I will stand till I fall dead by the positive assertion that there is a very considerable amount of new beauty in this book. You don't see it clearly. It tantalizes you by its shyness. You see it moving dimly at the ends of misty glades. It exists, however. It is a characteristically Sitwellian beauty. And more than any other Sitwell book or manifestation *The 101 Harlequins* persuades you to be convinced that the Sitwells live in a world of perceptions and sensations of their own—in a "dimension" of their own, extraordinarily, insultingly, different from anybody else's. Their idiom, perhaps, comprises too many unicorns, harlequins, and Kinfoots; it perhaps is too busy with the mischief of making one sense do the work of another (seeing sounds, hearing colours, etc., etc.); but the idiom may be modified, is being modified; and anyhow it is only the vehicle, not the content. Osbert's *Out of the Flame* is the longest stride forward by the Sitwells up to date. It made me reflect that the trio is still quite young, and may develop in astonishing ways. It really excited me; for in my shortsightedness I had looked upon Osbert as simply a satirist, as the slayer of Kinfoots and their kind. And lo! he is now creating ideal beauty. *Out of the Flame* and *Two Garden Pieces*, in particular, are lovely and original poems. The satirical part of the volume, while it contains the best satire that Osbert has yet done, is inferior in essential quality to the first part. And I am inclined to think that Mrs. Kinfoot is definitely slain and should be buried. I observe with deep pain what looks like bad grammar in the last line of p. 39. I note that the author

says that his thanks are due to certain papers for permission to reprint. But unless he has mismanaged his business and betrayed the whole race of authors by unjustifiable concessions to newspapers, he needs nobody's "permission to reprint," and the book-copyright of his work is solely his.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

DUSE.—In all the recent praises of Duse's acting, praises from which I should hate to detract, I have nowhere seen mention of what is the keynote of her personality, alike as woman and as artist. It has often and truly been said that Duse is herself upon the stage, yet I greatly doubt if the inward meaning of this phrase has ever been brought home to her admirers. They have been content to attribute it to her well-known renunciation of make-up, and to the other ways in which she has underlined her superb lack of artifice. But what that self of hers solely and imperatively stands for has not once been clearly stated.

Every great actress, I take it, has in the widest sense been herself upon the stage. Sarah Bernhardt was herself. Ellen Terry was herself. But Bernhardt's power of depicting almost every one of the accepted passions provided a range of expression by which she could elicit a wide and varied human response. It also forced upon her a certain variety by way of artifice. She could portray the passion, not merely of sorrow, but also of love, of pride, of ambition, of greed, of cruelty. Without ceasing to be herself she could embody the love of a mother, of a child, of a mistress, of a wife. Ellen Terry, on the other hand, could set inimitably before us all the homelier, and therefore more pathetic emotions. Whether as queen or as washerwoman she remained the perfect mistress of our everyday human qualities, especially the more lovable among them. Devotion (not to an ideal but to a person), jollity, shrewdness, bewilderment, warmth, mischief,

motherliness—each one of the dear domestic virtues and failings: her personification of these things made her the greatest of all Shakespearian actresses and endeared her to each heart in each audience as I imagine no other actress has ever before endeared herself. And into both these arts—Bernhardt's and Ellen Terry's—sacrifice could, and if need be did, enter. That is, in so far as sacrifice enters into rich and passionate life, sacrifice had its place in their presentments of it.

But with Duse it is otherwise. With her everything except sacrifice is either excluded or it is admitted without prime importance, almost on sufferance as a kind of sop to human weakness.

I have seen Duse many times. In Germany over twenty years ago I saw her in *La Dame aux Camélias, Heimath*, and other pieces. In Italy a few years later I saw her as Paula Tanqueray and as La Gioconda. I have also seen her more than once in London. And no matter what part she plays she sees to it that she is the sacrificial lamb. Is she mother? She is *mater dolorosa* from the moment she comes upon the stage. Is she wife? As *Madonna immaculata* she towers above a brutal or merely pigmy spouse. Is she daughter or harlot? As *femina immolata* she is piteous victim to the stupidity of parents or the baseness of males. Her Juliet I never saw, but I am certain that even here the exquisite interpretation, of which I have heard from eye-witnesses, was that of a girl sacrificed on the altar of passion or of family feuds. Whensoever, whatsoever Duse plays there, there is an altar, and wild horses would not prevent her from immolation upon it. And even on the rather rare occasions when she played in comedies such as Goldoni's *La Locandiera*, Duse was never truly heart-free. Her fun in its essence was *de haut en bas*, and on the slightest opportunity her sorrowful obsession would resume its sway. Then—and oh, so subtly!—she would remount her pinnacle of

super-pity, super-gentleness, while laughter would be relegated to its place among the groundlings.

And it is long since she practically abandoned comedy. More and more she has chosen plays which are definitely sacrificial—nay, more, she has brought them into being. D'Annunzio knew what he was doing when he concocted circumstances in which wifely devotion should involve the amputation of both Duse's beautiful hands. (How her heart must have rejoiced when she first learned of that situation!) And her very latest choice—*Così sia*—treats of a mother's double, surely unavailing sacrifice. But lacking such holocausts she will serve her sacrificial hunger with the half-loaf of a play which can without too great violence be twisted to a similar meaning. In *Ghosts* she gives us not Ibsen's Mrs. Alving but a predestined victim whose crucified soul to our first glance is fully conscious of its doom. Again, in *The Lady from the Sea* she uses her long-sought and at last freely granted liberty—how? Scarcely as a free woman making her free choice. Much more as one determined upon sacrifice, as one who can only use liberty itself as but another offering on the marital altar. Sad, always sad. Always the wronged one who by her nobility in suffering somehow puts all the world in the wrong.

Duse audiences always have to grovel a bit, and to my mind at least it has seemed as if this grovelling has infected the other players who occupy the stage with her. She is more than the centre of her stage. Her very presence there condemns the physical, and sucks the spiritual vitality out of every other character. In love, in sorrow, even in playfulness she is invariably ineffable. The manner in which she caresses her younger sister's head as Magda, the infinitely superior detachment of suffering with which she bestows affection upon her husband as Paula Tanqueray, are, if we put their fine art aside, wholly insulting and intolerable

toward a fellow being. In real life no man or woman of backbone would endure them, unless for a moment during some terrific crisis, and even then a touch of something spiritually simple—a hint of stoicism, of rebellion however vain, of impatience, of bewilderment, horror or common affection—would be more deeply winning. It is, I think, noteworthy that Duse has never been identified with the Greek tragedies. Hers has always been the strictly Christian, the Catholic idea of sacrifice, self-imposed, not fatal as is the classic idea. —Catherine Carswell.

Utopias.—Wells in his latest vision of Utopia has deliberately shown us how unsuitable a place it would be for various types of mind and character; and this despite the fact that his ideal is both robust and kindly, worshipful of machinery and respectful to the higher mathematics; and that all men and women work there, as a few work here, because they love to work and to serve the general interest, the advancement of knowledge and the good of mankind.

Shaw in *Back to Methuselah* has given us a different and far more unpopular picture of self-governing man. Machines have disappeared, mathematics have, we may assume, been absorbed into the larger processes of the mind, all pleasures, physical and emotional—including the practice of aesthetics—are outlived in the first four years of life, and thereafter the individual becomes immersed even more deeply in the abstractions of pure thought.

These two conceptions of man's development are sufficiently differentiated to underline Wells's admission that one man's Heaven is another man's Hell; and we can safely assume that if we were miraculously able to begin the year "one" of a Wellsian Utopia to-morrow, there would be an immense number of people, including a proportion of intellectuals, who would regret the

change. Indeed, it sometimes seems true, in heretical moments, that our present condition is necessary and essential.

This is not to say that I condemn, in any sense, these pictures of Utopia. They are my favourite reading. But their uses are to sweeten the mind and strengthen the character, rather than to furnish the material for propaganda. None of them includes all the elements of our present condition; and in this primitive society of ours, all the elements are necessary, inasmuch as education cannot be substituted for experience. There are so many things which can be learnt only through emotional experience.

But the thought that remains with me is the strange reflection that none of our Utopias has been purely mystical. The majority of them are either social or political, while Shaw's has a strong flavour of the occult. I suppose the truth is that the Utopia-building mind is always a reforming mind, something too much in love with its own conceits and apt to become impatient; while the true mystic solves all problems by his comprehension of life as it is. He has no need for Utopias.—J. D. BERESFORD.

THE REVIEWERS AGAIN.—In this hot weather and with the second issue of THE ADELPHI before me I have been inclined to offer a sort of bathing garment of fig leaves to the Editor instead of my usual contribution. But I don't know Mr. Lawrence's waist measure, and so I will go on with my complaint against current reviewing and publishing in the case of two other books I have read recently, both of them good books and both failures. One is *Mr. Podd of Borneo*, by a Mr. Blundell—I don't know his initials, and someone has taken away my copy—a book that made me laugh repeatedly. It is a guy, done in the most infectious high spirits, of what one might call Sir Basil Thomson-ism. It is extremely

funny; it has a lot about horses, to which animals the Bull public is supposed to be conspicuously susceptible; it is written most agreeably. Why has it been let down? The other book I have in mind is *Ermytage and the Curate*, by A. M. Cogswell, which, in spite of its silly title, is not a funny book at all, but a vivid story of war experiences on the Western front. Both these books are excellent to read; neither has had the ghost of a chance. They have not the distinguished quality of the three books I named last month, but they are high above the average of the books on the bookstalls and in the shop windows.—H. G. WELLS.

AND YET AGAIN.—It is time some reviewers gave up writing, since, although their pens still go on, it is clear that their minds have ceased to function. The following flowers of thought bloomed all together in a single column of a recent number of the *Outlook*:—

> It really is high time that (some of the younger) poets began to take themselves (a shade) less seriously, and to give (just a little) more consideration to (the small number of) people (which is still) willing to pay money in order to read their books. . . .

If you observe the effect of the words I have put in parentheses you will discover that they make nonsense of the rest. For example, it is not poets who are to take themselves less seriously, but only "some of the younger" poets; and, further, they are not to take themselves less seriously, but only "a shade" less seriously. We are not told what sort of "a shade," but obviously what the writer means is that they should betake themselves "into the shade"; then they are not to give more consideration to people, but "just a little" more consideration; the reason for "just a little" is a sound business one: it is because of "the small number of" people "which is still" willing to pay money in order to read.

Here is the writer's second dictum :—

> Unless poetry is intended to give pleasure, there is no justification for publication.

But "pleasure" to whom? It would be a poor poet who gave pleasure to some people!

Number three :—

> Poetry ought not to require the same degree of mental application which we may be willing to give a chess problem or a complex exposition in metaphysics.

Obviously the application which this reviewer has to give to a chess problem or an exposition in metaphysics is more than his brain can stand.

Number four :—

> If (the poet) thinks that he has discovered something new and not easily to be understood . . . then he should attempt to explain his discovery.

But his poetry is his exposition of his discovery. Einstein himself cannot make his Theory of Relativity clear to everybody. Those who run may read, but those who crawl at a snail's pace will not be able to spell out the letters.

Number five :—

> A poet who intends to publish his writings further intends, in theory at least, to receive money in exchange for them, and the least he can do is to agree with himself to meet his readers' intelligence half-way.

I agree that it is the least, not the most, he can do, and I don't see any real poet doing it. I think in these five instructions we have assembled the worst advice ever given to an artist since Mozart's father told him to be sure to write music that would please everybody, to which Mozart replied : "There will be music in my next composition for all sorts of ears, but none for long ears."
—W. J. TURNER.

MR. LAWRENCE AND THE MIRACLE AT CANA.—I dis-agree with much of Mr. Lawrence's article on Education and Sex ; I am, however, in thorough accord with him

when he insists that men, especially great men and men with missions, should not neglect the claims of their womenfolk. So I am the more sorry that he should, through a misapprehension, reject, at the end of his essay, a very considerable ally. He could have found, had he cared to, in the history of Jesus of Nazareth vehement support for his contention that "it behoves every man in his hour to take off his shoes and relax and give himself up to his woman and her world." For the first thirty years of His life Jesus lived at home; and His parables are full of illustrations from the domestic work of women, baking, sweeping, and saving. During His ministry Jesus is never slow to give prominence to the woman's view of things—encouraging Magdalen in her waste of the ointment, sympathising with Mary of Bethany's desire for instruction, risking His disciples' respect by talking with a foreign woman at a wayside well, and at His last moment thinking of where His mother is to live, untroubled by the rebukes of His unbelieving brethren.

Mr. Lawrence quotes the authorized version of Jesus' reply to Mary when she told Him of the failure of wine at the wedding feast in Cana. The ordinary translation, with Mary's rejoinder, makes no sense. "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." His mother saith unto the servants: "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." I think there is no doubt that the real meaning of the Greek is, "What business is it of ours, Lady? But, anyhow, it is not quite the moment." Then Mary, well aware of her son's meaning and of His desire to help the host in a difficult position, says to the slaves: "You do what Jesus tells you, and things will be all right." Even if the traditional translation were accepted, there is no ground for Mr. Lawrence's complaint, "He might have added, 'just now.'" For that is precisely what He did add—"this is not quite the moment."—R. Ellis Roberts.

STONEHENGE.—What are we to make of those moments when our ordinary mechanism of adaptation, our senses, our reasoning faculties, our conscious, robust, splendidly adequate sense of probability no longer form an efficient barrier, and something from a remote part of our being, something strange, unassimilable but undeniable, slips through? I had one of those moments when, a few days ago, I first saw Stonehenge. I went in a mood of the idlest and most cheerful curiosity. At first glance those few rough stones seemed almost insignificant in the middle of that great sunlit plain. Guns sounded in the distance; two aeroplanes passed overhead; there were a few people. And then, not suddenly and not gradually, those stones took the life out of the day. The knowledge came to me that those stones belonged to the plain and the plain to the stones in a way that is true only of accomplished things—things that no passage of time can even now modify or reverse. Whatever the spirit and whatever the knowledge that had made that formation of stones necessary was still, I knew then, in possession of the plain. And the spirit that made them was something that I knew and that all men knew—and that we do not know because we prefer not to know. It seemed to me that it was something that man has had to pass through, some knowledge he has had to assimilate, one of the great strides towards what man is to be—just as one day man may have to assimilate inter-stellar space. But that lies in the future, and the consciousness that made Stonehenge lies in the past. It is something dark and cold to our present warmer, fuller life. But something was known by men then that we still know, but that—it seems to be a law—we must not now consciously know. And I wondered how many Stonehenges there have been in the life of man. The passage up from the slime has been a tremendous journey. The biologists think now that not all the

steps taken by our body were gradual. The body has leapt. And our minds, our consciousness, our spirit? I think Stonehenge testifies to a leap.

Such were my fancies on that brilliant day. What is one to do with them? I don't know, but yearly I grow more bored with philosophies that pooh-pooh them, or refer them to my liver, or to the mythical entities of psychological "science."—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ELEMENT IN PAINTING.—I am often asked to explain the real meaning of painting. And, although it is an almost hopeless task to express in words that which painting so much more naturally and completely expresses through its own medium, I yet feel strongly drawn to try to point out the existence of that element in painting which is so little understood or realized by many, and which is so all-important. I call it *The Architectural Element.*

A picture, before it can have a real existence, or be one integral whole, or have in itself the capacity to convey an idea or a sentiment or anything whatsoever with true significance, must be built up as firmly and solidly as a well-built house, and, like a well-built house, give the impression that it will stand for all time.

Basically, a painting is made up of coloured masses, and it is with these that the artist builds, each one of them being as it were a brick forming part of the final edifice.

To my mind, the *Idea* is never expressed with true pictorial force unless it is inevitably and completely interlaced with *the architectural structure.*

In a picture, an idea or sentiment, without this structure, is like a real window set in a cardboard house. And I am bound to add, structure without vision is like a house with only the foundation laid.—MARK GERTLER.

MR. JOINER AND THE "ADELPHI"

By The Journeyman

MR. JOINER sat on an upturned pail in his garden waiting for his supper, frowning at a hollyhock. The weather was terrible, stifling without sunshine. The silly little flower-pots stuck upside down on the tops of the flower-stakes annoyed him. They didn't even sit square; they hung jauntily, drunkenly sideways; they positively jeered at him. And he thought of their insides, a sultry mass of shiny earwigs, creatures that didn't have to breathe, didn't have, he supposed, to do anything except make nuisances of themselves. . . . There was a soft whirring in the air behind his head, as of a delicate, invisible fairy aeroplane. He turned slowly round to distinguish it. The whirring ceased. A delicate, invisible, red-hot fairy needle was pressed into the back of his neck. What the. . . !

He scratched furiously at his reddened neck, and scornfully pursued his ruminations. Why was it he had nothing to put up against such a mood and such a day?

> God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world,

sang a remembered voice from his school poetry-book. Oh, crumbs! He would just like to go and *sting* that chap. Robert Browning—he was dead: lucky for him! Mr. Joiner smiled, as he did in his moments of vision. He saw himself delicately whirring about London, stinging his bugbears. He would begin with old Wotherspoon over the fence. Wotherspoon practised golf-shots

with a parachute-ball on Sunday afternoon. Because he had heard Mr. and Mrs. Joiner laughing from the invisible depths of their sitting-room, he had built an elaborate barricade of canvas and trellis-work to screen himself: he had also spoiled their view. Silly old buffaloon! It pleased Mr. Joiner to imagine himself winging his way musically towards Wotherspoon. He paused in his flight to consider where best to strike him. There was only one place, really. Eclipse was first, the rest nowhere. And that rotund expanse of grey check trousering! Mr. Joiner almost groaned with the pain of frustration.

He rose from his bucket, a happier man, and wandered indoors. "It's no use coming in just yet," called Rosie. "Supper won't be ready for twenty minutes."

"Very well, my dear." He was engaged in stinging the Archbishop of Canterbury. Did Bishops have backs to their aprons? he wondered.

He picked up THE ADELPHI, No. 2. When Bates at the office had told him there was an article about him in the first number he had laughed. "Another chap of the same name," he said. "Big family—the Joiners. Come down in the world. Large estates at Turnham Green: feudal—Doomsday book and that sort of thing."

"Is that so?" Bates had said, obviously impressed. He was not good at seeing jokes. "But you don't read Shakespeare or the Bible, do you?" Bates asked.

"Good Lord, no!"

"Your wife isn't by any chance called Rosie?"

"Rosie!" Joiner had the presence of mind to laugh, though he didn't in the least feel like laughing. "Rosie! Why her name's Berengaria."

"*What?*"

"Berengaria. Keep it to yourself, old man. *We* couldn't help it."

On his way home Joiner bought a copy. It rather

worried him in the train. He had the unusual and uncomfortable sensation of not really existing. Every time his eyes returned to the sentence—and it certainly fascinated him—" He is invented. His name is Mr. Joiner," he felt slightly sick, as though he were being swung through interstellar space.

And the odd thing was that as he read about himself he seemed to remember it all; yet until he read it he could have sworn that nothing of the kind had ever happened to him. Yet that bit about the Prodigal Son—he *knew* that somehow, and that about " Make death proud to take us "—he *knew* that too; yet he could have sworn he hadn't known the words. Surely he would have remembered if he had ever said those lines on the wav to the boss's rom. Why, you could hardly forget stuff like that! And now, somehow, he did remember it; remembered it better than anything else. It seemed to be stored away in some part of him where things never had been stored before—in the pit of his stomach, for instance, in the base of his spine, in some cell, perhaps, that was the centre of him when he was born, the first element of himself that harboured in his mother's womb, an element round which the rest of him had grown till it was hidden and overlaid.

And for some instinctive reason he tore out " Mr. Joiner and the Bible " before he showed THE ADELPHI to Rosie. " 'Ads!" he explained. " Can't stand ads mixed up with the reading." He tucked the torn-out pages away in his cash-box, together with his Savings Bank book. They were precious to him; but he thought of them with a kind of fear.

That night, at supper, he said nonchalantly:

" I say, Rosie, you don't remember my borrowing your Bible, do you?"

Rosie dropped her knife and stared at him.

"No-o," she said. "But——"

"But what?"

"I found the Bible downstairs in your chair, one morning. And, the night before——" She blushed into silence.

"Well?"

"You said something, when you came to bed, about the Prodigal Son. I can't remember what it was; but it was lovely—and so were you," she added quickly.

"Lovely!" gasped Mr. Joiner. "Good Lord!"

"No, that's not what I mean. You weren't any different to look at, but—I wish we could be always like that. I feel—oh, I don't know—that's what we were meant to be. Everybody," she added vaguely.

There were tears in Rosie's eyes. Mr. Joiner jumped up and kissed her. She would not let him go; she held her head buried in his Harris-tweed; then she pulled his head down to the level of her lips.

"I think—I don't know——" she whispered, "I'm going to have a baby."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Joiner.

After that life began to be rather mysterious for him. He was happy in all sorts of ways: happy at the thought of a child, for their first and only one had died at birth, and all but killed Rosie, too; happy at this queer feeling he had whenever he looked at his wife, as though he were seeing her for the very first time. But these things were only part of another feeling, vague, deep, and disturbing, which returned at unexpected moments, and for which happiness was not the name at all. He was being taken in charge by something, being driven not unkindly, being made to *fulfil* things. There was even a note in his voice which he couldn't recognize as being wholly his own. Not that it belonged to anyone else. It was his, all right, in some way or other. But he couldn't produce it; it produced itself, and he never knew quite

when it was coming. He found himself saying odd, rather nice things to people in trams, and when people heard them they smiled as though his voice were a kind of restful music. He was quite certain it wasn't what he said—they smiled quite differently at his best jokes—it was the voice. Besides, he had peculiar fancies. He fancied that this child of his was going to be amazingly beautiful. He began to look at himself very hard in the glass while he was shaving, and there were moments when he thought he saw, as it were, at the back of his reflection in the mirror, the outlines of a face, the depths of eyes, a secret line of lips that were not his own—and yet they were. And the depths of those eyes, when he looked into them, were so profound, so still and so serene, that he felt that the child whose they were to be must be a genius. Mr. Joiner had no better word for what he meant; but he did not mean that exactly.

All these things thrilled and disturbed him. Moments came when he felt that something quite preposterous might be required of him. That was all right. What was not all right was the sense that if the something preposterous *were* required of him he would do it without a murmur, with a kind of deep and secret acquiescence. It was all quite indefinable; he could not have spoken of it: but sometimes, when he was looking at Rosie as if for the very first time, their eyes met, and he felt that she knew what was going on, and because she knew she also knew it was best to say nothing. Moreover, besides this state of fear and exaltation, Mr. Joiner had his moments of depression, when without warning he seemed to fall clean through the floor of this heaven where he understood and obeyed. He had one such moment when he was sitting on the upturned pail; but, as we have seen, he had his own methods of escaping them.

He returned to his pail with the second number of The Adelphi. He was rather relieved it contained nothing more about him. It was hard enough already to keep his life together. It had become distinctly restive, unstable, as though ready at any moment to splinter into a thousand glittering fragments. He didn't want another bomb-shell dropped on to it, even though it took the shape of a falling star. But when he found that the "Journeyman" was not playing any more tricks with him he settled down less gingerly to read the paper through. "A Month After" made him uncomfortable. For some queer reason he wanted to turn his eyes away. A man shouldn't give himself away like that, he thought, not like *that*. He wasn't really compelled to do that; not *really* compelled. And as he thought these thoughts he was a little astonished at them, even though he had learned by now not to be astonished at anything that came into his head. He had once again the sense of moving along a mysterious road, and of knowing things that, it seemed, he could not possibly know—the difference between being compelled and being *really* compelled, for example.

Mr. Joiner put the book down and stared at the inverted flower-pots. They looked to him like funny little invisible men each with his hat at a different angle. "Nineteen jolly good boys—all in a row," he murmured. It was the first comic song he had ever heard. He wondered how big he was when he first heard it. So small that it had sounded like thunder in his ears, terrifying and not comic at all. What a dark and unknown place the world had been, how strange and incalculable! Then another of his odd fancies took hold of him. It struck him that the world ought not to have been strange. There had been a mistake: somehow men had made a mess of things; above all, of themselves. Things were so bad because they themselves

were blind. They were not *really* compelled any more; they lost touch; they could not respond; they were fragmentary instead of whole. And, if they held the thread for a minute, they lost it again, and began to wander about in the darkness, leaning on laws and dogmas and policemen and armies, on anything except themselves. And so, working in the darkness, with mere fragments of their powers, they had built for themselves a monstrous habitation in the image of their stunted souls.

Because they had lost the thread. Even Tolstoi had lost the thread. How could little men help themselves?

A new generation, murmured Mr. Joiner. A generation that should not be divided from its heritage or from itself. Men and women who should never have forgotten the freedom, the pride, the unity of their own being; who knew compulsion when it came, and whence it came; who could do no other than obey themselves; men and women who were whole.

And even while he thought these thoughts, and while he looked with love and fear into the eyes of the child of his soul who had risen before him to embody them, Mr. Joiner felt sad, for he could plainly read in those eyes that there still would be many mistakes, many sufferings, many disappointments; yes, and many treacheries, many stonings and many denials before these things should be.

MULTUM IN PARVO

CHANGING A MILKMAN.—You say people are to write to you about things on which they feel strongly, and you will publish it if it interests you. I wonder if this will.

The other day I caught my milkman giving me short measure. It was the first time I had measured my milk, and what made me do it was a vague feeling that my milk hadn't been going so far as it used to. So, when I found he was a quarter of a pint short in a pint, I knew I had been systematically cheated for a long while. I went round immediately with it to his shop. His wife appeared and said that she had measured the milk, and had, in fact, given me rather more than a pint. She said also that the cat must have drunk it while it was outside my door. I pointed out that my milk-can had a tight-fitting lid. "Well," she said, "I'll see it doesn't happen in future."

I hadn't the courage to say "I'm going to get my milk elsewhere." I went home. I couldn't get it out of my mind; I positively brooded over it all the morning. I was determined to change my milkman; yet I couldn't summon up courage to tell him so. I sat down and wrote a letter. That seemed to be giving way to cowardice, so I tore it up. I wandered about my room restlessly, angry with myself for my weakness, and angry with the milkman for making me suffer this. When I went out the horrible thing clung to me. Never for one moment did I cease to think about it.

At about tea-time there was a knock at my door. It was the milkman himself. He said he was very sorry. I simply could not speak. At last I managed to say: "It upset me very much." I knew that it was now or never. With an effort of all my will I gulped out: "I'm awfully sorry, but I've given my order somewhere else."

He said "Very good, m'm," and went away. I shut the door and burst out crying.

This may sound very trivial to you. But I fancy there are a great many people like myself, who are condemned to go through agonies for such a simple matter. Yet no one ever mentions them. Why should a milkman's dishonesty compel me to suffer eight hours' torment. And, I may say, that is nothing to what I have to go through in getting rid of a dishonest servant. What is it? Why is it?—E. M.

A Dream.—Why do you not publish dreams? Of course, I know it is dangerous with so many Freudians about. But why should they have the monopoly of dreams? Particularly, seeing that their dreams are so dull. This one, however, strikes me as funny, and as having in a small way the specific dream-quality.

I dreamed—I am, by the way, a man of thirty-one—that I was outside a provision shop. At the counter inside was a little insignificant man holding a long ham-knife with which he smacked the counter. Two young men were leaning with their elbows on the counter talking to him, but at the same time looking out of the shop door, watching me. I was wearing a smart grey spring overcoat and an alpine hat—distinctly well-dressed. Outside the shop were piles of tins of sardines—nothing else. I wanted some sardines, and I stared at them a long while undecided, particularly at some very large gamboge-coloured tins, like big corned beef tins, of which two or three were lying carelessly sideways on the floor. At last I plucked up courage and went inside to ask the price. "I want the best sardines," I said, trying to ignore the grinning young men. The shop-man said the gamboge tins were the best sardines, and they cost six francs; but, he said, the difficulty with those large tins—here he smacked his knife down on the counter—was that once they were opened you had

to finish them, or they might go bad. This convinced me, and I said I'd better have something smaller. He spoke to one of the young men, who, still grinning, got down an oval tin with a loose paper label from a shelf on the other side of the shop. I then saw that the shop contained nothing but sardines.

The shopman held out the tin to me and said, "These are the best sardines; they are Vermeers of Delft—a Dutch brand," and he pointed to the label. There were four lines of print on a white background. I read them, recognizing that they were Dutch, but not understanding them. The only word that struck me was "Hoyos." I took the tin, thanked the man, and went out of the shop.—A. M.

"Melloney Holtspur."—It sounds like a halfpenny poster when I ask, "Is the Intellectual Theatre suffering from too much criticism?" I put it in the rather ineffectual form of a question, firstly because I am an outsider, and secondly because when a play of this kind affects one emotionally then criticism flies out of the window! But in spite of this I cannot help feeling that a great many critics of the drama, both official and unofficial, are apt, by the very alertness of their intellect, to surround their emotional capacity with a sort of armour of challenge—their minds are too much on the defensive to allow the dramatist to grip them as he might. But if they went home with the impression and allowed that to challenge their critical faculty, then we might get not a more favourable result, but one that does justice to the play as a whole. There was a criticism of the New Shakespeare Company's first season in London, where the predominant note was a complaint because the scene-shifters could be heard moving the furniture! This is an extreme instance; but these are the people who are greatly addicted to addressing meetings on the subject of "The Future of the Drama,"

and they never encourage it to have any present! The Playbox surely is a sign of life in the theatre, the Repertory spirit appearing in a particularly attractive and favourable setting—let us rejoice accordingly!

I think Mr. Masefield has tackled a baffling subject in a most beautiful way—not scientifically, but humanly. I have often thought of inaugurating a "League of Pity for Ghosts"—for the gentleman with clanking chains compelled to carry his head under his arm and be on duty for any profiteer who cares to pay an extra thousand for his presence in the Ancestral Halls; or for the genuinely pathetic spirits who are summoned from the other side at intervals to satisfy their friends with accounts of their daily routine. These are not entities, just problems—and Mr. Masefield's is not a problem play, his ghosts live their lives side by side with their descendants; and, though their condemnation is severe, *they have touch, love, repentance, and a "happy ending." Therefore the emotion of the play was very* real, despite the fact that one crashes to earth rather suddenly in places—but who can catch the fleeting vision of a ghost for a whole afternoon?

I wish I did not live in London, then perhaps some pale grandmother with hands like Melloney's might expiate her sin and weave her presence round my house before she passed into the great unknown.—B. M. H.

A Lovely Thing.—The tiles surrounding the garden bed were like little red tombstones, awry and neglected, irregular but carelessly happy, and when the [illegible] yellow-green lizard poked his nose between them they did not think it impertinent, as proper tombstones would have done.

Queer Names.—Curious names often occur in old wills. They are still more numerous in parish registers and in the records preserved at the episcopal [illegible]

[illegible]

Here are a few notable surnames: Christenwheate (Huntingdon, 1658), Athelphroe (London, 1713), Whitticarie (Leicester, 1659), Pitchfork (Stafford, 1797), Berrecloth (Essex, 1796), Haccomplaynt (1639), Sucksmith (1770), Bultitaft (London, 1794), Paticure (1785), Pennaliggan (London, 1803), Bindernagle (1793), and Godbehere (1769).—E. G. C.

TEMPERAMENT AND CRITICISM.—Perhaps criticism would be simplified if we made a declaration of our tastes before pronouncing judgment; for every work of art contains something particular emanating from the personality of the artist, which (quite independently of the execution) is the cause of our being charmed or irritated. Moreover, we can completely admire only works which satisfy our temperament and our mind together. Forgetfulness of this primary distinction is a great cause of injustice.—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

INTERNATIONAL IGNORANCE.—In 1921 I was talking with an Italian family who live in a fine old villa near Florence and have some 300 peasants on the estate. They speak English fluently, and are rich, elegant, apparently cultured people. They had entertained many of our soldiers during the war, and one of their topics of conversation was the intellectual ignorance of English as compared with Italian officers. *Our majors, captains, lieutenants, they said, had heard neither of Savonarola nor of Carducci. Wasn't it a disgrace?* In further talk I then discovered that among the many English names unknown to my hosts were those of Jane Austen, Keats, Trollope, and Meredith. Among living writers they knew only of "the three greatest and most famous," i.e., Marie Corelli, Sir Hall Caine, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie. The name of Thomas Hardy was new to them. They had not heard of Wells, nor of Bennett, nor of Conrad.

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All the same, though not because of Carducci, I fear some English officers are lacking in education. A month before the war started I dined at Camberley in a company including four young Staff officers. I was ill-advised enough to mention H. G. Wells. But at that table, anyhow, no Wells except the Bombardier had entered the plane of the familiar. One man had read "The War in the Air," but had not noted the author's name.—C. C.

An Accident to an Insect.—For the first time in my life I saw an accident to an insect yesterday. A grasshopper was jumping about on one of the sluices near the golf-links. It was running fast. He was a very noisy grasshopper. Suddenly he took a jump and landed clean in the middle of the stream, which rushed him away. He made vain struggles to leap out; but he could get no purchase on the water. There was no member of the Grasshoppers' Humane Society about, to throw a lifebelt. It would appear in *The Grasshoppers' Journal* as "Sad Drowning Fatality."

Theories of Aesthetic.—One has to have one. Without one, criticism is an ignoble means of getting a living; with one, constantly tested, enlarged and adjusted, it becomes an exciting and humane activity—an art. But the trouble is that they are so partial. The critic concentrates on a single art; and then, very often on a single aspect of that art. He gets a theory for Shakespeare and forgets Dickens, for Tchehov and forgets Wells. In a sudden frenzy he includes them all, and finds his generalizations absolutely colourless. Or he coins a word, which is merely a name for the activity of art, and it hypnotizes him, until he begins to believe that his description is an explanation.

However long I may stay in a place, whether for months or for years, I have noticed that I have never

been contented, never at my ease, never naturalized in any spot, no matter how desirable otherwise, until I have had memories to associate with that place, with the rooms where I lived, with the streets, with the houses I frequented. These memories amounted to nothing more than being able to say: Here I was at such a date; here so many months ago, I did, saw, heard such and such a thing—something which may not have been of the slightest importance; but the memory, the power of recollecting it, made it important and sweet to me. . . . Hence I was always unhappy everywhere during the first months, and in course of time I have always grown contented and even fond of any place. With memory it became to me a second home.—LEOPARDI.

A QUAINT EPITAPH.—In Langford Church, Oxfordshire:—

Within this little Howse Three Howses lye
John Howse James Howse ye short-livd Twins and I
Anne of Joh Howse once ye Endeared Wife
Who lost mine Owne To give those Babes Their Life
We three though dead yet speake and put in mind
the Husband Father whom wee left Behind
that wee were Howses Only made of clay
And called For Could no longer with Him stay
but were Layd here to take our rest and ease
by death who taketh whome and where he please.

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The Adelphi

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ON WAITING

By John Middleton Murry

THERE are moments, I verily believe, when one loses one's soul; moments, hours, days, when that which one is, mysteriously dissolves away. I am silent, but I cannot be still; I speak, but the words are not my own. I do nothing and I am tired; I do many things, and I am also tired, but not a whit more tired than if I had done nothing. For all those many things make one nothing: not one of them has been my own. This is the fatigue of nothingness, not the rich and brooding weariness of activity.

To achieve an act that is our own is to create. Whether it is a word spoken out of our entirety, a sentence as it were endorsed by our secret being, which reveals to us a truth of which we did not know we were aware; or the word of another that we read and recognize within ourselves as valid, that finds its way to the depths and there awakes some hidden potency; or some quite simple gesture—nothing more, perhaps, than a hand on a friend's arm or a passing Good-night—which suddenly claimed the whole of us for its begetter, leaped out of the mists of our self-ignorance and took possession of its rightful throne—each one of these is an act of creation. Such acts as these bring their weariness and

bring it quickly—we are none too used to them—but the weariness is rich and full.

The fatigue of nothingness is poor and empty, like the yawn of nervousness compared with the yawn of sleep. It is a protest against an absence, not a recognition of a presence: the drooping of the unwatered flower, not the bending of the laden branch. It is as though that which grows above the ground were divided from that which is below—Hamlet's disease, and we cry like Hamlet:

> How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of the world!

But we do not leave the world; we do not go apart and wait for something that is bigger than ourselves to take possession and drive away the fretful inhabitant. On the contrary, to be left alone with ourselves, which is the condition we truly desire, seems at this moment a calamity to be shunned like the plague. There is no self to be left alone with. Peradventure he sleepeth. Wherever he may be, whatever he may be doing, he is not within reach of any call of ours. We are like empty agitated shells, mere quivering superficies: we see with our eyes alone, speak only with our lips, and we jump at the opportunity of stopping the mouths of these clamorous and insatiable members with a sensation, an excitement. They become only the more hungry and insistent.

All this is high falutin', no doubt; but the state of soul, or the state of no-soul, is real. And one of the ways to exorcise it—not perhaps the best—is to sit down and try to draw its likeness upon paper. Even an idealised picture is better than none. The hands, the conscious mind are occupied; in the semi-[illegible] some-thing of that which has been lost may creep [illegible] even if it is only a fatigue which is not of [illegible] [illegible]

Something did creep back. I went to bed, alone in my little house, for which I have no particular affection, but where I am at least undisturbed by alien personalities, where I feel that, if anything goes wrong with me, I have only myself to blame, where I cannot have excitement even though I crave for it. And now, having waked up, and spent a day utterly alone, having cooked myself many elaborate meals of mushrooms—I can get an enormous pound of them for sixpence—I can hardly remember how it was that I was so agitated twenty-four hours ago, when what I have now, was remote, impossible, almost unimaginable to me. I can just remember that there was something at once sinister and futile about the ticking of my clock; it seemed to have become almost the whole of me, which was sinister, and to be saying: "This way—that way—no way—this way—that way—no way," which was futile. I swayed with it in a kind of empty irritation. Years ago, that was.

And now I am myself again: nothing, as they say, to shout about: neither particularly happy nor particularly sad: but somehow free; free from everything except the habit of smoking cigarettes as I write. And that annoys me only when I think about it. But for the rest, as far as my sensation goes, free. Free to say what I like, free to do what I like: and for the moment what I like to do is to say what I like here. In ten minutes I may be sick of it: then I shall knock off. In twenty certainly I shall, for I have left another mess of mushrooms on the stove, and when I get up to stir them I shall not sit down again to this sheet of paper until I have eaten them—my supper.

Yes, free. It's a queer feeling; it doesn't come to me too often, and when it does I wish it would stay longer. Perhaps it will: I seem to have it for longer nowadays than I have had it for many years, in truth, than I have ever had it. And it occurs to me that it is

as well that at this moment I like to do precisely what I am doing : this month I have cut the time for this article rather short. But I was thinking things over this afternoon while I was weeding my path. First, I came to the knowledge that I was free, then I wondered what I should like to do with my freedom. I would like to go round the world, but very slowly, and not in one of those great ships that frightened and made me angry when I saw one for the first time in Southampton Water the other day. It was a great comfort to me to think that the ocean would make no more bones of that sham-Leviathan than sham-Leviathan did of me. Not in one of those things will I go round the world. If that is civilization, civilization can go to the devil for all I care. I follow Mr. D. H. Lawrence into rebellion, and carry my small flag in the shadow of his sombre-splendid banner.

Well, I will go round the world, and in my own way. Why not to-morrow? Because I don't want to go to-morrow. My desire is as yet only a half-desire; I will wait until it becomes a whole and overpowering one. In the meanwhile I will wait. And just now waiting, which is so often pale and nerve-fretting, seems to me a rich and full activity. I am free; I can do what I like; and what I really want to do is to wait. Just to wait. Not for anything in particular: certainly not to begin my journey round the world. I simply let that half-desire sink to the bottom of my lagoon until it grows into a whole one, till the small oyster becomes a big one, with perhaps a pearl inside. But if I think, I can think of many things I might be waiting for. But I don't believe I am really waiting consciously *for* anything. I simply want to wait, and while I am waiting, to take care I don't do anything I don't really want to do. I am a perfect whale at getting myself involved. I have had moments of awful fear regarding THE A[illegible] feared I had taken on a duty, assumed a [illegible]

which I should have to fulfil month after month for ever. Now, I don't feel anything of the kind. My duty is simply to tell no lies; and for the rest to follow my deepest instinct. So that if one day I feel quite surely and simply that I must begin my journey round the world to-morrow, I shall pack my bag and go to-morrow. I shall spend the last evening as I am spending this evening, in telling you all about it.

But what about THE ADELPHI? you say, in a voice of alarm. Don't be alarmed: it's really quite simple. If this magazine is alive, as I believe it is; if there is some sort of living connection between it and its readers; if, as I imagine, it really is a *different* magazine, then it will get on perfectly well without me. (I have a notion that even now it would be the better for a dilution of my personality.) . . . A distinct smell of burning mushrooms!

No, not burning, but—Launcelot Gobbo had the words for it—"they did something smack, something grow to, they had a kind of taste." Anyhow, I have eaten them and I am glad that no one was forced to dine with me.

But, to return to this waiting. I do not know what I am waiting for. If I did, I should probably not be able to wait. It may be one of many things I can think of; it may be none of these many things. I may be waiting for someone to arrive who will take over THE ADELPHI from me; or for a friend to return; or, simply, for some decision, for a road to open in front of me. I have given up taking important decisions with my head: only disasters came of that, for the head is a good servant, but a bad master; he steers one into agitations and despairs. I know him of old. Now I am content to wait, while something else—my instinct or my destiny—decides.

It is queer how long it takes one to reach even this

point. It seems that my whole life up to this moment has been spent in reaching this moment—a moment with nothing particular to say for itself, no rainbow-hues, no magical gleam, nothing in the least distinguished about it, altogether a most ordinary affair—just a sense of waiting and of being content to wait. It does seem queer that one should have come such a long way—through such infinitely more exciting moments—to find just this, and queerer still that one should be satisfied with what one has found. Oh, not for ever. One waits unconsciously for something, without a doubt; and if the something were never to come, it would be a bad business. But the character and quality of this waiting is that one knows that something *will* come, and that one will recognize it when it does. Not to be impatient, not to expect miracles, not to be agitated whether this or that will be—this is itself, for one man at least, a miracle; and even if it does not endure, why, then—

> It shall have been;
> Nor God nor demon can undo the done,
> Unsight the seen.

Now, from this undramatic pinnacle, this little hump on the plain instead of the mountain one used to expect and even to begin climbing so feverishly, one looks back. It is surprising how far and how clearly one can see from this unimpressive eminence. How far and how clearly backward; but the forward view is quite shut out. And to one man it seems that his life behind him falls into phases. There was first the long struggle to reject the conceptions of good and evil that were imposed from without; then the slow birth of the knowledge that one's good and evil are [illegible] then the still more painful birth of [illegible] that this knowledge itself is of no [illegible] cannot know one's good and evil; [illegible] ing into a sense that one's [illegible]

one's evil is decay; then the vision that one's growth is not simple and single, that it is not a straightforward upward motion, that there is, as it were, a pole of light and a pole of darkness, a pole of striving and a pole of surrender, a growing down into the darkness and a growing up into the light, and that these two growths are but a single growth: that on the vitality of these two movements the vitality of the being itself depends. And further, at every point of new and completer knowledge, a new despair, that one cannot do what must be done simply because one *knows* it must be done. And, after each new despair, a period of waiting, of a waiting whose depth and quality changes in each phase, until one can recognize it almost as a law that the stiller, the less dramatic, the more ordinary the waiting, the greater the chance that a new path will be shown.

It seems so very little to have learned from life, so colourless, so unexciting. I can see the objections; but I do not feel them. This looking back, this mapping out of the wavering zig-zag track, is infinitely thrilling: more thrilling still that it has brought me here, to this moment I could never have guessed nor foreseen, to this moment which, if I had foreseen it, only a few years ago, would have appeared as a moment of emptiness to be avoided, whereas, living in it now, I know it for that desired of all desirables—a moment of peace.

THREE POEMS

By D. H. Lawrence

Cypresses

Tuscan cypresses,
What is it?

Folded in like a dark thought
For which the language is lost,
Tuscan cypresses,
Is there a great secret?
Are our words no good?

The undeliverable secret,
Dead with a dead race and a dead speech, and yet
Darkly monumental in you,
Etruscan cypresses.

Ah, how I admire your fidelity,
Dark cypresses.

Is it the secret of the long-nosed Etruscans?
The long-nosed, sensitive-footed, subtly-smiling
    Etruscans,
Who made so little noise outside the cypress groves?

Among the sinuous, flame-tall cypresses
That swayed their length of darkness all around
Etruscan-dusky, wavering men of old Etruria:
Naked except for fanciful long shoes,
Going with insidious, half-smiling quietness
And some of Africa's imperturbable sang-froid
About a forgotten business.

What business, then?
Nay, tongues are dead, and words are hollow as hollow
seed-pods,
Having shed their sound and finished all their echoing
Etruscan syllables,
That had the telling.

Yet more I see you darkly concentrate,
Tuscan cypresses,
On one old thought:
On one old slim imperishable thought, while you remain
Etruscan cypresses;
Dusky, slim marrow-thought of slender, flickering men
of Etruria,
Whom Rome called vicious.

Vicious, dark cypresses:
Vicious, you supple, brooding, softly-swaying pillars of
dark flame.
Monumental to a dead, dead race
Embalmed in you!

Were they then vicious, the slender, tender-footed,
Long-nosed men of Etruria?
Or was their way only evasive and different, dark, like
cypress trees in a wind?

They are dead, with all their vices,
And all that is left
Is the shadowy monomania of some cypresses
And tombs.

The smile, the subtle Etruscan smile still lurking
Within the tombs,
Etruscan cypresses.
He laughs longest who laughs last;
Nay, Leonardo only bungled the pure Etruscan smile.

What would I not give
To bring back the rare and orchid-like
Evil-yclept Etruscan?

Among the cypresses
To sit with pure, slim, long-nosed,
Evil-called, sensitive Etruscans, naked except for their
boots;
To be able to smile back at them
And exchange the lost kiss
And come to dark connection.

For as to the evil
We have only Roman word for it,
Which I, being a little weary of Roman virtue,
Don't hang much weight on.

For oh, I know, in the dust where we have buried
The silenced races and all their abominations,
We have buried so much of the delicate magic of life.

There in the deeps
That churn the frankincense and ooze the myrrh,
Cypress shadowy,
Such an aroma of lost human life!

They say the fit survive,
But I invoke the spirits of the lost.
Those that have not survived, the darkly lost,
To bring their meaning back into life again,
Which they have taken away
And wrapt inviolable in soft cypress trees,
Etruscan cypresses.

Evil, what is evil?
There is only one evil, to deny life
As Rome denied Etruria
And mechanical America Montezuma still.

Fiesole.

THREE POEMS

St. Matthew

THEY are not all beasts.
One is a man, for example, and one is a bird.

I, Matthew, am a man.

" And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me "—

That is Jesus.
But then Jesus was not quite a man.
He was the Son of Man
Filius Meus, O remorseless logic
Out of His own mouth.

I, Matthew, being a man
Cannot be lifted up, the Paraclete
To draw all men unto me,
Seeing I am on a par with all men.

I, on the other hand
Am drawn to the Uplifted, as all men are drawn,
To the Son of Man
Filius Meus.

Wilt thou lift me up, Son of Man?
How my heart beats!
I am man.

I am man, and therefore my heart beats, and throws
the dark blood from side to side
All the time I am lifted up.
Yes, even during my uplifting.

And if it ceased?
If it ceased, I should be no longer man
As I am, if my heart in uplifting ceased to beat, to toss
the dark blood from side to side, causing my myriad
secret streams.

After the cessation
I might be a soul in bliss, an angel, approximating to
 the Uplifted;
But that is another matter;
I am Matthew, the man,
And I am not that other angelic matter.

So I will be lifted up, Saviour,
But put me down again in time, Master,
Before my heart stops beating, and I become what I am
 not.
Put me down again on the earth, Jesus, on the brown
 soil
Where flowers sprout in the acrid humus, and fade into
 humus again,
Where beasts drop their unlicked young, and pasture,
 and drop their droppings among the turf,
Where the adder darts horizontal,
Down on the damp, unceasing ground, where my feet
 belong
And even my heart, Lord, forever, after all uplifting:
The crumbling, damp, fresh land, life horizontal and
 ceaseless.

Matthew I am, the man.
And I take the wings of the morning, to Thee,
 Crucified, Glorified.
But while flowers club their petals at evening
And rabbits make pills among the short grass
And long snakes quickly glide into the dark hole in the
 wall, hearing man approach,
I must be put down, Lord, in the afternoon,
And at evening I must leave off my wings of the spirit
As I leave off my braces
And I must resume my nakedness like a fish, sinking
 down the dark reversion of night
Like a fish seeking the bottom, Jesus,

THREE POEMS

IXΘUS

Face downwards
Veering slowly
Down between the steep slopes of darkness, fucus-dark, seaweed-fringed valleys of the waters under the sea
Over the edge of the soundless cataract
Into the fathomless, bottomless pit
Where my soul falls in the last throes of bottomless convulsion, and is fallen
Utterly beyond Thee, Dove of the Spirit;
Beyond everything, except itself.

Nay, Son of Man, I have been lifted up.
To Thee I rose like a rocket ending in mid-heaven.
But even Thou, Son of Man, canst not quaff out the dregs of terrestrial manhood!
They fall back from Thee.

They fall back, and like a dripping of quicksilver taking the downward track,
Break into drops, burn into drops of blood, and dropping, dropping take wing
Membraned, blood-veined wings.

On fans of unsuspected tissue, like bats,
They thread and thrill and flicker ever downward
To the dark zenith of Thine antipodes
Jesus Uplifted.

Bat-winged heart of man,
Reversed flame
Shuddering a strange way down the bottomless pit
To the great depths of its reversèd zenith.

Afterwards, afterwards
Morning comes, and I shake the dews of night from the wings of my spirit
And mount like a lark, Beloved.

But remember, Saviour,
That my heart which like a lark at heaven's gate singing, hovers morning-bright to Thee,
Throws still the dark blood back and forth
In the avenues where the bat hangs sleeping, upside-down
And to me undeniable, Jesus.

Listen, Paraclete.
I can no more deny the bat-wings of my fathom-flickering spirit of darkness
Than the wings of the Morning and Thee, Thou Glorified.

I am Matthew, the Man:
It is understood.
And Thou art Jesus, Son of Man
Drawing all men unto Thee, but bound to release them when the hour strikes.

I have been, and I have returned.
I have mounted up on the wings of the morning, and I have dredged down to the zenith's reversal.
Which is my way, being man.
Gods may stay in mid-heaven, the Son of Man has climbed to the Whitsun zenith,
But I, Matthew, being a man
Am a traveller back and forth.
So be it.

Spirits Summoned West

England seems full of graves to me
Full of graves.

Women I loved and cherished, like my mother;
Yet I had to tell them to die.

THREE POEMS

England seems covered with graves to me,
Women's graves.

Women who were gentle
And who loved me
And whom I loved
And told to die.

Women with the beautiful eyes of the old days,
Belief in love, and sorrow of such belief.
" Hush, my love, then, hush.
Hush, and die, my dear!"

Women of the older generation, who knew
The full doom of loving and not being able to take back.
Who understood at last what it was to be told to die.

Now that the graves are made, and covered ;
Now that in England pansies and such-like grow on the
graves of women ;
Now that in England is silence, where before was a
moving of soft-skirted women,
Women with eyes that were gentle in olden belief in
love ;
Now then that all their yearning is hushed and covered
over with earth.

England seems like one grave to me.

And I, I sit on this high American desert
With dark-wrapped Rocky Mountains motionless
squatting around in a ring,
Remembering I told them to die, to sink into the grave
in England,
The gentle-kneed women.
So now I whisper : *Come away,*
Come away from the place of graves, come west,
Women
Women whom I loved and told to die.

Come back to me now,
Now the divided yearning is over;
Now you are husbandless indeed, no more husband to cherish like a child
And wrestle with for the prize of perfect love.
No more children to launch in a world you mistrust.
Now you need know in part
No longer, or carry the burden of a man on your heart,
Or the burden of Man writ large.

Now you are disemburdened of Man and a man,
Come back to me.
Now you are free of the toils of a would-be-perfect love
Come to me and be still.

Come back then, you who were wives and mothers
And always virgins
Overlooked.

Come back then, mother, my love, whom I told to die.
It was only I who saw the virgin you
That had no home.

The overlooked virgin,
My love.

You overlooked her too.

Now that the grave is made of mother and wife,
Now that the grave is made and lidded over with turf.

Come, delicate, overlooked virgin, come back to me
And be still,
Be glad.

I didn't tell you to die, for nothing.
I wanted the virgin you to be home at last
In my heart.

THREE POEMS

Inside my innermost heart,
Where the virgin in woman comes home to a man.

The homeless virgin
Who never in all her life could find the way home
To that difficult innermost place in a man.

Now come west, come home,
Women I've loved for gentleness,
For the virginal you.
Find the way now that you never could find in life,
So I told you to die.

Virginal first and last
Is woman.
Now at this last, my love, my many a love,
You whom I loved for gentleness,
Come home to me.

They are many, and I loved them, shall always love
them,
And they know it,
The virgins.
And my heart is glad to have them at last.

Now that the wife and mother and mistress is buried
in earth,
In English earth,
Come home to me, my love, my loves, my many loves,
Come west to me.

For virgins are not exclusive of virgins
As wives are of wives;
And motherhood is jealous,
But in virginity jealousy does not enter.

Taos.

THE LITTLE GIRL

By Katherine Mansfield

To the little girl he was a figure to be feared and avoided. Every morning before going to business he came into the nursery and gave her a perfunctory kiss to which she responded with "Good-bye, father." And oh, the glad sense of relief when she heard the noise of the buggy growing fainter and fainter down the long road!

In the evening, leaning over the banisters at his home-coming, she heard his loud voice in the hall. "Bring my tea into the smoking-room. . . . Hasn't the paper come yet? Have they taken it into the kitchen again? Mother, go and see if my paper's out there—and bring me my slippers."

"Kezia," mother would call to her, "if you're a good girl you can come down and take off father's boots." Slowly the little girl would slip down the stairs, holding tightly to the banisters with one hand—more slowly still, across the hall, and push open the smoking-room door.

By that time he had his spectacles on and looked at her over them in a way that was terrifying to the little girl.

"Well, Kezia, get a move on and pull off these boots and take them outside. Been a good girl to-day?"

"I d-d-don't know, father."

"You d-d-don't know? If you stutter like that mother will have to take you to the doctor."

She never stuttered with other people—had quite given it up—but only with father, because then she was trying so hard to say the words properly.

"What's the matter? What are you looking so wretched about? Mother, I wish you would teach this child not to appear on the brink of suicide. . . . Here, Kezia, carry my teacup back to the table—carefully; your hands jog like an old lady's. And try to keep your handkerchief in your pocket, *not* up your sleeve."

"Y-y-yes, father."

On Sundays she sat in the same pew with him in church, listening while he sang in a loud, clear voice, watching while he made little notes during the sermon with the stump of a blue pencil on the back of an envelope—his eyes narrowed to a slit—one hand beating a silent tattoo on the pew ledge. He said his prayers so loudly that she was certain God heard him above the clergyman.

He was so big—his hands and his neck, especially his mouth when he yawned. Thinking about him alone in the nursery was like thinking about a giant.

On Sunday afternoons grandmother sent her down to the drawing-room, dressed in her brown velvet, to have a "nice talk with mother and father." But the little girl always found mother reading *The Sketch* and father stretched out on the couch, his handkerchief on his face, his feet propped on one of the best sofa pillows, and so soundly sleeping that he snored.

She, perched on the piano-stool, gravely watched him until he woke and stretched, and asked the time—then looked at her.

"Don't stare so, Kezia. You look like a little brown owl."

One day, when she was kept indoors with a cold, the grandmother told her that father's birthday was next week, and suggested she should make him a pincushion for a present out of a beautiful piece of yellow silk.

Laboriously, with a double cotton, the little girl stitched three sides. But what to fill it with? That was the question. The grandmother was out in the

garden, and she wandered into mother's bedroom to look for "scraps." On the bed table she discovered a great many sheets of fine paper, gathered them up, shredded them into tiny pieces, and stuffed her case, then sewed up the fourth side.

That night there was a hue and cry over the house. Father's great speech for the Port Authority had been lost. Rooms were ransacked—servants questioned. Finally mother came into the nursery.

"Kezia, I suppose you didn't see some papers on a table in our room?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I tore them up for my s'prise."

"*What!*" screamed mother. "Come straight down to the dining-room this instant."

And she was dragged down to where father was pacing to and fro, hands behind his back.

"Well?" he said sharply.

Mother explained.

He stopped and stared in a stupefied manner at the child.

"Did you do that?"

"N-n-no," she whispered.

"Mother, go up to the nursery and fetch down the damned thing—see that the child's put to bed this instant."

Crying too much to explain, she lay in the shadowed room watching the evening light sift through the venetian blinds and trace a sad little pattern on the floor.

Then father came into the room with a ruler in his hands.

"I am going to whip you for this," he said.

"Oh, no, no!" she screamed, cowering down under the bedclothes.

He pulled them aside.

"Sit up," he commanded, "and hold out your

hands. You must be taught once and for all not to touch what does not belong to you."

"But it was for your b-b-birthday." . . .

Down came the ruler on her little, pink palms.

Hours later, when the grandmother had wrapped her in a shawl and rocked her in the rocking-chair the child cuddled close to her soft body.

"What did Jesus make fathers for?" she sobbed.

"Here's a clean hanky, darling, with some of my lavender water on it. Go to sleep, pet; you'll forget all about it in the morning. I tried to explain to father, but he was too upset to listen to-night."

But the child never forgot. Next time she saw him she whipped both hands behind her back, and a red colour flew into her cheeks.

The Macdonalds lived in the next-door house. Five children there were. Looking through a hole in the vegetable-garden fence the little girl saw them playing "tag" in the evening. The father with the "baby Mac" on his shoulders, two little girls hanging on to his coat tails, ran round and round the flower beds, shaking with laughter. Once she saw the boys turn the hose on him—*turn the hose on him*—and he made a great grab at them, tickling them until they got hiccoughs.

Then it was she decided there were different sorts of fathers.

Suddenly, one day, mother became ill, and she and grandmother drove into town in a closed carriage.

The little girl was left alone in the house with Alice, the "general." That was all right in the daytime, but while Alice was putting her to bed she grew suddenly afraid.

"What'll I do if I have nightmare?" she asked. "I *often* have nightmare and then grannie takes me into her bed—I can't stay in the dark—it all goes 'whispery.' . . . What'll I do if I do?"

"You just go to sleep, child," said Alice, pulling off her socks and whacking them against the bedrail, "and don't you holler out and wake your poor pa."

But the same old nightmare came— the butcher with a knife and a rope who grew nearer and nearer, smiling that dreadful smile, while she could not move, could only stand still, crying out, "Grandma, Grandma!" She woke shivering, to see father beside her bed, a candle in his hand.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Oh, a butcher—a knife—I want grannie." He blew out the candle, bent down and caught up the child in his arms, carrying her along the passage to the big bedroom. A newspaper was on the bed—a half-smoked cigar balanced against his reading-lamp. He pitched the paper on to the floor, threw the cigar into the fire-place, then carefully tucked up the child. He lay down beside her. Half asleep still, still with the butcher's smile all about her, it seemed, she crept close to him, snuggled her head under his arm, held tightly to his pyjama jacket.

Then the dark did not matter; she lay still.

"Here, rub your feet against my legs and get them warm," said father.

Tired out, he slept before the little girl. A funny feeling came over her. Poor father! Not so big, after all—and with no one to look after him. . . . He was harder than the grandmother, but it was a nice hardness. . . . And every day he had to work and was too tired to be a Mr. Macdonald. . . . She had torn up all his beautiful writing. . . . She stirred suddenly, and sighed.

"What's the matter?" asked father. "Another dream?"

"Oh," said the little girl, "my head's on your heart; I can hear it going. What a big heart you've got, father dear."

([illegible])

FROM MY DIARY

By Maxim Gorki

YESTERDAY I had a conversation with Alexander Blok.* We came out together from the office of *World Literature*, and he asked me what I thought of his lecture *The Débris of Humanism?*

Several days ago he read a kind of lecture, or rather a little article, on this theme. The paper seemed to me rather obscure, but full of tragic premonitions. When he read it Blok reminded me of the child in the fairy tale who lost his way in the woods; he feels monsters approaching out of the darkness and mutters charms in the hope of frightening them away. As he held the sheets of his lecture, reading, his fingers trembled. I asked myself: Does the fact of the decline of humanism grieve or rejoice him? In his prose he is not so flexible and talented as in his poems, but he is a man who feels very deeply and destructively. Essentially, a man of the "decadence." It seems to me that Blok's beliefs are not clear to himself; his words, like lichen on a stone, do not penetrate into the depth of his thought, into that which destroys himself together with all that which he calls the "débris of humanism."

Some of the ideas of the lecture appeared to me insufficiently thought out, as for instance:

"To civilize the masses is neither possible nor necessary." "Discoveries have given place to inventions."

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries are so

* Alexander Blok, who died in 1921, was the greatest Russian poet of the present century.

monstrously rich in inventions precisely because they were the epoch of the greatest and most fecund scientific discoveries. And to say that civilization is impossible and unnecessary for the Russian people is obviously a sort of Scythianism, and this I understand as a concession to the organic anti-state feeling of the Russian mass. But what has Blok to do with Scythianism?

I explained my idea to him as cautiously as I could. It is difficult to talk to him: he seems to despise all those to whom his world is strange and unintelligible,—and his world is unintelligible to me. Of late I have been sitting with him twice a week at the editorial meetings of *World Literature*, and have argued more than once with him about the imperfections of the translations from the point of view of the spirit of the Russian language. Such arguments do not help to bring men closer together. Like nearly all the rest of the workers in the editorial office he regarded the work formally and indifferently.

He said he was pleased to see that I was ridding myself of "the Russian intellectual's habit of solving problems of social existence." "I always felt," he said, "that it was not real in you. In your *City of Okurov* one could already see that you were troubled by 'childish questions'; these are the most profound and terrible!"

He is mistaken, but I did not argue; let him think so if it pleases him or if he must think so.

"Why don't you write about these questions?" he insisted.

I said that such questions as the meaning of life, of death, of love—are strictly personal, intimate, questions for myself alone. I do not like to take them into the market place, and if, on rare occasions, I do it involuntarily,—the result is always clumsy and poor.

"To speak of oneself is a fine art,—I don't possess it."

We walked into the Summer Garden, and sat down on a bench. Blok's eyes are almost mad. By their brilliance, by the trembling of his cold, harassed face, I saw that he was thirsting to speak, to ask questions. Rubbing the sunny pattern on the ground with his foot, he reproached me :

" You are hiding. You hide your thoughts of the spirit, of truth. Why do you do it ? "

And before I had time to answer he burst into condemnation of the Russian " intellectuals," using threadbare words of criticism, words particularly out of place now, after the revolution.

I said that, in my opinion, this critical attitude towards the " intellectuals " was itself a purely " intellectual " attitude. It could not have been evolved by the peasants who know the " intellectual " only as represented by the self-sacrificing doctor or the exceptional village teacher ; nor could it have been evolved by the town worker who owed all his political education to the " intellectual." The attitude was mistaken and wrong in itself, apart from the fact that it destroyed the respect of the " intellectuals " for themselves and their historic work as agents of culture. Our " intellectuals " have always played, are now playing, and will continue to play the part of the dray-horse of history. By their indefatigable labours they have raised the proletariat to the point of a revolution which is without precedent for the scope and depth of the problems set by it for immediate solution.

He appeared not to be listening to me ; he looked sternly on the ground ; but when I stopped, he started again about the vacillation of the " intellectuals " in their attitude towards Bolshevism and, incidentally, made a true remark :

" Having conjured up the spirit of destruction from the darkness, it is not honest to say : it is not we who did it, it is the others there. Bolshevism is the inevit-

able conclusion of the whole work of the 'intellectuals' in university chairs, in newspaper offices, and underground." . . .

A lovely woman greeted him affectionately; he looked at her dryly, almost negligently; and she walked away with a confused smile. Looking after her, watching the movement of her small, hesitating feet, Blok asked me:

"What do you think of immortality, of the possibility of immortality?"

His question was persistent; there was a stubborn look in his eyes. I said that perhaps Lamennais was right: seeing that the quantity of matter in the universe is limited, one must admit that its combinations may be repeated an infinite number of times in the infinity of time. From this standpoint it was possible that in some millions of years, one cloudy evening in a Petersburg spring, Blok and Gorki would again be talking of immortality, sitting on a bench, in the Summer Garden.

"You are not talking seriously?" he asked.

His persistence surprised, and rather irritated me, although I realized that he was asking not out of mere curiosity, but as it were out of the desire to extinguish, to suppress a thought which alarmed and disturbed him.

"I have no reasons," I said, "to consider Lamennais's view less serious than all the other views on that subject."

"Well, but you yourself, what do *you* think?" He even stamped his foot. Up to that evening he had seemed to me reserved, taciturn.

"Personally I rather like to represent man to myself as an apparatus that transmutes this so-called 'dead matter' into psychical energy, and some time, in the immeasurably remote future, he will transmute the whole 'universe' into pure psyche."

"I don't understand,—a sort of panpsychism, is it?"

"No. For there will be nothing except thought. Everything will disappear, transmuted into pure

thought. Only thought will exist, embodying in itself all the thinking of mankind from the first glimpses to the moment of the last explosion of thought."

" I can't make it out," Blok repeated, with a shake of his head.

I suggested that he should conceive the universe as an incessant process of dissociation of matter. Matter, in disintegrating, constantly emits such kinds of energy as light, electro-magnetic waves, Hertzian waves and so on; among these are also the phenomena of radio-activity. Thought is the product of the dissociation of the atoms of the brain, the brain being created out of the elements of " dead," inorganic matter. In the brain-substance of man that matter is incessantly transformed into psychic stuff. I allow myself to think that some time all the " matter " absorbed by man will be transmuted by his brain into one energy—psychical. It will find harmony in itself and will rejoice in self-contemplation, in the contemplation of the boundlessly varied creative possibilities hidden in itself.

" It is a gloomy fantasy," Blok said, with a smile. " It is pleasant to think that the law of conservation of matter is against it."

" And I find it pleasant to think that laws created in laboratories do not always coincide with the unknown laws of the universe. I am convinced that if, from time to time, we could weigh our planet we would find that its weight is gradually decreasing."

" All this is boring," said Blok, shaking his head. " The thing is simpler; the fact is that we have become too clever to believe in God, and not strong enough to believe in ourselves alone. As the foundations on which life and belief may rest there exist only God and myself. Mankind? But can one believe in mankind after this war and on the eve of inevitable, still more cruel wars? No, that fancy of yours . . . it is uncanny! I don't think you were speaking seriously."

He gave a sigh.

"If we only could stop thinking altogether for ten years. To put out that illusory light, the will-o'-the-wisp that drives us deeper and deeper into the night of the world, and to listen to the universal harmony with our hearts. The brain, the brain. . . . It is not a safe organ, it is monstrously big, monstrously developed. A tumour, like a goitre. . . ."

He was silent for a while, his lips firmly compressed, then he said softly:

"To stop all motion; for time to cease. . . ."

"It would cease, if you could communicate to all motions the same velocity."

Blok glanced at me askance, raised his brows, and quickly, vaguely began talking—delirious words. I ceased to understand him. I had a strange feeling: it seemed as though he was tearing worn-out rags off himself.

Suddenly he got up, held out his hand, and walked away to the tram. At the first glance his walk seems firm, but when you look more closely you see that his step is undecided and wavering. And, however well-dressed he may be, you feel you would like him to be dressed differently, unlike other people. Whereas some men, even when they are swathed in the furs of a Samoyede, look like everybody else, Blok definitely needs unusual clothes.

(Authorized translation by S. S. Koteliansky.)

THE PROBLEM OF WAR-HISTORY

By Cyril Falls

The subject of the late war is said to be unpopular, but the unpopularity does not, it would appear, extend to war-history. Besides the books dealing with the general history of the war, or of particular campaigns, the politicians' stories of how they forced the generals and admirals to victory, and the generals' and admirals' accounts of how they won despite the politicians, there is appearing a great number of official records of formations and units. These books have their own special public, but it is a large one, above all in districts with a strong territorial tradition. Some people regard them with impatience. I remember being told, when about to embark upon one, that the only sort of work upon the war that a self-respecting man could write nowadays was one that took a "Tolstoyan" view of the catastrophe. I could only reply that I was unhappily no Tolstoy, and that there seemed to be very few of them about; adding that, though the model might be equally difficult, I felt there was equal need of a Julius Caesar. My critic's point of view was, of course, entirely unhistorical. These histories, if too narrow to be called "history," are of the stuff of which it will one day be made. To many people they are precious relics. And, if they are ever to be written, they must be written now. My object here is to suggest that from the writer's point of view they are worth the writing. Of present fame they are likely to bring the historian a comparatively small share, but I fancy that, if he does

his work well, his ghost, revisiting this world about a hundred years hence, may find that his name has survived some that were once more notorious. And no self-respecting historian can be indifferent to his ghost's reception when he revisits the haunts of men.

The historian of a formation or unit works within certain definite limits. He must describe operations from the military point of view first of all. Brilliant descriptive passages are useless if details necessary to the military aspect are omitted or are incorrect. Battles and their details will naturally fill a large proportion of his space. But within those limits he has ample scope. He must never allow the battles more than their share. The rest he must reserve for himself. That is, so to speak, his own soul's share of the palette, with which he has to depict the soul of his unit. He has the opportunity, nay, the duty, to record something of the daily life and circumstances, the thoughts and emotions of that multitude which in the days of war lived and died in a peculiar world of its own, a world that will slip from memory with the passing of this generation if he be not adequate to his task. He has to tell how men were fed, how they lived in trenches and out of them, how they worked, and how they played. He has to define the difference between their existence in the Salient, round the Loos slag-heaps, and in the Somme chalk. He has to suggest the spirit that animated them, how it reacted to adversity, what compensations they found, and what prophylactics against horror. He has to make real, for those who were not eye-witnesses, the small things that to them were so intensely real. Sometimes, of course, he will find himself trying to convey experiences beyond the power of words, such as the morning smell of a chalk dug-out containing a platoon and a coke brazier; and others less amusing to reflect [illegible]

That is his frame-work, often botched or [illegible] But in the descriptions of the battles [illegible]

opportunities perhaps even greater. How many writers have made a battle of the late war live for us? I can at this moment recall only a few passages in the late Wilfred Ewart's *Way of Revelation* in fiction, and three or four in various histories; above all, the fight of Highlanders and South Africans at Longueval and Delville Wood as described by Major John Ewing in his *History of the 9th (Scottish) Division*. The very details, the length of trenches dug and railways laid, the number of shells dumped, the equipment of attacking troops, are precious material if rightly handled. For his military reader they are, indeed, invaluable, but by their means the imagination of the civilian also can be so worked upon that he may be made to visualize the organization of one of the great attacks of trench warfare. How much can be conjured up for the mind's eye by the simple record of the things that were provided for the Battle of Messines, that marvel of staff-work; the water-supply, the communications, the thousands of pack-saddles with their specially made crates, the message-maps, the flares and fans for signalling to aircraft, the rations of oranges, chewing-gum, and lime-juice, with which men went forward on that sweltering day; the cubes of Oxo, the solidified alcohol for cooking it; the mines, on which men had toiled for over a year; the extraordinary complication and precision of the barrage! The whole of the "Q," or administrative and supply side, which in the British Army was generally superior to the "G," or operations side, is rich with an essential interest to the man who knows how to extract it.

So much for detail. There is, however, far more than this to be conveyed. For example, how many writers have taught their civilian readers the meaning of the words "bravery," "courage," "fortitude," which they constantly employ? The average soldier was at once less courageous, if one may dare to say so, and

more heroic, than the civilian has been made to realize. The civilian reads that after a gallant defence our men were "driven out." He probably does not realize that when the enemy actually reached the position all but a few, the sprinkling with Berserk valour, had fallen back. To enable him to understand that is not to depreciate our soldiers. He must be taught what it meant for one subaltern to gather together a handful of these men, trembling from the shock of high explosive, sick with its fumes, dazed and shaken, lost to everything in the world but the one faint light of their training and discipline, and to lead them scrambling and slithering back through machine-gun fire, till those that survive find the trench again empty save for the Berserks among the Germans, who go down before the bayonets as the British went down half an hour before. He must be shown that good troops have a breaking-point, beyond which they can endure no more, with the strange exceptions of a handful of individuals whom it does indeed seem that no human force can break. It should not be concealed from him how weakness arises, not the sneaking little fiend that whispers in the ear in ordinary danger, but a giant within the breast that seems to swell till he bursts it. He should learn of the impulse, keen to agony, to recoil when there is an attack and flanks appear to be uncovered, and how hard the habit of retreat, once acquired, is to eradicate. He must not believe that it is merely the destructive and demoralizing engines of modern war that increase its strain for the infantryman. It is also the absence of physical contact. It may seem platitudinous to describe bravery as the conquest of natural fear and weakness by the human spirit, aided by a mysterious second will supplied by discipline and training, by pride in the record of a unit or formation, by leadership. Yet that is an aspect too often neglected, or stated in words almost meaningless, the insistence upon which can alone give reality to a

record of war. And these deeper influences must be stronger now than ever. They are the cords which bind men together, and, if like results are to be achieved, they must obviously be far stronger nowadays when men are five or ten paces apart, than when there were but six inches between their elbows.

On the other hand, insistence should be laid on the fact that it required "fortitude" in the truest sense to perform the most commonplace actions prescribed. The men who marched calmly up to take over the line in the Lens craters in 1916, when almost every day a German mine was going up to blot out a platoon, and the explosion was followed each time by a mad, bloody scuffle in the midst of flying bombs to occupy the crater, and none knew when his turn was coming; the gunners who were left in action for a month during the Battles of Ypres, 1917, firing eternal barrages, under almost continuous and terrific bombardment from the enemy's heavy pieces, their shelter a hole half full of water; the infantrymen who had to advance in a second wave when they had seen the first wither away like a scrap of muslin thrown on a red fire—these men were not engaged in what is called an outstanding action, but it was one that in any other circumstances would be fitly called "heroic." That is my meaning when I say that men were at once more heroic and less courageous than they are generally painted. The spectacular incidents of war may seem numerous, but in armies of millions fighting for years they did not touch one man in ten thousand. There were hundreds of thousands of men who fought in the front line, sometimes for many months, were killed or wounded, and ended their combatant career without having seen a German.

The ideal military historian would be one who, besides possessing the gifts of the historical sense and the knowledge of how to sift evidence, besides possessing the power of describing the conditions at which I

have hinted, should have seen those conditions both from above and below. Theoretically we should suppose that the organization of war was a triangle with its apex at G.H.Q., and its base in the front line. In fact, it was the apex that was presented to the enemy. We organized and organized, but the final word was always with the harassed executant in front. We organized too much, toward the end, at his expense, robbing him not only of brains but of numbers, so that in the German offensive of 1918, with all our hundreds of thousands behind, there were moments when a hundred, at a certain gap, might have saved the local situation. In nothing in the world is the difference between plan and result, between the work on paper and the work on the ground, so glaring as in warfare. Those who have seen from above only are inclined to think in terms of paper, of Blue and Red and Yellow Lines only. In such a medium one can imagine a "*G*" clerk at G.H.Q. giving an admirable account of how the war was fought. Those whose sole experience has been from below can hardly fail to underestimate the importance of foresight and staff-work. Far apart as plan and performance must always be, the gap is ten-fold wider when the first is bad than when it is good. Let us continue to "rag" the staff by all means. The impulse is immemorial and its results doubtless excellent. But let those who are inclined to believe that all staff-work is something of a fraud study first what happened when our weary nineteen-year-old boys fought the Battle of the Selle River, in October, 1918, and then the action of the splendid and absolutely fresh American troops in the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne a little earlier.

The task of writing these minor war-histories is one both honourable and important. They are the official tributes, the official expression of the tributes paid in each case by hundreds or thousands of men and women to those who were their comrades or sacrificed [illegible]

selves for them. I feel that a moment will come when, the reaction from the horror having diminished, not so much indeed as to make either this war or the prospect of another agreeable, but enough for interest in it to be revived, the best among these minor histories will have many more readers than they find to-day. There need be no fear that truthful records, written with imagination, will make war to be more lightly contemplated. The reverse will certainly be the case. But I should like to plead with writers who feel they have the gifts necessary not to refuse the task if it is offered to them. We owe it to future generations that they should miss as little as may be of the tragedy, which is, with all its horrors and bestialities, one of the most enthralling in the history of mankind. Some minds literally loathe the subject now; that is intelligible, but the condition will not last. I have said we owe a clear and imaginative record to the future, we who saw with our eyes and have all the evidence of eye-witnesses. Yet most of all we owe it to the actors themselves and the memory of what they were; their gentleness and kindliness and simplicity, their good-humoured and selfless philosophy, their temper that shook off the horror and depression which might have been more deadly foes than any Germans, and the smiling faces they turned to misery or to defeat.

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THE SCHOOLMASTER

By Pauline Smith

Because of a weakness of the chest which my grandmother thought that she alone could cure, I went often, as a young girl, to my grandparents' farm of Nooitgedacht in the Ghamka valley. At Nooitgedacht, where my grandparents lived together for more than forty years, my grandmother had always young people about her—young boys and girls, and little children who clung to her skirts or were tossed up into the air and caught again by my grandfather. There was not one of their children or their grandchildren that did not love Grandfather and Grandmother Delport, and when Aunt Betje died it seemed but right to us all that her orphans, little Neeltje and Frikkie and Hans, Koos and Martinus and Piet, should come to Nooitgedacht to live. My grandmother was then about sixty years old. She was a big stout woman, but, as is sometimes the way with women who are stout, she moved very easily and lightly upon her feet. I had seen once a ship come sailing into Zandtbaai harbour, and grandmother walking, in her full wide skirts, with Aunt Betje's children bobbing like little boats around her, would make me often think of it. This big, wise, and gentle woman, with love in her heart for all the world, saw in everything that befell us the will of the Lord. And when, three weeks after Aunt Betje's children had come to us, there came one night from God knows where a stranger asking for shelter out of the storm, my grandmother knew that the Lord had sent him.

The stranger, who, when my grandmother brought

him into the living-room, gave the name of Jan Boetje, was a small dark man with a little pointed beard that looked as if it did not yet belong to him. His cheeks were thin and white, and so also were his hands. He seldom raised his eyes except when he spoke, and when he did so it was as if I saw before me the Widow of Nain's son, risen from the dead, out of my grandmother's Bible. Yes, as if from the dead did Jan Boetje come to us that night, and yet it was food that I thought of at once. And quickly I ran and made coffee and put it before him.

When Jan Boetje had eaten and drunk, my grandparents knew all that they were ever to know about him. He was a Hollander, and had but lately come to South Africa. He had neither relative nor friend in the colony. And he was on his way up-country on foot to the goldfields.

For a little while after Jan Boetje spoke of the goldfields my grandmother sat in silence. But presently she said:

"Mijnheer! I that am old have never yet seen a happy man that went digging for gold, or a man that was happy when he had found it. Surely it is sin and sorrow that drives men to it, and sin and sorrow that comes to them from it. Look now! Stay with us here on the farm, teaching school to my grandchildren, the orphans of my daughter Lijsbeth, and it may be that so you will find peace."

Jan Boetje answered her, "If Mevrouw is right, and sin and sorrow have driven me to her country for gold, am I a man to be trusted with her grandchildren?"

My grandmother cried, in her soft, clear voice, that was so full of love and pity, "Is there a sin that cannot be forgiven? And a sorrow that cannot be shared?"

Jan Boetje answered, "My sorrow I cannot share. And my sin I myself can never forgive."

And again my grandmother said, "Mijnheer! What

that was joy and pain together. Except to his scholars he had spoken to no one on the farm unless he first were spoken to. But now he spoke also to me, and when I went out in the veld with little Neeltje and her brothers, looking for all such things as are so wonderful to a child, Jan Boetje would come with us. And it was now that I taught Jan Boetje which berries he might eat and which would surely kill him, which leaves and bushes would cure a man of many sicknesses, and which roots and bulbs would quench his thirst. Many such simple things I taught him in the veld, and many, many times afterwards I thanked God that I had done so. Yes, all my love was ever to do for Jan Boetje was but to guide him so in the wilderness.

When Jan Boetje had been with us now six months and more, it came to be little Neeltje's birthday. My grandmother had made it a holiday for the children, and Jan Boetje and I were to go with them, in a stump-cart drawn by two mules, up into a little kloof that lay beyond the Rooikranz drift. It was such a clear still day as often happens in our Ghamka valley in June month, and as we drove, Neeltje and her brothers sang together in high sweet voices that made me think of the angels of God. Because of the weakness of my chest I myself could never sing, and yet that day, with Jan Boetje sitting quietly by my side, it was as if my heart were so full of song that he must surely hear it. Yes, I that am now so old, so old, was never again to feel such joy as swept through my soul and body then.

When we had driven now about fifteen minutes from the farm we came to the Rooikranz drift. There had been but little rain and snow in the mountains that winter, and in the wide bed of the river there was then but a small stream. The banks of the river here are steep, and on the far side are the great red rocks that give the drift its name. Here the wild bees make their honey, and the white wild-geese have their home. And here

day how beautiful in the still clear air were the great red rocks against the blue sky, and how beautiful against the rocks were the white wings of the wild-geese!

When we had crossed the little stream Jan Boetje stopped the cart and Neeltje and her brothers climbed out of it and ran across the river-bed shouting and clapping their hands to send the wild-geese flying out from the rocks above them. Only I was left with Jan Boetje, and now when he whipped up the mules they would not move. Jan Boetje stood up in the cart and slashed at them, and they backed towards the stream. Jan Boetje jumped from the cart, and with the stick end of his whip struck the mules over the eyes, and his face, that had grown so dear to me, was suddenly strange and terrible to see. I cried to him, "Jan Boetje! Jan Boetje!" but the weakness of my chest was upon me and I could make no sound. I rose in the cart to climb out of it, and as I rose Jan Boetje had a knife in his hand and dug it into the eyes of the mules to blind them. Sharp above the laughter of the children and the cries of the wild-geese there came a terrible scream, and I fell from the cart on to the soft grey sand of the river-bed. When I rose again the mules were far down the stream, with the cart bumping and splintering behind them, and Jan Boetje after them. And so quickly had his madness come upon him that still the children laughed and clapped their hands, and still the wild-geese flew among the great red rocks above us.

God knows how it was that I gathered the children together and, sending the bigger boys in haste back to the farm, came on myself with Neeltje and the little ones. My grandfather rode out to meet us. I told him what I could, but it was little that I could say, and he rode on down the river. When we came to the farm the children ran up to the house to my grandmother, but I myself went alone to the waggon-house. I opened the

door and closed it after me again, and crept in the dark to Jan Boetje's chair. Long, long, I sat there, with my head on my arms on his table, and it was as if in all the world there were nothing but a sorrow that must break my heart, and a darkness that smelt of tobacco and brandy and hides. Long, long I sat, and when at last my grandmother found me, "My little one," she said. "My dove! The light of my heart, and my treasure."

The mules that Jan Boetje had blinded were found and shot by my grandfather, and for long the splinters of the cart lay scattered down the bed of the river. Jan Boetje himself my grandfather could not find, though he sent men through all the valley looking for him. And after many days it was thought that Jan Boetje had gone up-country through the pass at night. I was now for a time so ill that my father came down from his farm in Beaufort district to see me. He would have taken me back with him but in my weakness I cried to grandmother to keep me. And my father, to whom everything that my grandmother did was right, once again left me to her.

My father had not been many days gone when old Franz Langermann came to my grandparents with news of Jan Boetje. Franz Langermann lived at the toll-house at the entrance to the pass through the mountains, and here Jan Boetje had come to him asking if he would sell him an old hand-cart that stood by the toll-gate. (The hand-cart was a heavy clumsy one that the road-men repairing the road through the pass had left behind them. Franz Langermann had asked Jan Boetje what he would do with such a cart? And Jan Boetje had answered, "I that have killed mules must now work like a mule if I would live." And he had said to Franz Langermann, "Go to the farm of Nooitgedacht and say to Meyrouw Delport that all that is in the little [illegible] in my room is now hers in payment of the [illegible]

there is enough also to pay for the hand-cart if Mevrouw will but give you what is just."

My grandmother asked Franz Langermann, "But what is it then that Jan Boetje can do with a hand-cart?"

And Franz Langermann answered, "Look now, Mevrouw! Through the country dragging the hand-cart like a mule he will go, gathering such things as he can find and afterwards selling them again that he may live. Look! Already out of a strap that I gave him Jan Boetje has made for himself his harness."

My grandmother went to Jan Boetje's room and found the box as Franz Langermann had said. There was money in it enough to pay for the mules and the hand-cart, but there was nothing else. My grandmother took the box out to Franz Langermann and said:

"Take now the box as it is, and let Mijnheer give you himself what is just, but surely I will not take payment for the mules. Is it not seven months now that Jan Boetje has taught school to my grandchildren? God help Jan Boetje, and may he go in peace."

But Franz Langermann would not take the box. "Look now, Mevrouw," he said, "I swore to Jan Boetje that only for the hand-cart would I take the money, and all the rest would I leave."

My grandmother put the box back in Jan Boetje's room, and gave to Franz Langermann instead such things as a man takes on a journey—biltong, and rusks and meal, and a little kid-skin full of dried fruits. As much as Franz Langermann could carry she gave him. But I, that would have given Jan Boetje all the world, in all the world had nothing that I might give. Only when Franz Langermann had left the house and crossed the yard did I run after him with my little Bible and cry:

"Franz Langermann! Franz Langermann! Say to Jan Boetje to come again to Nooitgedacht! Say to him that so long as I live I will wait!"

Yes, I said that. God knows what meaning my message had for me, or what meaning it ever had for Jan Boetje, but it was as if I must die if I could not send it.

That night my grandmother came, late in the night, to the room where I lay awake. She drew me into her arms and held me there, and out of the darkness I cried:

"Grandmother! Grandmother! Is love then such sorrow?"

And still I can hear the low clear voice that answered so strangely, "A joy and a sorrow—a help and a hindrance—love comes at the last to be but what one makes it."

It was the next day that my grandmother asked me to teach school for her in Jan Boetje's place. At first, because always the weakness of my chest had kept me timid, I did not think she could mean it. But she did mean it. And suddenly I knew that for Jan Boetje's sake I had strength to do it. And I called the children together and went down to the waggon-house and taught them.

All through the spring and summer months that year, getting books from the Pastor in Platkops dorp to help me, I taught school for my grandmother. And because it was easy for me to love little children and to be patient with them, and because it was for Jan Boetje's sake that I did it, I came at last to forget the weakness of my chest and to make a good teacher. And day after day as I sat in his chair in the waggon-house I would think of Jan Boetje dragging his hand-cart across the veld. And day after day I would thank God that I had taught him which berries he might eat, and which bulbs would quench his thirst. Yes, in such poor and simple things as this had my love to find its comfort.

That year winter came early in the [illegible], and there came a day in May month [illegible] of snow brought the river down in flood [illegible]

tains. My grandfather took the children down to the drift to see it. I did not go, but sat working alone with my books in the waggon-house. And always on that day when I looked up through the open half-door, and saw, far above the orange-grove, the peaks of the Zwartkops mountains so pure and white against the blue sky, there came a strange sad happiness about my heart, and it was as if I knew that Jan Boetje had at last found peace and were on his way to tell me so. Long, long, I thought of him that day in the waggon-house, and when there came a heavy tramping of feet and a murmur of voices across the yard I paid no heed. And presently the voices died down, and my grandmother stood alone before me, with her eyes full of tears and in her hand a little damp and swollen book that I knew for the Bible I had sent to Jan Boetje. . . . Down in the drift they had found his body—his harness still across his chest, the pole of his cart still in his hand.

That night I went alone to the room where Jan Boetje lay and drew back the sheet that covered him. Across his chest, where the strap of his harness had rubbed it, the skin was hard and rough as leather. I knelt down by his side, and pressed my head against his breast. And through my heart there ran in farewell such foolish, tender words as my grandmother used to me—" My joy and my sorrow. . . . The light of my heart, and my treasure."

THE SENSE OF POSSIBILITIES

By J. W. N. Sullivan

The interesting contention has been put forward by Mr. Havelock Ellis that science and mysticism were originally the same thing, and that one of the great distinguishing marks of our own civilization compared with, for instance, that of the ancient Greeks, is the complete separation we now make between these two attitudes. We need not ask either for a definition of the scientific or of the mystical outlook to know what Mr. Ellis means. To one who is not a mystic, indeed, a definition of mysticism is probably of no use; the definition, when given, turns out to be unintelligible. But we can at least give Mr. Ellis's statement an interpretation which raises very interesting questions. Whether we are talking of mysticism, or of some poor second cousin of mysticism, or of something which has nothing to do with mysticism, we understand by the word a certain kind of originality which is characteristic of certain work, and which rouses in the observer a curious sense of possibilities, giving him a vision (probably temporary) of himself and the universe, unaccustomed and partial, but which appears to be of a more *real* character than his normal outlook. Most men have been aware, at some time or another, of this unusual sense of possibilities. It comes to different men in different ways. Some men find that the music they really care about is just the music that gives them this heightened consciousness. There is some poetry which and

is either unintelligible or else creates this state in the reader. There are some writers, such as Melville and Dostoevsky, who give one the paradoxical impression that they are on the very verge of saying something which is profoundly true but inexpressible. And it is very evident that there are some mathematicians for whom Einstein's theory, the most *original* scientific theory that has ever been created, has transformed the universe in a way very different from what is usually meant by "the progress of science."

Now, whether or not it is Mr. Ellis's question, the question whether there is any incompatibility between these flashes of insight (for we believe them when we have them) and the scientific outlook is worth discussion. We may agree at once that there is an apparent incompatibility. Popular writers on science, like Mr. Joseph McCabe, and popular writers against science, like Mr. G. K. Chesterton, agree that the scientific outlook and the kind of thing we have been vaguely describing are at opposite poles. And it is true that we should be surprised to find the mystic, with his apparatus of planes and spheres unknown to geometry, a scientific man, and still surprised, although much less so, to find a scientific man who believes in the Poltergeist and is intelligent enough to realise the implications of that belief. But in taking scientific men of the present day we are being unfair to the supposed incompatibility. The modern physicist, at any rate, is so accustomed to true fairy stories that he would scarcely refuse belief to anything merely because it was marvellous or apparently outraged logic. The marvellous things he disbelieves he disbelieves because of the very delicate *taste* he has acquired in these matters. If he disbelieved in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "voluntary ganglions," for instance, it would be because his instantaneous reaction on hearing of them would be to laugh. But the scientific outlook, so far as a community is aware of it

in this philosophical sense, takes time to penetrate, and it is very probably true that the general conception of it is still described by Huxley's phrase that science is "organized common sense."

This phrase has a history. Newton, in the preface to his Principia, states that part of his purpose is to replace the "occult qualities" attributed to bodies by something simpler and more familiar. The astounding success with which he did what he set out to do is not realized by us simply because we have inherited it. We have, in fact, been brought up to take for granted a good deal more than Newton's actual achievement. Enormous as was that achievement he did not banish all occult qualities; he left, for instance, Gravitation, as one or two of his contemporaries pointed out. But the fact remains that, in terms of matter, the laws of motion and gravitation, he gave a mechanical explanation of the macrocosmic phenomena of the material universe. Newton, much more than any other single man, started off the Age of Reason and gave men grounds to hope that occult qualities would ultimately be banished from every part of the universe, including man himself. This spirit, like the cold, invigorating sanity of a sea-breeze, swept over all Europe. We cannot suppose that human nature suddenly changed when Galileo began to preach in the open air; Galileo's work, magnificently crowned by that of Newton, liberated a certain spirit in man which had long been stifled and oppressed. That spirit was what we may call the rationalistic spirit; it includes, in the sense in which we use it, all that is meant by Huxley's organized common sense, and it includes the emotional basis of that outlook. Released from the vague jumble of theology, imagination, and illogical reasoning which had dominated thought for centuries, inspired by the masterly manner in which, sticking to familiar [illegible] the new outlook conquered more and more [illegible]

universe, it became possible for a great man of science, at the end of the eighteenth century, to say that it was possible for a sufficiently great mathematical intelligence to predict, from the original distribution of the ultimate particles of matter, the future history of the world. This triumphant attitude was based on the conviction that mystery had vanished from the universe. There was complexity, but there was no mystery.

The point of this whole outlook, the basis of these wonderful acts of faith was, as we see now, the standing accorded to the ultimate entities known to science. Science had not become self-conscious. Scientific entities, in a way that it is now difficult for us to understand, were ultimate realities. It is this naïve, unsophisticated way of regarding science which is still, we believe, the basis of what is ordinarily meant by the rationalistic outlook. The root of it seems to be the belief that everything can ultimately be explained in terms of the familiar. This is, or was, not only true of physics, but also of psychology. By the simple apparatus of the old-fashioned psychologists it was hoped, ultimately, to describe the whole complex phenomenon we call a man. We can understand the whole of this outlook more clearly if we see it as the opposite of the outlook it replaced. It was not only more intelligible, but it gave a different and, except to a few philosophers, much more satisfactory kind of explanation.

The rationalistic outlook had great advantages. It gave a clear, definite picture of the world and it replaced the old chaos of lazy, gratuitous "principles" by honest thinking. But it had the disadvantage of not being rationalistic enough. The scientific universe became a sort of closed universe; the region within which explanations were to be sought was, as it were, well marked out. The foundation stones out of which any future theory was to be built had been discovered

once for all. It does not appear that there was anything voluntary about this. Not to question assumptions is hardly the mark of the supreme rationalist, but it was certainly the characteristic of rationalism. But as science progressed it became evident that the universe had been closed too early. The first hint that everything was not quite so straightforward as it had appeared came with the creation of the non-Euclidean geometries. Again, we are hardly in a position to appreciate the extraordinary nature of this discovery. Gauss, the greatest mathematician in Europe, was actually afraid to publish his discoveries. For two thousand years the Euclidean geometry had been considered an absolute necessity of thought, and the actual universe, of course, if science is to be possible at all, must be compatible with necessities of thought. Philosophers had drawn some of their strongest proofs of whatever it was they wanted to prove from the supposed necessity of Euclid's axioms. The destruction of their whole basis had results which are not yet fully realized. But the chief value of the new discoveries was in pure mathematics and in logic. So far as science was concerned they made very little difference; there were one or two men, such as Bernhard Riemann and W. K. Clifford, who were led to very strange speculations concerning the nature of the universe, but for the most part the scientific outlook preserved its rationalistic mood, *i.e.*, its fundamental entities were "matter" and Newton's laws of motion.

There is certainly a personal element in scientific theories. A theory proceeds from a content which consists of the scientific tradition and of something which is peculiar to the mind of the discoverer. This personal element is much more marked in some cases than in others. During the nineteenth century we have the impression that science was proceeding, for [illegible] part, along the highroad. Most of the [illegible]

ments were, so to say, *orthodox*. In reading the enormously able work of a man like Kelvin, for instance, we have no trace of that feeling of "possibilities" we mentioned at the beginning of this essay. He illuminates the world by throwing a stronger light on it than we possess, but his light is of the same kind. When he is difficult to understand it is because he is using a difficult technique; we are not required to think strange thoughts, to see the universe in a totally different light. Compared with Riemann and Clifford, for instance, Kelvin extends the point of view we already have; they suggest that there is an entirely different point of view from which the whole universe may be regarded. From this point of view, as a man possessing this quite different kind of originality, Maxwell stands out as the most important physicist of the nineteenth century. He was, as is usual with this type, too original to be appreciated immediately. It is typical and interesting that to the end of his long life Kelvin never accepted the electromagnetic theory of light. He resisted it, in the same spirit that some men now resist Einstein's theory. It called upon him to admit that his fundamentals were not fundamentals; it opened a crack in the universe, as it were.

Once a crack has appeared in a closed universe, it goes on spreading. Since Maxwell's day the cracks have so multiplied and spread that already nothing remains of the old Newtonian universe except a few fragments. It has not even the validity of a first sketch, for the main lines in a sketch are right. But the modern universe of physics is *essentially* different from the universe of the eighteenth century. All the primary entities are quite different. The directions in which explanations are sought are quite different. The relation of man to the universe is quite different. The universe of modern science has fundamentally nothing in common with the scientific universe on which rationalism was

built. It is not merely that hypotheses have changed. The rôle of the hypothesis has changed. The universe, which was to be explained in terms of little billiard balls and the law of the inverse square is now a universe where even mystics, to say nothing of poets and philosophers, have a right to exist. The present scientific picture of the universe, although incomparably more profound than that of the eighteenth century, allows much more room to possibilities. It allows them, and is not concerned to conflict with them.

So that we reach the conclusion that mysticism and science can quite well live together. Except on the basis of a rationalism whose foundations have long since crumbled there is no conflict whatever between mystical insight and science. And the man who prides himself on the complete absence of mystery in his view of the world is not only not representing the scientific outlook but will speedily become quite unable to understand it.

A SINNER'S DEATH

Now like a thief he dips his silent oar
In Lethe waters, and without adieu
Leaves us for that irrevocable shore
Where he need nevermore
His sullen tears rehearse, and penitence renew.
He has passed out of life unlingering,
And no salute upon the dead wind's wake
Is wafted to his helm, nor sea-nymphs sing
His threnody: the white sea-fowl forsake
His empty sails, and yet—from land's low [illegible]
One bird above the grey foam [illegible]
Keeps pace awhile, then falters as the [illegible]

RELIGIO LOCI

By Helen Waddell

THAT there is a reasonable soul in houses, those only will deny who have lived in such houses as themselves deny it, and so confirm the truth by their own heresy. Even in those houses which the late century spawned in streets there was a soul, albeit mean and wriggling, the soul of a Tadpole or Porwigle as Sir Thomas Browne would call it; yet conscious of itself, pretentious and eager. Eyes it had to see; and with time it took to itself legs to leap, and organs and a voice; behold the Frog-chorus of the new Democracy.

But this house, of whose faith I write as in an epitaph, was not of these. That epitaph has been a long time in writing, for when first begun it was a half-jesting comment on the living, and under correction from each fresh exercise of its most efficacious presence. The house is dead now: another man owns it and has not chosen to live in it—I cannot blame him, remembering its drains—and the rats have eaten it, and the rains sodden it, dripping through the broken tiles, and what life it will have fifty years from now—for a three-foot thickness of seventeenth-century masonry is tenacious of life—will be the insentiency of stones and rocks. Itself is dead, it may be because it turned infidel to itself, doubting itself, which is a sort of suicide, a giving up of one's own ghost—"We term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us"—but that is another story.

It was a disquieting house in which to grow up, [illegible] so sure to waken [illegible] [illegible] beautiful, with the [illegible] and beauty is the [illegible]

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A. Y. [illegible]

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It was a disquieting house in which to grow up; none so sure to waken mental unrest. Partly because it was beautiful, with the dignified, pitiful beauty of old age, and beauty is the pleasing torture of youth; partly

because the pageants of natural religion acted themselves with unusual state there; at sunset, rather than at sunrise. The country fell away from it to east and west, but in the east there was the barrier of the Mourne Mountains for the sun to climb, and so was asserted the strong confidence of earth against heaven. But to the west the earth arched itself and bent like a wave crouching to see the great light go down: and when the clouds came slowly up and marshalled themselves like great beasts round the sky, attending the couching of the god, one saw the stuff of which St. John made the beasts of Revelation. Moreover, though nowhere was the sensuous life so rich as in its ruinous garden of grass and roses gone to wood and straggling musk, the light in the house was the cold north light, than which there is none so apt for intellectual vision: and the dark windows looked into its green sunny places as an alchemist might look through his window at a rose, and turn from that divine and transitory alchemy of the clods to his own transmuting of the imperishable.

The house had its own unrest; and so it lived and had efficacy on generation after generation of youth: since it is not the complacency of the finder but the restlessness of the seeker that communicates itself, and that which holds us in the *Pilgrim's Progress* is not the city burning in the sunset but the road crossing the sky line on a hill. The evidence of that communicated restlessness was in its books, the remainder fossils of each age. They were not a race of theologians; yet each generation had left its jetsam behind it, the snailshells of theology in which it had sought shelter from the white radiance or the balefire of the eternity of its individual vision. It was through these that I learned to know the house; negatively, recognizing its rejections. Thus it did not like the Wesleys, for instance; that is, did not like the year '59, from which half the North of Ireland dates its soul's birth, calling it the Year of Grace, and

which one stubborn Ishmael among the fathers denounced for strange fire, calling it the Year of Delusion. I learned it, half comically, through the medium of a bead mat.

The bead mat lay on a mahogany secretaire in a room long and low and dim, its windows opening into the green heart of elms, so that as you chose you were in the plot of beechen green and shadows numberless, or with the drowned galleons and the great whales and the spent lights of the Forsaken Merman's caves. Now mahogany is among woods as the ruby among precious stones: and its generous darkling surfaces—for the frame work was massive—had the effect of a sermon by John Donne. Upon it lay the bead mat, worked by a great-aunt Sarah, dead of scarlet fever—like a heroine of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge—at eighteen: the verse was that which begins—

"A charge to keep I have"

and ends—

"A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

One instinctively straightened the bead fringe which encompassed the mat, and made invisible scratches on the mahogany. It behoved one to be punctilious, surrounded thus by small uneasy spiritual activities. Above it stood a little dingy row of duodecimo works of devotion, with discoloured vignettes on the title-page and faded angular inscriptions: among them, *Pyke's Persuasives to Early Piety*. Standing before the bead mat I opened it, as the least curious will open any book which is dusted daily, and so read the story of the young lady with great natural gifts of mind and heart, who in stress of soul quenched the Spirit and went to an evening party with her young companions: thereafter dying in great mental agony, despite the ministrations of the author: convinced, as indeed he was himself—that the

had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost. It was June, I remember, and the holidays just begun : outside there were sleepy cabbage roses and the moving shadows of trees and the old kind worldly wisdom of sunwarmed boxwood. The house itself was dark : but in that moment I envisaged its rebellion, its almost fierce antagonism : saw in a flash the solid rows of half-calf on the cabinets downstairs for what they were, an Incubus, a mass of nineteenth-century piety superimposed on a house fundamentally pagan.

It was a blind reaction : and in that lightning flash of conviction I did not see clearly. That " fundamental paganism " was a jet of foolish youth, youth that has always something in it of sympathy with Julian the Apostate. And the house had something of that sympathy : it served to keep it young, like its passion for Byron. It pleased itself with the imagining that above the leaf-choked stone well, which it could not see for the giant growth of rhododendrons, there was the broken figure of a spouting god. It was a rococo paganism at best. If Diana had parted the boxwood and come out upon the green, even in the strangest moonlight, the house would not have blinked : it would have taken her for a strayed compliment to Elizabeth. It is indeed a question if any house is pagan that has been built since the Italian renaissance. Eighteenth-century houses are never pagan : they may be atheistical, or Deist. Nineteenth-century houses are conscious, like Matthew Arnold, of a cultured agnosticism. Twentieth-century houses are Positivist in streets : these form Ethical Societies, which on Sundays they may be observed attending. But no seventeenth-century house is Positivist, this house least. It has been too great a while dying : has seen too many evenings the light lying like water on the green [illegible] of Armagh. No house disbelieves the Resurrection that has felt three hundred springs.

The pagan hypothesis did not survive the summer: restless nights of July, heavy with unshowered grass and barred with moonlight, when the timbers waked and grieved, and my great-uncle slept ill, like a withered apple-tree with the sap paining through it. The house waked with him, brooding on the middle age not of the wisest and the more untoward youth that had crippled it with mortgages and sunk it in debt. It had need to be tolerant of human infirmity: its mistrust of human weakness was as profound as that wherein lies the great strength of the Catholic Church. Contemporary as it was of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, their mighty opening counsel of perfection struck no response from it: it had seen too much of man's chief ends. It was in another opening sentence, again contemporary—"For my Religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all"—that it heard its own voice speaking in the wood: and for it there was no cure of souls like the *Religio Medici* and no author like Sir Thomas Browne.

Yet between them, as was fitting between contemporaries, there were all manner of excellent differences: and it was rather in the natural than the revealed points of his religion that it was one with him. "To pray in all places where quietness inviteth" it silently commended: it too has wished that prayer for the dead had been consonant to Truth, and not offensive to Religion; but at his confession that he never heard the Ave Mary bell without an elevation, it hailed him as one hails a fellow in heresy. The century of its building was Puritan: the century of the Penal Laws its maturity: it is a countryside inveterately Protestant. The nearest Catholic Chapel is at Tullyorier, a shabby chapel and in no way venerable: but when the feeble voice of its bell comes across the bog on a still evening, the house listens with a sort of angry and thwarted devotion. They were akin moreover in their attitude to what Sir Thomas

calls the "wingy mysteries of Divinity." Like him, it thought there are not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith, yet the matters in which it chose to exercise and breathe its faculty were not his. It was perhaps the racial difference: Sir Thomas was a Southerner and an Englishman. He posed his apprehension with the enigmas of the Incarnation and the Resurrection: this occupied itself with the dryer bones, the Northerly aspects of theology, disputing of the Will, of the Essence of Faith. These themes it pursued with the impersonal relentlessness of him who is himself immune: and one molten summer of my youth it made a nightmare to me with Samuel Rutherford's *Triumph of Faith*. I bear it no grudge: it is small loss to anyone to have translated life for once—albeit in the summer—in terms of the conscience and the will.

For religion in terms of the emotions, the house had both embarrassment and fear. At the naming of Rutherford's Letters it withdrew itself with the same uneasiness which I had observed under speech of the Wesleys. Itself passionate, the emotional expression of passion was hateful to it, unless sublimated above the common speech. Blake it read, but not Christina Rossetti, finding her voluptuous: and even Blake, only when his phrases were literally arrows of desire. Yet, inconsistently, in Donne, where if ever

"Christ's Cross and Adam's Tree stood in one place,"

it read unflinchingly.

It was in its old age that it came upon St. Augustine and the mediaeval hymns. Its Latinity was always suspect to me, but it had a natural inclination towards obscurity: and at last it had found the passion for which it craved set beyond profanation in an unfamiliar tongue. If it translated, it was as man believes unto righteousness, with the heart. "Sero te amavi, pulchritudo tam

antiqua, et tam nova, sero te amavi "—" Late, late have I loved thee, O Beauty, so old and yet so new."

" Rex tremendae majestatis "

fell gratefully on ears that over-familiarity had often vexed : in

" Quaerens me sedisti lassus "

it found passion enough to bankrupt whole anthologies.

" Requiem aeternam dona eis . . . lux perpetua luceat eis."

The house is dead, and fell before its death upon days so evil that, as I have said, it died an infidel. Another century should see it sunk to the level of the green ramparts in which it stood, the ramparts that the fabled Danes threw up, or an older and more fabled people than the Danes : and when the grass has grown above its foundations the curse on all who make or meddle with a fairy rath will be fulfilled. The empty house still braves it : the great elm beside the gable that has always threatened it fell in the last March storm, but forward, not sideways : there is still no breach. The trees still stand about it in a ring, with their curious air of waiting. It was always apparent, but especially at twilight ; translated to me what St. Paul had seen when he spoke of "the earnest expectation of the creature." Yet, looking back, I know that it is for no Christian Apocalypse they wait : it is the coming of the People of the Sidhe.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON THE FAR EAST AND OTHER THINGS.—*Balikpapan, July 9th, 1923.*—My dear Murry : Your letter of May 31st followed me to this corner of the Malay Archipelago—it is in East Borneo, in case you don't know where on the map to look for it. You seem scared by the success of THE ADELPHI. It is uncanny. There does seem to be a lapse somewhere, an oversight, when a venture into journalism succeeds which was not a performance on a tea-tray with a spanner. I can assume even in Borneo, without having seen THE ADELPHI, that at least you muffled the spanner. But it maybe that the public really has got tired of solos on brassware—it is well worth chancing it that a little change from violent noises in one note would be moderately welcomed by a few here and there.

I'm having a rum time. This sudden change from Massingham to Dyaks has so confused me that I'm hardly articulate yet. From Adelphi Terrace to the Malay Islands in a month—out of the grey and bitter easterly spring of the dark place where we were all war-warped to the dawns and islands of these Seas, which quite often are curiously like the picture of the Garden of Eden in grandmother's Bible with coloured illustrations—is rather too much and too rapid. I look at these cheerful, good-natured, friendly, and graciously mannered brown folk, with their bamboo-houses, palms, rice, buffaloes, and no sense whatever of that damned nuisance called time, and I can't believe it yet. If it is all real, then I'm bound to declare that the industrial civilisation of the north must be the work of men with hearts like crab-apples. But perhaps it isn't really. Any

one sunset here would furnish a whole English summer with the colour for all its holiday skies. I woke the other morning just in time to see from the port window of my cabin the sun rise beside the high volcanic crags of the island of Lombock, and I couldn't go to sleep again. It was awful. A Chinese boy saw I was awake, and brought coffee, and handed me my pipe as though bestowing a sceptre. What the deuce could any man make of such incidents, and of harbours full of catamarans and sharks, and dark little men who carry knives with gold hilts at their backs, and women who never look at a stranger though their chromatic dresses have English sovereigns as buttons—what could he make of that after years of book-reviewing and Lloyd George? I shall have to get another fountain-pen. This one's no good for the job I'm on. Something has happened to me, though. I haven't heard a word of English political news since I left London, and yet I've often been more upset through missing a collar-stud. I think I shall give my vote to the dustman, when I get back. But keep THE ADELPHI going, anyhow. I shall want to buy that, one day at London Bridge. While talking of literature, it is interesting to note what a distinction the infrequent booksellers in these Seas make between Dutch and English travellers. The Dutchmen seem to get the best of everything English, translated into Dutch, and they read it, too. I talked with a Dutch commercial traveller at Macassar a few days ago, who told me he had read *Paradise Lost* in both English and his own language. He had read all Joseph Conrad, and the way he put his hands up, and slowly wagged his head in adoration, was both beneficial and surprising. You may see at the general stores on some islands here lots of English literature, tucked in a corner between the coffee berries, rice, white shirts, and tinned tripe; you could go away with an armful of it, rejoicing, except for the fact that it is in Dutch. And what do I find for

myself? Only the tinned tripe. In a general store with an English name at Sourabaya recently I went through hundreds of English books, hoping for the best, and holding the guilders in my willing hand. I shouldn't have been more disappointed if my ship had sailed without me. I might as well have looked along the rows of bottles and pots which you see at a barber's where extra special attention is given to the ladies. There was nothing for me to buy except *My Lady Nicotine*, and that I bought because I remembered I had read it in Devonshire, when on my first holiday with my wife. But I noticed a remarkable display of choice tennis racquets.—Yours ever, H. M. TOMLINSON.

SHELLEY.—M. André Maurois (justifiably admired in Britain as the author of *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*) has written a book called *Ariel ou la Vie de Shelley* (Bernard Grasset, 9 francs). It is a most diverting and instructive work. It is also quite short, probably not over 70,000 words, probably the shortest biography of Shelley ever written for persons of taste. All English-written biographies are too long, even those by Boswell and Lockhart. Some of them are so long that they never end. The French are not as a race very interested in literature, but at any rate they have had the sense not to tolerate long biographies in several tomes weighing ten pounds a tome. M. Maurois' book takes nearly the form of a novel. In his preface he implies that it somehow is a novel, though [illegible] (and of course spiritually) true to life. He [illegible] its truth by the statement that he has given to Shelley no phrase and no thought not to be found in [illegible] letters, his poems, or the memoirs of his [illegible] [illegible] is insufficient. Any journ[illegible] [illegible] business can stick to facts, and, by [illegible] [illegible] a totally false impression. [illegible] [illegible] facts. He has [illegible]

relating to Shelley the poet. His main interest is Shelley's domesticity, and he has handled the subject with gleeful, cruel, and tender irony. His style has not quite the polish of Voltaire's or Anatole France's, but it is elegant enough and urbane without mercy. For myself I know nothing except what one picks up from encyclopaedias and reviews about the life of Shelley. I always suspected that the Shelley circle must be a queer lot, but I had no idea that they were so queer as M. Maurois beautifully shows them to have been. What a crew of fanatics, zealots, conscienceless idealists, simpletons, sex-ridden women, maladroit and pretentious dabblers in the great art of existing on earth! And the Godwins! My God! The Godwins! Byron perhaps comes out best. He was capable of behaving infamously, but in life he had a sense of style. Shelley had not, though according to Byron he could walk through a drawing-room with more style than anybody. He must have been fantastically terrible to live with. Some of his far-famed generosity strikes me as being worse than silly; it approaches the criminal. His death was the direct consequence of inexcusable folly; and instead of weeping for Adonais one is inclined to exclaim curtly: "The fellow asked for it." Considered as a study in the essential frivolity of self-complacent theorists, M. Maurois' book is masterly, ruthless, side-splitting, absorbing. Naturally as a novelist he has simplified, and so sharpened, his major effects; but not, I think, unfairly. I count his book as an antidote to Dowden. (Not that I have read Dowden or ever shall, but one has one's notions of Dowden.) It is a pity that he has not handled Shelley the poet. The more I read Shelley the more I am convinced of his immense greatness, which to my mind exceeds the greatness of, for example, Keats. And I should have liked the chance of seeing my Anglo-Saxon estimate of it corrected by the sardonic Latin judgment of an ironist

such as M. Maurois is. For the general good of Britain and the United States *Ariel*, despite its restricted scope, ought to be translated.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

MAN AS A MACHINE.—The conception of man as a machine has always had a peculiar fascination for the mass of mankind. In religion we find the tendency to stereotype not only humanity but also God. Inspiration is crystallized into dogma, morality into law. In religion, says the priest, we cannot admit exceptions. Every rule must be an universal rule. So the original inspiration is documented, exhibited and taught to us as the strictest of all codes. And mankind accepts the code with relief. It satisfies his longing for the comprehensible, logical regularity of the machine.

The process has been carried still further with philosophy which is free from the necessity to make one or two prime, mystical, assumptions in order to relate the machine to the power that drives it. In the last decade of the nineteenth century, we had an almost complete mechanistic hypothesis by which we could trace the elements of emotion, inclination and will back to the simple tropism of the plant. And, to-day, the most fascinating of recent philosophies is Behaviourism which permits a purely mechanical explanation of all our mental life.

We find the same expression of a desire for the regularization of thought and conduct in politics and social life. Our political parties represent a determined effort to classify and stereotype the general concepts of government. The average voter complains that "you never know where you are," with a Coalition Government, because the representative longing is for a clearly recognizable issue. The extremes of opinion, such as Conservative and Labour, will eventually always find more adherents than the indefinite policy of compromise or the middle way. "Trimmer" is a term of reproach.

and we call the man who changes his party a renegade. What we ask for is stability, rigidity; for opinions that reflect the anticipated attitude with the certainty of a machine.

In our social life the general effort is, also, towards an ideal of uniformity, the acceptance of this, that, or the other code. We desire a standard of manners and speech not less than a standard of moral conduct. From our infancy we are taught that there is "a right and a wrong way of doing things."

I suppose that the answer to this riddle of man's longing for the mechanical is to be found in our desire to avoid effort. The man of regular opinions and regular habits escapes much of the conflict and worry of life. He is never agonized over the making of a decision nor terrified by the necessity to explore the unfamiliar. In life, as a business concern, the ideal is found in the regularization of detail, in doing things everyday in the same way at the same time; assuming once and for always that that way is the best possible. By doing this we are, we believe, setting the mind free for the greater concerns of existence by relieving ourselves of thought about the less. Unhappily it seems to be true that once the process is started it cannot be stopped. If we adopt the mechanical as a means to carrying on the small affairs we shall use the same method in all. How can the man of fixed opinions in politics have free opinions in religion?

So the ideal of the machine comes to have a peculiar fascination for us; and as the general movement in civilization is always towards democracy, the social reformer pictures for us an increasingly regularized form of social life. Utopia, in the scheme of Fabian Socialism, is reached when the great machine of society works without friction, when all men and women have their appointed duties and direct their individual aspirations towards the welfare of the group, the nation, the whole of humanity.

And the object-lesson is provided for us by Nature in the organization of the social hymenoptera. Well might Solomon advise the sluggard to go to the ant. In that community, the mental sluggard would find peace.

Of G.B. and Peasants and Cuckoos.—Because in No. 2 of The Adelphi I wrote of the undiscriminating effect of "Modern Reviewing," and added a footnote in No. 3, G. B., I think, rather stupidly, speaks of my "periodic outbursts against reviewers." He then endorses all that I have to say with an air of protecting somebody from ill-treatment. We are all reviewers I suppose, more or less, all of us who write, and I should have thought it was plain enough that what I objected to was the current method of distributing books for notice among a reviewing staff in such a way that it is impossible to give exceptionally good books exceptional distinction. I don't think the reviewers can help themselves very much; it is a question of the handling of books by newspapers, a question of getting the news of a good book over to the public. I never "damned the reviewers off-hand" in those paragraphs, never in fact wrote the word "reviewers" at all—for I think the heading of my postscript "The Reviewers Again" was editorial. G. B. has still to learn to read exactly.

But my object in writing these paragraphs was not so much to call attention to the ineffectiveness of the news about books in the papers as to tell the readers of The Adelphi of several amusing and admirable books they might be glad to hear about. This time I would like to ask them to tell me about two books that may or may not exist. One is a book which will tell me plainly how cultivation in France has been affected by the railway and steamship, how the life and work of a French peasant to-day differs from the life and work, the economy generally, of his predecessor of 1850, because of these things. And the other book I want

is one about cuckoos. We always read about *the* cuckoo. But there are a lot of different cuckoos, cuckoos in different parts of the world. There are cuckoos that are not parasitic, home-loving cuckoos with nests of their own. There are also cuckoos that lay eggs only in the nests of one sort of foster-parent bird. Is there a great monograph on cuckoos of their habits and morals somewhere? The riddle of how our disreputable British cuckoo came to live the life it does, is a very pretty riddle indeed.—H. G. WELLS.

ON THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.—I read with something like despair certain of the criticisms of my article on the elementary school, for they showed how blind to reality may be even those who sincerely desire an improved education system. It is significant that two of my critics have had little experience of elementary school teaching, while the severest has had none at all. My sole concern is to show that the conditions I described apply to the vast majority of schools, and are not the nightmare imaginings of a disgruntled faddist. Hence I will quote orthodox authority.

It is denied that the elementary school prepares children for a predestined station in life. (I did not say that vocational training was given.) But the existence of the social predestination idea was admitted in the Board of Education's Report on the Teaching of English where it was denounced as the "educational lie in the soul." The Report says, "The fact that the majority of elementary school children will take up some form of manual labour must not limit the kind of education they are to receive; education is a preparation for life, not for livelihood." The Report was published not twenty but two years ago.

To read my critics it might be imagined that herd teaching was a thing of the past. Listen, then, to a far fiercer indictment than mine. A short time ago the

Director of Education for Burnley said, "Of recent years the class and not the individual has become the educational unit, and the efficiency of a school is, as a rule, estimated by the study of the teacher teaching and not of the pupil learning." And the class of over sixty has not entirely disappeared, it exists even in comparatively fortunate London.

I regret I did not recognize the recent improvements in Training Colleges. The London Day Training College, however, is not typical. Most teachers are trained in denominational, residential colleges, stuffy institutions where sex, theological, and professional segregation prevails. "The Training College suffers" (I quote from a paper recently read by a Training College Principal) "from the lack of association with the general activities of a university."

I repeat that the elementary teacher's fear of inspectors is general. The fact is as indisputable as it is deplorable. Before me are two letters written by teachers, one in the Midlands, one in the North of England. The first says, "The picture you have drawn of the dread of inspectors is rather mild than exaggerated." The second, "The funk does exist, and not only among the older teachers." For this fear I do not blame the inspectors; it is, as I said, a foolish, irrational fear due mainly to tradition; but, so long as it exists, education will suffer.—CHARLES H. BARKER.

OF HACKS AND A GONDOLIER.—There is no such thing as hack-work, though there are many hacks. No work can be hack-work if it is undertaken in the right spirit. This was first really impressed upon me by the enthusiasm of a quiet little man whose brother had been made head waiter in an important hotel. "He was always a genius. When he began as a [illegible] his shoes always shone brighter than anybody [illegible] he drove a cab, his cab was always [illegible]

other in the square; and now that he is head waiter, his hotel will be the best in the place. He has even learnt arithmetic." This was the crowning achievement in a part of the world where illiteracy was sadly prevalent.

It was finally driven home for me by a noble old gondolier, who was grumbling bitterly at the changed times as he rowed me out to S. Giorgio and complaining that neither of his sons would become a gondolier, preferring to go into a factory. "Yes, gondoliering is a fine trade," I remarked casually, and probably without much conviction. "Il migliore di tutti—the best of all," he answered sharply, ceasing to row for a moment, and drawing himself up proudly. "Gondoliere di Venezia—a gondolier of Venice." And as he stood there silhouetted against the flattening rays of the setting sun, he has always remained for me the living embodiment of the spirit of the Venice of old in her greatest days. It was because of an insult to his honour as a gondolier that he bore a lasting grudge against the German tourists, who outnumbered all others on Markusplatz before the war—"Gente curiosa, anzi curiosissima," as he called them—a strange people, strange indeed. And he went on to describe how once he was bringing a honeymoon couple from the station and noticed that they clung most affectionately to each other whenever he uttered his deep warning cry as he came to the corners of the canals, but thought that it was only their usual embarrassing demonstrativeness. When he had deposited them at their hotel, the porter came rushing out to know what he had done to frighten them; and then he learnt that they knew he had meant to murder them in one of the dark canals, only there had always been another gondola about, and they were determined to die in each other's arms: "As if I had been a Red Skin," he commented, scornfully.
—L. Collison-Morley.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

By The Journeyman

I knew it would happen, of course; nevertheless, and also of course, I was disappointed that it did. Charlie Chaplin's *The Pilgrim* was dismissed by the *Times* in four lines of minuscule type as "burlesque melodrama," which it certainly is not, and frowned upon by the *Observer* for being inferior to *The Kid*, which I doubt. I did not see the other newspapers: I never do, except the *Morning Post* and perhaps the *Star*. Sooner or later, on one page or another, the other newspapers make me sick. These four, or these three and a half are decent newspapers. There are others, but they do not belong to London. There is the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*; but they seldom come my way. And, anyhow, all this is beside the point.

Why is it, I wonder, that there is no real criticism of the cinema? Occasionally, a dramatic critic lets himself go—and lets himself go. Two years ago a whole host of them wallowed in *The Kid*; they told us of strong City men, with large watch-chains and stomachs, who wept hot tears; they began to talk about Chaplin the great actor, just as though he had never existed before. Not one of them, apparently, had seen *A Dog's Life*, or *Easy Street*, or *The Immigrant*, or *Charlie the Champion*; not one of them had any conception, based on real knowledge, of what Chaplin could and [illegible] not do, or a notion of the way he might develop [illegible] ing genius. But since there was a good [illegible] minality in *The Kid*, besides [illegible]

marvellous acting, they all declared it was Chaplin's masterpiece. It was nothing of the kind.

There are many possible attitudes towards the cinema. You may regard the whole institution as nauseous, and dismiss it entirely. You may acknowledge that it exists and be superior and pontifical about it: like the gentlemen who lose no opportunity of saying what a marvellous educational influence the cinema would be, if only there were more educational films. (I have seen some—*The Marriage of a Polyp* and the *Courtship of a Flounder*, where what is going on is utterly invisible to the naked eye.) Or you may regard the whole thing as a strange new social fact, to be understood and estimated: and this, I think, is the most terrifying aspect of the cinema; from this angle it becomes, together with wireless and listening-in, one of the most monstrous portents of modern times. And there is another attitude still—but that may wait.

The first—the wholly negative—attitude has nothing to do with us now. The second—the pontifical—attitude is merely silly: people will not go to see educational films, and until someone who knows something of the mere technique of the cinema takes them in hand, nobody ever will go to see them. But the cinema as a social fact is interesting and alarming. I suppose not less than a million people go to the cinema every day in England. And the stuff they sit through! Without a murmur; for all one can see, utterly apathetic. They seem to be in a condition of perpetual coma, like a python after swallowing a cow. They will swallow any number of cows apparently, slowly and monotonously ingurgitate whatever the idiots who manufacture film by the ton choose to put before them. You have the sense, as you sit there, trying to digest the cannon-ball of your own awful boredom, that no one knows anything whatever about the process in which you have rashly involved yourself. There is a great machine for the

production and consumption of film. From the million-dollar man at the top to the ninepenny front-row man at the bottom there runs one endless chain of black and abysmal ignorance. The million-dollar man would probably like to supply what the public wants: the public doesn't *want* anything: it neither likes nor dislikes what is provided at the cinema: it wants nothing except *to go to the cinema*. Beyond that, it has no reaction whatever. So the million-dollar man, having nothing whatever to guide him, takes for his standard the only one that means anything to him when he is left to his own resources—money. He spends more and more money, quite witlessly. If a dog appears for a second in the film, then it must be a million-dollar dog. No horse that is not a thoroughbred; no car that is not a Rolls-Royce. It is terrifying.

The first, the foremost, and the most awful fact about the cinema is that the cinema public will swallow anything. It is one of the most powerful pieces of apparatus for the mechanization of the human universe that has yet been invented; and, for the most part, it works entirely on its own, without guidance or control. Anyone who has imagination or sensitiveness enough to feel horror, must be horrified by it. The cinema, as a social fact, does not bear thinking about too much.

Nevertheless, within this nightmare world of mechanism, which does exist and cannot be abolished by turning one's back upon it, there are a handful of men of individuality, and one man of genius. They have imposed themselves somehow: in this desert of flickering sameness they are different, some just a little, some considerably, one absolutely. On these men, and on this one man in particular, the possibility of [illegible] this mechanical monster under some sort of [illegible] control depends. Chaplin awakes the audience [illegible] its coma into some kind of awareness: [illegible] awareness is, how deep it goes, I do not [illegible]

simply have the sense that while he is on the screen the apathetic audience becomes momentarily alive. If it laughs where there is nothing to laugh at, it does not matter; it is doing and feeling something. The gloom of mere insentience is lifted. At every point he conquers the machine: he is his own million-dollar man. He composes his scenario, he produces his own film, he is his own chief actor, and he creates himself. The worst Chaplin film—and I cannot remember one that was really bad—is by a whole degree better than the best of any other man. It belongs to a different kind.

First, because in its whole genesis it is a different thing. The making of a Chaplin film is obviously different from the making of any other. A mind, or an instinct, with an ultimate purpose is in control. What he desires, that—in so far as he can do it—he does. He is not wasting his energy in trying to outwit some imbecile who insists on spending a million to achieve a result that is better achieved for sixpence. Second, because his ultimate purpose is different. He aims at amusing an audience, no doubt; just as, in Wordsworth's sense, the poet aims first at giving pleasure. But the giving of this pleasure is conditioned. It is conditioned by this creation of himself—the Charlie Chaplin of the hoardings and the pictures, who is so different from Mr. Charles Chaplin, the beautiful young man who is a millionaire in California—by means of which the pleasure has to be given. And this creation of himself, this figure of "Charlie," is a thing of import and significance. It represents an attitude of rebellion against the mechanism of life. Chaplin, as I call him when I want to distinguish the creator from the creature "Charlie," has somewhere and somehow been under the wheels of modern civilization; and he remembers it. "Charlie" is the embodiment of some of his resentment and contempt: he is the under-dog, who wages his incessant and spontaneous warfare against institutions

and the lie of moribund ideals. I do not believe that "Charlie" is the *conscious* creation of Chaplin, or that the things which "Charlie" does in a film are really predetermined. They come from a natural and spontaneous adjustment to the universe; and I imagine that Chaplin himself would have almost as great a difficulty as I have in forcing the implications of his own creation into his conscious mind.

Take, for a single instance, the most wholly surprising incident in *The Pilgrim*. Charlie, the escaped convict, become by the accident of circumstance the minister of a Western American town, has to take the service the moment he arrives. He knows nothing about services. He manages to get through to the sermon. Then he is inspired. He mimes the fight between David and Goliath: as an achievement of miming it is astonishing, superb. His congregation is scandalized and thunderstruck: one small boy bursts in whoops of applause. I was so carried away by the moment that I simply could not realize the implicit satire on conventional religion. I remember saying to myself with heartfelt conviction: "I wish all sermons were like that: I should go to church more often." But it was only afterwards that I understood how extraordinarily real that fight between the little man and the giant had been, how "Charlie" had surrendered himself to it, how I had been carried away by it—as a thing in itself, not as part of a scene in a Wild West conventicle. And that congregation, which should have been as overcome as I was, is simply scandalised, save for one small boy! I can read into the episode now a whole universe of meaning, and it will bear it all. And "Charlie" himself—is he not perpetually the David against the Goliath? And is not the [illegible] his audience generally about as [illegible] the attitude of the congregation of David's [illegible]

I say again, I do not believe that [illegible]

conscious of what he does : that would be superhuman. But there is some essential truth, some fundamental rightness, in the whole attitude towards life which he has embodied in the creation of himself into " Charlie." This essential truth it is which makes his smallest act significant. In some way, he cannot go wholly wrong : so long as he allows " Charlie " to react instinctively to his circumstances. The truth of spontaneity is in his bones ; it disciplines all his astonishing feats of sheer technique into a single effect ; it makes his films yield more and more at a second and a third seeing ; it enables this little David to win victory after victory over the Goliath of mechanism—in the world, in the machine of cinema itself, in the soul of an audience, which if dead to all else, stirs at his approach.

Chaplin is a great artist in the deepest sense of the word. He is not a great actor ; he belongs to another and a higher order. Those who desire to see him (as he is reported to desire to see himself) interpreting the creations of other men, do not understand what he is or what he has done. Possibly he does not understand it himself ; but somewhere certainly he *knows*. If he will only trust himself, all will be well All that criticism can do—and if it had any sense of values it would be busy with the work—is to help him to trust himself completely.

MULTUM IN PARVO

A Worthy Offering.—In the Homeric age of Greece their companions in arms and their countrymen used to march round the funeral pyres of the heroes, throwing into the flames the possessions that each one held most dear; some actually sacrificed their horses, others their slaves or even themselves. I do not ask as much of the Italians: I desire political parties to live on, because they are the reason of liberty. But I should like these parties, from the Monarchists, who boast that Giuseppe Garibaldi is their ally, to the Socialists, who hold that they owe to him their birth or their worth, to throw into the pyre that will smoke by the seashore not the things they hold most dear, but all the evil that is in them. (*Carducci.*)

The King's Brown Boots.—The following paragraph lately appeared among the editorial notes on the first page of a London *literary* weekly:—

> Have you ever noticed the perfection of the polish on the brown boots of His Majesty? His boots are looked after by the second valet, who, I am told, is the inventor of a special brown boot polish of super-excellent quality. The only other person outside our own Royal Family who enjoys the use of this polish is the Queen of Spain, and she has to obtain it from the valet who keeps the manufacture a closely guarded secret.

Englishmen and Newspapers.—The first [illegible] English do in the first place where they establish themselves is to start a newspaper. And when they have started one newspaper, they start another.

Jersey, a place with 60,000 inhabitants, there are six newspapers: two in English and four in French.

To-day, if there were a desert island and an Englishman on it, there would be a newspaper. Robinson Crusoe would be the editor and Friday the subscriber. (*Victor Hugo.*)

AN ODD OBITUARY.—The following obituary notice appeared in a recent number of the *Bethnal Green News*:—

The death took place on Friday of last week, the 20th inst., at the London Hospital, of Mr. Samuel Alfred Montague, of 19, King Edward Road, South Hackney. The deceased during the heat-wave then prevailing, at 2.45 in the afternoon of the 17th inst., had a stroke while in the garden. He was, on medical advice, taken to the hospital, but never regained consciousness, the cause of death being cerebral hemorrhage. The deceased, who was seventy-one years of age, was very well known in Bethnal Green and South Hackney. He carried on business, firstly, as a wholesale glass and china merchant, and latterly, and for many years, as a carman and contractor in Cambridge Road, from which he retired a few years ago. He was twice married, on the first occasion, when only twenty-one years of age, to Miss Eliza Selby, by whom he had one child, which lived but three days. On the death of his wife he married, on March 14th, 1886, a Miss Florence Eleanor Bowler, a charming girl, aged eighteen, of Waltham Abbey, at South Hackney Parish Church, when he was thirty-four, and by whom he had fifteen children, nine of whom are still living, six sons and three daughters. His wife survives him.

The deceased, indeed, was a most strange man. Although bringing the children into the world, he had

A STRONG ANTIPATHY

to them being in his house, while their mother naturally championed their remaining, which caused unhappiness. In his business life he was an arrogant, autocratic, and quarrelsome man, and a dictator of the worst order. He at any time of his life had but a few friends, and these he soon lost. His mannerisms were distasteful to the last degree, and his expressions on the sanctity of marriage will be treated with ridicule, for it is known for some years past he cheated his

affection for many. He was, in plain words, a hypocrite. For three or four months past he had suffered from a carbuncle, which had made him more strange in his manner. It is a recognised saying, "Speak not ill of the dead"; but what can be said of a man who dies and leaves his fortune to others, and to a loving and faithful wife not a penny to provide for a large family? This is the action of Mr. Samuel Montague.

The funeral of the deceased took place to-day (Friday) afternoon at 2.30, and he was interred in the family's private grave at Woodgrange Park Cemetery.

Messrs. W. English and Son, of Bethnal Green Road, carried out the funeral arrangements in a satisfactory manner.

A Human Mind.—The next-door lady has a private income of some £300 a year, and a very small modern house to run; she has thus a considerable amount of time in which to exercise her mind.

Here are two examples of the results of this exercise:

"No good whatever can come of these women getting into Parliament—with these all-night sittings you'll see the place will become a Perfect Hot-Bed of Vice, fit for no respectable person to enter."

"My window-cleaner is an Absolute Gentleman; I was in the house alone to-day, and I let him come in, and clean the inside windows; although he was in the house more than half an hour, he never said a Single Wrong Word to me!"

The lady is fifty, arid and angular, there was surprise and a faint wistfulness in her tone as she told of Sir Galahad the window-cleaner.—C. S.

Politics and the People.—His heart [illegible] within him, swollen in his breast. Because [illegible] did love the working people, he knew [illegible] a great, generous love for one another [illegible] also believe, in a way, that [illegible] up this great Church of C[illegible] People, upon the generous [illegible]

this theoretical socialism started by Jews like Marx, and appealing only to the will-to-power in the masses, making money the whole crux, this has cruelly injured the working people of Europe. For the working people of Europe were generous by nature and money was not their prime passion. All this political socialism—all politics in fact—have conspired to make money the only god. It has been a treacherous conspiracy against the generous heart of the people. And that heart is betrayed: and knows it. (*D. H. Lawrence: "Kangaroo."*)

READERS' BOOKS.—From time to time we receive from our readers names of books which they recommend. Unfortunately, it is impossible for us to verify these verdicts for ourselves. The books are many and the hours are few. Nevertheless, it may be of advantage and interest to publish the names of these books, even though we take no responsibility for the recommendation. Here are a few :—

La Vie du Bouddha, par A. Ferdinand-Herold, is declared to be the life of Buddha which is of interest to the general reader.

The Tree of the Garden, by Edward C. Booth. The recommender of this urges that the reader should not be discouraged by the author's use of dialect. "He is a great story-teller and a poet, and I feel he ought to have more notice taken of him."

The Hawkeye and *Vandemark's Folly*, by Herbert Quick. An American reader assures me that these two American novels contain more of the true history of the great Middle West than any other books he knows.

A STRAYED REVELLER.—As I was walking down Whitehall this afternoon, I saw a little girl in [illegible] legs and a tiny short skirt—trying to catch a thistle-down with both hands. A thistledown in Whitehall!

But more was to come. It blew, while she clutched at it, into the door of the *Paymaster-General's Office!*

Seen in Passing.—In a second-hand bookshop in Brixton, over three dirty copies of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* "The story of the film. Only 3d. each."

In a similar establishment in the Strand, "Cheap edition of *Decameron Nights,* by Boccaccio, author of the play now running at Drury Lane."

Drowning Souls.—In tremendous extremities human souls are like drowning men; well enough they know they are peril; well enough they know the causes of that peril; nevertheless, the sea is the sea, and these drowning men do drown. (*Herman Melville.*)

Gutter Snipes and Their Reading.—When I first went into an Elementary school, twelve years ago, I heard the teacher talk for two hours,—a marvellous improvization. Even in the Reading lesson, tradition compelled the teacher to keep the whole class reading the same pages at the same moment at the same pace, and to take the lesson in an oral kind of way. In consequence, books were bought on a bizarre system. "Readers," *i.e.*, text-books in Geography, History, or English, were bought in bunches of forties or sixties, and the children, poor things, read them sometimes three times in a year. Often they got nothing else to read. So odd a fact calls for an explanation. The cause was that not many real books were cheap enough for the schools. But long before the war, certain publishers began to issue delightful small cheap books, such as *Books for the Bairns,* and ordinary human reading for pleasure began in the class-rooms. What has the result been? In the poorest districts I know, the children spend pennies weekly on booklets, in the [illegible] shops around their homes. Now the pe[illegible]

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aloud, and cries, "Yes, and what do they read?" He holds up *Gnome Jam-pot, Sweetie the Fairy, Prince Charming and the Enchanted Motor-Bike*,—"It's trash they read!" he says. It is; it is a wonder that any human being should bother to go from one page to the next. Good stories for twopence I do not know of, since the war. I have tried to induce publishers to produce them; there is a market for them, and I cannot see why there should be a profit on dull stupid stories, and not on exciting ones, nor why wishy-washy imitations of fairy-tales should be cheaper to print than fairy-tales themselves. Would that penny books would fall from Heaven! They are needed.—N. M.

PROBLEM No. 5.—The following is a problem set by a mediaeval arithmetician. A ship carrying as passengers 15 Turks and 15 Christians encounters a storm, and the pilot declares that in order to save the ship and crew, one half the passengers must be thrown into the sea. The passengers are placed in a circle and it is agreed that every ninth man shall be cast overboard, reckoning from a certain point. In what manner must they be arranged so that the lot may fall exclusively upon the Turks?

Answer to August problem:

$$\frac{2D\left(V-\sqrt{V^2-c^2}\right)}{V^2-c^2}$$

Where D is the width of the river, V the swimmer's velocity in still water, and c the velocity of the stream.

Answer to September problem:

4 to 1.

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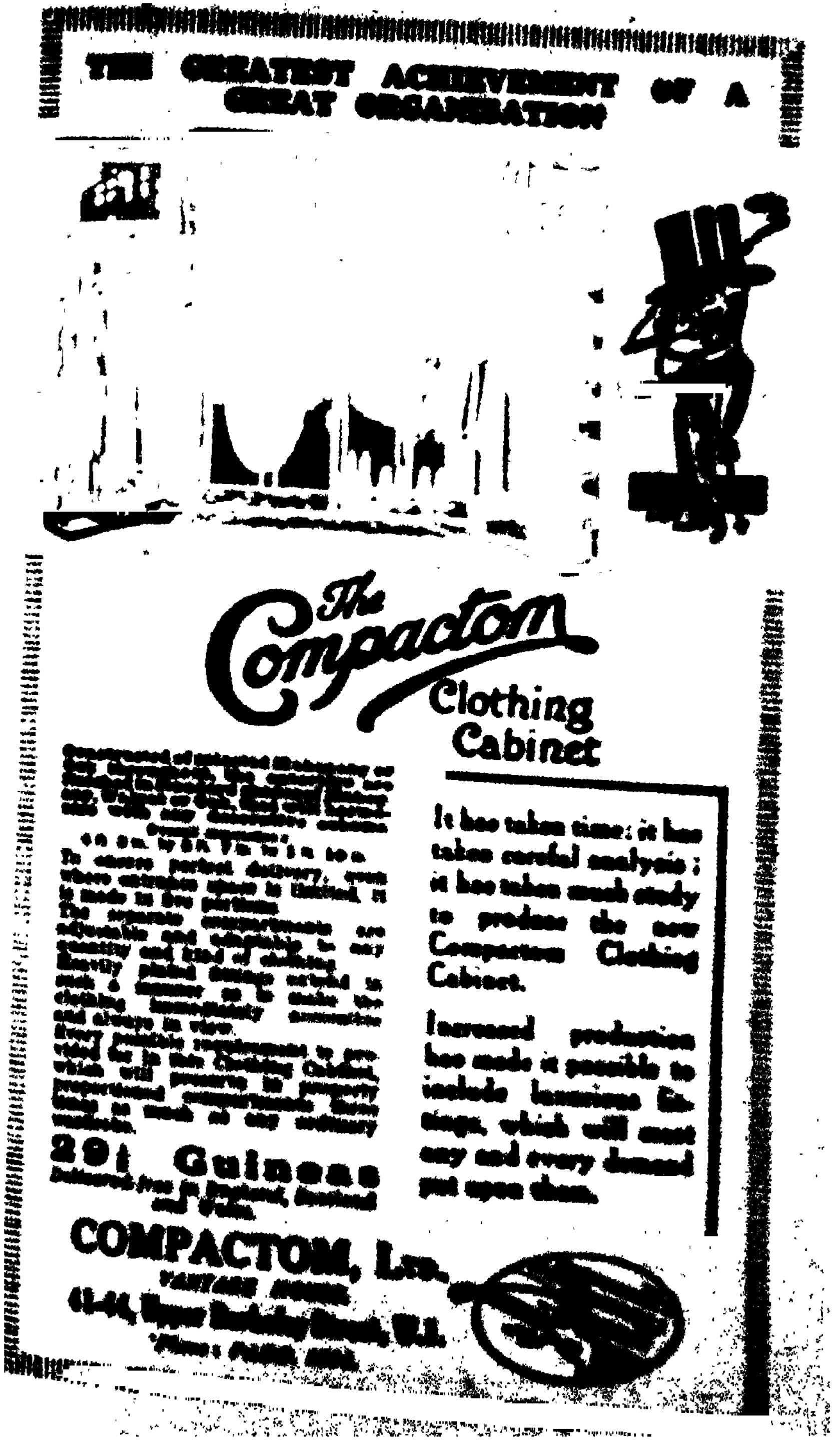
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The Adelphi

VOL. 1. NO. 6. NOVEMBER, 1923

ON TOLSTOI AND OTHER THINGS

By John Middleton Murry

FOR more than a fortnight I have been under the spell of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. I have been wandering about, in the North of England—strange, strong and half-terrifying country for the soft Southerner that I am—in South Germany, where it costs 5 million marks to leave your bag in a cloak-room—and I have come to a momentary rest in Switzerland in a familiar house with a familiar friend. And all the way the spell of Tolstoi has been upon me.

I stood at the window of the *Hotel der Römischer Kaiser* in Freiburg in the Breisgau: the resting-place of the Roman Caesars, under the shadow of one of the tall towers of the old city, where in the mellow past more than one Holy Roman Emperor had stayed, and in the warm autumn evening I felt the magic of that great tradition. It seemed that all that was hard and stubborn and stern in the *imperium Romanum* was softened and subdued into an element akin to the old gold of the early October sun. I was in a place where alien threads of European destiny were knotted and intertwined, where old identities had been lost in a warm golden haze; a matrix, a womb of Europe, where things sank backward and were changed, where the Rhine begins her northward and the Rhone her southward

flow. The city seemed ripe like a medlar and sweet in its decay. On each monument stood some Holy Roman Emperor of stone, clad in rococo Roman armour with plumes sprouting out of his Roman helmet, and a ponderous Latin inscription to celebrate his virtues. And while I stood listening at the window there came to me, as there comes inevitably to anyone whose mind and senses are alert at the touch of an unfamiliar emanation from men or the earth which shapes them, the symbol of all that held me enchanted and wondering there. The Salvation Army came marching by. Oh, not the Salvation Army we know. I was aware of it first as a choir of rich, velvet voices singing a German hymn; then I heard the thrumming of many guitars, a sound intolerably sweet and sun-warmed and old—humanly old, a cadence softened by many centuries. I put my head out of the window and looked down. I don't know what I expected to see. Perhaps a band of those rococo Roman legionaries with a forest of swollen plumes in their helmets; perhaps Freiburgers in eighteenth-century knee-breeches and Breisgau girls in flowery hats of straw. But nothing of these at all. Real Salvation Army caps, and Salvation Army bonnets. It was inevitable and right; but I could never have guessed it. "Blood and Fire" and these voices, those guitars! There was the name, there was the uniform, but the spirit how changed! Just as I know not which homely and Imperial, holy and Roman, Conrad or Otto or Friedrich had smiled his [illegible] smile at me from under his Roman helmet, and [illegible] acquaintance with his sumptuous plumes of [illegible].

Yet in all this Tolstoi was somehow [illegible]. All that I felt, all that I saw, seemed to fall into its place in the vast landscape of *War and Peace*. A sense of the inevitable in human history, of something [illegible] the puny personal and conscious will [illegible] [illegible] of earth and men that must be [illegible]

enfolded Freiburg in the story of Moscow. Napoleon had overrun the Breisgau also, held it for many years. What mark had he left? No more than he left on the plains of Russia. He had dissolved the Holy Roman Empire; yet its queer shadowy reality remains as sensible as the smell of an autumn vineyard. Neither he nor Bismarck has changed it, for it is an attitude of the human soul. Sit still in Freiburg for an hour, with your mind and senses open to what may be wafted in, and you will know that in spite of Napoleon who forced it together and Bismarck who welded it in "blood and iron," the German Empire may fall asunder to-morrow, like

> the ripest mulberry
> That will not hold the handling:

not through the machinations of the French or the failure of the English, but simply because the instinctive will to be a German Empire is not there. "Blood and Iron," like "Blood and Fire," is only a phrase in Southern Germany. The reality is soft and indifferent and old, sweet-smelling, rotten-ripe with centuries of *la douceur de vivre*.

But that, I suppose, is politics. Anyhow, Tolstoi knew far more politics than the politicians, as he knew far more about war than the generals. He knew that politics and warfare are, when the empty labels and the foolish histories are discarded, a manifestation of the instinctive human soul. Knowledge of the human soul beneath all its pretences and self-delusions: by that a man is truly great, and that Tolstoi had. In such measure that he was

> like a Colossus; and we petty men
> Peep under his huge legs and peep about
> And find ourselves dishonourable graves.

What that man knew and told in *War and Peace* is so tremendous that we are left wondering at what he knew and did not tell. He did not tell all his knowledge, any

more than Shakespeare told all his. Perhaps it was knowledge of a kind that cannot be told; knowledge of a kind that indeed would make Tolstoi's dismissal of himself and of Shakespeare a simple and inevitable gesture. Shakespeare stopped writing, Tolstoi stopped writing. I know in my bones that it was from the same cause; they knew they were engaged in an attempt to express the inexpressible; they were tired of the failure they knew to be inevitable. They went back to simple things and held their peace.

These last years I have been haunted by two mysteries: the mystery of Shakespeare and the mystery of Tolstoi: they occupy my mind whenever it is vacant; and it seems to me now that I understand them more nearly than ever before. I have always felt—and I do not believe it is altogether vain imagination—that other writers yielded up their secret when I have wrestled with them: but these two have remained. And now I begin to understand them also. They are not less mysterious. A mystery is not less a mystery for being understood; because we never do *understand* it. We know it. And this knowing of a mystery is not accomplished by the mind: it comes only with a sense of a like mystery in ourselves. It is a direct communion between mystery and mystery. My mystery may be a little one; theirs, I know, were big ones: but they are of the same kind, and they communicate.

But how to describe this mystery? I do not know; unless it could be done in terms of that process of growth which brings us to the point where we suddenly realize that certain things are important and the rest trivial. The mystery peeps out for me [illegible] later years Tolstoi asks in [illegible] writer: "Does he believe in God? [illegible] loving and Andreyev's [illegible] God and is satisfied." [illegible] seem to some people silly [illegible]

what manner of man he was that asked, and what he knew and had done, they might begin to suspect that the questions and the judgments contain a deeper meaning than they are yet fit to know. What God it was that Tolstoi worshipped, I cannot describe; but I think I know. It was a God that includes Christ; it was a God that, unlike Christ, was also dark and terrible; it was the God who is the God of the Matthew of Mr. Lawrence's poem. I, too, have an inkling of that God, and I, too, am terrified—terrified and fascinated, terrified and uplifted.

Tolstoi kept quiet about his knowledge. But that he had it no one who has some understanding of what was happening to him can doubt. Gorki glimpsed it in him. It shines strangely and darkly through his later conversations. It is the reason why he cared no more for his own miraculous writing. Yet it seems there are people who will, for their own comfort's sake, go on supposing that this Titan became a baby. After all, it is not comfortable to think out a thought about Tolstoi to the bitter end, any more than it is comfortable to think out an honest thought about Shakespeare. It is so much easier, so much less disturbing to think dishonest thoughts, and feel dishonest feelings. Shakespeare is "serene" and Tolstoi pietistic at the last. God's in his heaven, all's right with the world. And the people who profess not to believe in God are just as cowardly as the rest. Shakespeare was bored and Tolstoi gaga, and what we haven't the courage to look at we can't possibly see.

I don't know that there is anything to be done for these people. Theirs is evidently a case of invincible ignorance. For I observe that one of the most vocal of them, my young friend the classicist, Master Mortimer, has been at it again. He has been "reviewing" Mr. Lawrence's novel, Kangaroo. He finds it very, very painful; so painful that he is forced to the dangerous

conclusion that "either Mr. Lawrence is mad or I am." Which is not, by the way, the correct dilemma; it should run less excitingly: Either Mr. Lawrence is mad or Master Mortimer is stupid. And, somehow, the dilemma has only to be stated that way to be solved. (But I leave Thomas Carlyle to settle with my young friend.)

But apparently it is impossible for some people, of whom Master Mortimer is the apprentice-spokesman, to understand certain elemental realities. And because they cannot or will not understand these things, because they cannot admit (from vanity or stupidity or cowardice) that there are more things in heaven and earth than are spoken of in their philosophy, it is inconceivable, strictly impossible, that they can understand either Shakespeare or Tolstoi or Whitman or Dostoevsky or Nietzsche or Tchehov or Melville—or any one of the great prophets of the modern consciousness, or life itself with which those prophets have wrestled until the going down of the sun. These silly little playboys—unless they begin to mend their ways and learn—will be condemned to pass to a dishonourable old age with nothing more accomplished than the experiencing "an acute emotion before a Matisse," of which one of them so rashly tells us. Oh, those "acute emotions"! Oh, my acute emotions when I hear of them!

Well, to return. I had been saturating myself in Tolstoi for days, every day marvelling more and more at, and more and more intimately [illegible] and the knowledge of that [illegible] made towards my Swiss [illegible] saw and heard on the [illegible] War and Peace. When [illegible] called [illegible] making [illegible] marks of the [illegible]

they had evidently been looking upon while it was red, I felt like Pierre Bezuhov talking to Platon Karataev in the prisoners' hut. The very sunshine on the hills was part of Tolstoi's enchantment; and I found myself moving about, getting into trains and out again, accepting chance encounters, with an odd kind of submission, an unfamiliar acquiescence, as though I also had been bodily incorporated into the elemental scheme. I was playing a predestined part in the panorama of history of which Tolstoi was the demiurge.

I don't suppose it was wholly due to Tolstoi. It has been borne in upon me of late that our vital encounters are not fortuitous. One reads a book, one rejoins a friend, because one is prepared. Some subterranean travail has been going on, working our elements into a condition in which some new combination is inevitable. We are waiting for the spark which shall explode and re-order them. And in this condition we instinctively refuse all contacts which are less than decisive. Unconscious purpose drives us on to reject the accidental and penultimate. We are governed and we submit. As with men and women, so with books, for those at least to whom books are the impress of a living soul and not a pastime or a titillation. The mystery accumulating in ourselves is drawn towards a kindred mystery, by knowing which we shall know ourselves. That is the law.

So it has seemed in these last few days that I had never really read *War and Peace*. But now it was waiting for me and I for it: now for the first time, I lived it through and understood. It was part of me for ever. Uplifted with this knowledge, and with thoughts like these wheeling about my head, I made my way up the mountain to my Swiss resting-place,—one full of memories for me. I found, as I knew I should find, that I could bear all these memories and look them in the face. I was at peace.

And then a strange thing happened. On the next day another guest arrived, a man scarcely older than myself. We talked at tea.

"I've never been in Switzerland before," he said.

"I thought everybody went to Switzerland," said I.

"Every Englishman perhaps; but an Irishman doesn't believe in any mountains except the Macgillicuddy Reeks. And besides, there are only two European countries that attract me—Spain and Russia."

"So you know Russia?"

"Yes, I know Russia pretty well. I lived for six months with Tolstoi at Yasnaia Poliana."

Of course—I got my intelligence to work—it was quite possible. And yet, if he had said he had lived six months with Shakespeare, I should not have been more astonished, or more disturbed. My brain tells me that there are probably hundreds of men living to-day who have talked with Tolstoi. But whether it was that this was a man of my own generation, whose place I myself might have taken, or whether—as sometimes happens with me—I had been conversing so long with Tolstoi in the spirit that I could not imagine contact with him in the body, I was amazed and silent, brooding over the manifest predestination of this encounter also.

And, because of this sense that things would happen as they must, I found it impossible to ask him about what happened there, or what Tolstoi said and did. I waited. Later in the evening he gave an account of how he entered the house, and how he sat down to dinner. Tolstoi spoke to him suddenly.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked.

That was all. I was satisfied. Again I should not have guessed it; but I knew it must be so. "Does he believe in God?" "Are you a virgin?" The truly great are those who know the significance of elemental things.

POEMS

By Katherine Mansfield

The Arabian Shawl

" It is cold outside, you will need a coat—
  What! this old Arabian shawl!
Bind it about your head and throat,
  These steps . . . it is dark . . . my hand . . .
      you might fall."

What has happened? What strange, sweet charm
  Lingers about the Arabian shawl . . .
Do not tremble so! There can be no harm
  In just remembering—that is all.

" I love you so—I will be your wife,"
  Here, in the dark of the Terrace wall,
Say it again. Let that other life
  Fold us like the Arabian shawl.

" Do you remember?" . . . " I quite forget,
  Some childish foolishness, that is all,
To-night is the first time we have met . . .
  Let me take off my Arabian shawl!"

Sleeping Together

Sleeping together . . . how tired you were . . .
How warm our room . . . how the firelight spread
On walls and ceiling and great, white bed!
We spoke in whispers as children do,

And now it was I—and then it was you
Slept a moment, to wake—" My dear,
I'm not at all sleepy," one of us said. . . .

Was it a thousand years ago?
I woke in your arms—you were sound asleep—
And heard the pattering sound of sheep.
Softly I slipped to the floor and crept
To the curtained window, then, while you slept,
I watched the sheep pass by in the snow.

O flock of thoughts with their shepherd Fear
Shivering, desolate, out in the cold,
That entered into my heart to fold!
A thousand years . . . was it yesterday
When we, two children of far away,
Clinging close in the darkness, lay
Sleeping together? . . . How tired you were. . . .

The Quarrel

Our quarrel seemed a giant thing,
It made the room feel mean and small,
The books, the lamp, the furniture,
The very pictures on the wall—

Crowded upon us as we sat
Pale and terrified, face to face
" Why do you stay?" she said, " my room
Can never be your resting place."

" Katinka, ere we part for life,
I pray you walk once more with me."
So down the dark, familiar road
We paced together, silently. . . .

The sky—it seemed on fire with stars!
I said:—"Katinka dear, look up!"
Like thirsty children, both of us
Drank from that giant loving cup. . . .

"Who were those *dolls?*" Katinka said.
"What were their stupid, vague alarms?"
And suddenly we turned and laughed
And rushed into each other's arms.

The Meeting

We started speaking.
Looked at each other, then turned away.
The tears kept rising to my eyes
But I could not weep.
I wanted to take your hand
But my hand trembled.
You kept counting the days
Before we should meet again.
But both of us felt in our hearts
That we parted for ever and ever.
  The ticking of the little clock filled the quiet room.
"Listen," I said. "It is so loud,
Like a horse galloping on a lonely road,
As loud as that—a horse galloping past in the night."
  You shut me up in your arms.
But the sound of the clock stifled our hearts' beating.
You said "I cannot go: all that is living of me
Is here for ever and ever."
Then you went.
  The world changed. The sound of the clock grew
    fainter,
Dwindled away, became a minute thing.
I whispered in the darkness, "If it stops, I shall die."

1911.

The Gulf

A gulf of silence separates us from each other.
I stand at one side of the gulf, you at the other.
I cannot see you or hear you, yet know that you are
there.
Often I call you by your childish name
And pretend that the echo to my crying is your voice.
How can we bridge the gulf? Never by speech or
touch.
Once I thought we might fill it quite up with tears.
Now I want to shatter it with our laughter.

1911.

The Storm

I ran to the forest for shelter,
Breathless, half sobbing;
I put my arms round a tree,
Pillowed my head against the rough bark.
"Protect me," I said. "I am a lost child."
But the tree showered silver drops on my face and hair.
A wind sprang up from the ends of the earth;
It lashed the forest together.
A huge green wave thundered and burst over my head.
I prayed, implored, "Please take care of me!"
But the wind pulled at my cloak and the rain beat
upon me.
Little rivers tore up the ground and swamped the
bushes.
A frenzy possessed the earth: I felt that the earth was
drowning
In a bubbling cavern of space. I alone—
Smaller than the smallest fly—was alive and terrified.

Then, for what reason I know not, I became triumphant.
"Well, kill me!" I cried and ran out into the open.
But the storm ceased: the sun spread his wings
And floated serene in the silver pool of the sky.
I put my hands over my face: I was blushing.
And the trees swung together and delicately laughed.

1911.

The Earth-Child in the Grass

In the very early morning
Long before Dawn time
I lay down in the paddock
And listened to the cold song of the grass.
Between my fingers the green blades,
And the green blades pressed against my body.
"Who is she leaning so heavily upon me?"
Sang the grass.
"Why does she weep on my bosom,
Mingling her tears with the tears of my mystic lover?
Foolish little earth-child!
It is not yet time.
One day I shall open my bosom
And you shall slip in—but not weeping.
Then in the early morning
Long before Dawn time
Your lover will lie in the paddock.
Between his fingers the green blades
And the green blades pressed against his body. . . .
My song shall not sound cold to him.
In my deep wave he will find the wave of your hair,
In my strong sweet perfume, the perfume of your kisses.
Long and long he will lie there. . . .
Laughing—not weeping."

1911.

There was a Child Once

THERE was a child once.
He came to play in my garden;
He was quite pale and silent.
Only when he smiled I knew everything about him,
I knew what he had in his pockets,
And I knew the feel of his hands in my hands
And the most intimate tones of his voice.
I led him down each secret path,
Showing him the hiding-place of all my treasures.
I let him play with them, every one,
I put my singing thoughts in a little silver cage
And gave them to him to keep. . . .
It was very dark in the garden
But never dark enough for us. On tiptoe we walked among the deepest shades;
We bathed in the shadow pools beneath the trees,
Pretending we were under the sea.
Once—near the boundary of the garden—
We heard steps passing along the World-road;
O how frightened we were!
I whispered: "Have you ever walked along that road?"
He nodded, and we shook the tears from our eyes. . . .

There was a child once.
He came—quite alone—to play in my garden;
He was pale and silent.
When we met we kissed each other,
But when he went away, we did not even wave.

1912.

Voices of the Air

BUT then there comes that moment rare
When, for no cause that I can find,
The little voices of the air
Sound above all the sea and wind.

The sea and wind do then obey
  And sighing, sighing double notes
Of double basses, content to play
  A droning chord for little throats—

The little throats that sing and rise
  Up into the light with lovely ease
And a kind of magical, sweet surprise
  To hear and know themselves for these—

For these little voices: the bee, the fly,
  The leaf that taps, the pod that breaks,
The breeze on the grass-tops bending by,
  The shrill quick sound that the insect makes.

1916.

There is a Solemn Wind To-night . . .

THERE is a solemn wind to-night
  That sings of solemn rain;
The trees that have been quiet so long
  Flutter and start again.

The slender trees, the heavy trees,
  The fruit trees laden and proud,
Lift up their branches to the wind
  That cries to them so loud.

The little bushes and the plants
  Bow to the solemn sound,
And every tiniest blade of grass
  Shakes on the quiet ground.

1917.

ACROSS THE SEA

By Giovanni Verga

She listened, wrapped up in her furs and leaning back against the outside of the cabin, her large pensive eyes staring into the vague shadows of the sea. The stars glittered above their head, and no sound was heard around them save the heavy throb of the engines, and the moan of the waves which were lost upon the boundless horizon. In the bows, behind them, somebody was softly humming a popular song, to the accompaniment of the accordion.

Perhaps she was thinking of the hot emotions she had felt the previous evening at the theatre of San Carlo in Naples, or of the Chiaia foreshore blazing with light, which they had left behind them. She had loosely taken his arm, with the abandon of that isolation in which they found themselves, and she had gone to lean on the ship's rail, looking at the phosphorescent stripe which the steamer made, deep under which the screw broke open unexplored abysses, as if she wanted to fathom the mystery of other unknown existences. On the opposite side, towards the land above which Orion sloped over, other unknown, almost mysterious lives quivered and suffered who knows what poor joys, poor sorrows, how like to those he was telling! The woman was thinking of them vaguely, with compressed lips, her eyes fixed on the darkness of the horizon.

Before they separated they remained a while in the cabin doorway in the wavering glimmer of the swinging lamp. The steward, tired out, was squatted asleep on the stairs, dreaming perhaps of his little house in Genoa.

In the poop the compass-light faintly lit up the muscular figure of the man at the helm, who was motionless, his eyes fixed on the quadrant and his mind who knows where. From the bows all the while came the sad Sicilian folk-song, telling in its own way of joys and sorrows, or of humble hopes, amid the monotonous moaning of the sea and the regular, impassive beat of the piston-rod.

It was as if the woman could not bring herself to let go his hand. At last she raised her eyes and smiled sadly at him. "To-morrow!" she sighed.

He nodded his head without speaking.

"You will never forget this last evening?"

He did not answer. "I never shall," added the woman.

At dawn they met again on deck. Her delicate small face seemed quenched with insomnia. The breeze lifted her soft black hair. Already Sicily was rising like a cloud out of the far horizon. Then Etna all at once lit up with gold and ruby, and the paling coast broke here and there into gulfs and obscure promontories. On board the crew began to busy themselves about the first morning work. Passengers came up one by one on deck, pale, dazed, wrapped up in various ways, chewing a cigar and staggering about. The crane began to screech, and the song heard through the night was silent as if dismayed and lost in all that bustle. On the gleaming blue sea great spreading sails passed by the poop, swaying their vast hulls that seemed as if they were empty, the few men on board shading their eyes to see the proud steamer go by. In the distance were other still smaller boats, like black dots, and the coast swathed in foam; on the left Calabria, and on the right the sandy Pharos Headland, Charybdis stretching her white arms towards rocky, lofty Sicily.

Unexpectedly, in the long line of the shore that seemed all one, you perceived the Straits like a blue

river, and beyond, the sea again widening out once more, boundless. The woman uttered an exclamation of wonder. Then she wanted him to point out to her the mountains of Licodia and the Plain of Catania, or the Lake of Lentini with its flat shores. He showed her far away, beyond the blue mountains, the long, melancholy lines of the whitish plain, the soft slopes grey with olives, the harsh rocks with the cactus thickets, the scented, many-planted little mountain roads. It was as if all those places were peopled with people out of a legend, as he pointed them out to her one by one. Thereabouts the malaria; on that slope of Etna the village where Liberty burst out like a vendetta; below, beyond, the humble dramas of the Mystery Play, and the ironic justice of Don Licciu Papa. As she listened she even forgot the quivering drama in which they two were acting, whilst Messina was drawing towards them with the vast semi-circle of its palace fronts. All at once she started and murmured, "There he is!"

From the land a rowing-boat was advancing, and in it a white handkerchief waving salutes like a white gull in a storm.

"Good-bye!" murmured the young man.

The woman did not answer, and bent her head. Then she clasped his hand fast under her furs and took a stride away from him.

"Not good-bye! Au revoir!"

"When?"

"I don't know. But not good-bye."

And he saw her offer her lips to the man who had come to meet her in the boat. Sinister visions passed through his mind, ghosts of the people in his stories, with crooked frown and knife in hand.

Her blue veil disappeared towards the shore, amid the crowd of boats and anchor-chains.

The months passed by. At last she wrote to him that he could come to her. "In a lonely [illegible]

among the vines—there will be a cross chalked on the door. I shall come by the path between the fields. Wait for me. Don't let anybody notice you, or I am lost."

It was still autumn, but it rained and blew like winter. Hidden behind the door, with his heart thudding inside him, he eagerly watched for the strokes of rain that struck furrows past the window-hole to thin down. The dry leaves whirled behind the threshold like the rustle of a dress. What was she doing? Would she come? The clock always answered No, no, every quarter of an hour, from the neighbouring village. At last a ray of sun came through a broken tile. All the country shone. The carob trees above the roof rustled loudly, and beyond, behind the dripping avenues, the footpath opened out blossoming with yellow and white marguerites. It was there her little white umbrella should appear, down there, above the low wall on the right. A wasp buzzed in the golden ray that penetrated through the cracks, and bumped against the window-frame saying: Come! Come! All at once somebody roughly pushed open the garden-door on the left.—Like a stroke through the blood!—It was she! White, all white, from her dress to her pale face. The moment she saw him she fell into his arms, with her mouth against his mouth.

How many hours passed by in that rough, smoky little room! How many things they said to one another! The changeless, insentient wood-worm continued gnawing the beams of the roof. The clock in the neighbouring village let fall the hours one by one. Through a hole in the wall they could see the reflection of the shaken leaves outside, shadow alternating with green light as at the bottom of a lake.

Such is life. All at once she was as if bewildered, she passed her hands over her lips, then opened the door to see the setting sun. Then resolutely she threw

her arms round his neck, saying, "I won't leave you any more."

Arm in arm they walked together to the little station not far off, lost in the deserted plain. Not to part any more! What boundless and trembling joy! To go clasped one against the other, silent, as if dazed, through the still country, in the mingled hour of evening.

Insects were buzzing about the ridge of the foot-path. From the crumbled earth a heavy, confused mist arose. Not a human voice, not a dog that barked. Far away a lonely light twinkled in the shadows. At last the train came, plumed and puffing. They set off together; to go far away, far away, into those mysterious mountains of which he had spoken to her, so that she seemed to know them already.

For ever!

For ever. They rose at daybreak, rambled round the fields, in the first dews, they sat at midday in the thick of the plants, or in the shadow of the poplars whose white leaves trembled without a wind, happy at feeling themselves alone, in the great stillness. They lingered on till late evening, to see the day die on the tips of the mountains, when the window-panes suddenly took fire and revealed the far-off cabins. Darkness rose along the little roads of the valley, which now took on a melancholy air; then a gold-coloured beam rested for an instant on a bush that grew on top of the low wall. This bush also had its hour and its ray of sun. Tiny insects hummed around, in the tepid light. When winter came the bush would disappear, and sun and night would alternate once more upon gloomy bare stones, wet with rain. So had disappeared the hut of the lime-burner, and the inn of "Killwife" on the top of the little deserted hill. Only the crumbling ruins showed themselves black in the crimson of sunset. The lake spread always the same in the background of the plain, like a tarnished mirror. Nearer at hand the

fields of Mazzaro, the thick grey olive-groves on which the sunset came down more darkly, the endless pasturage which disappeared into the glory of the West, on the crowns of the hills; and other people appeared in the doorways of the farms as big as villages, to see other travellers pass by. Nobody knew anything more about Cirino, or about neighbour Carmine, or the rest. The phantoms had passed away. Only the solemn and changeless landscape remained, with its large eastward spaces and its hot, robust tones. Mysterious sphinx, representing the passing phantoms with a character of fatal necessity. In the village the children of the victims had made peace with the blind, bloody instruments of Liberty; shepherd Arcangelo dragged out a late old age at the expense of the young master; one of neighbour Santo's daughters had gone as bride into the home of Master Cola. At the inn by the Lake of Lentini a hairless, half-blind old dog that hàd been forgotten at the door by the various inn-keepers as they succeeded one another, still barked gloomily at the rare travellers passing by.

Then the bush also went colourless, and the owl began to hoot in the distant wood.

Farewell, sunsets of the distant land. Farewell, solitary poplars in whose shade she has so often listened to the stories he told, which have seen so many people pass, and the sun rise and set so often away down there. Farewell! She too is far away.

One day ill news came from the city. One word was enough, from a distant man whom she could not hear mentioned without going pale and bending her head. In love, young, rich, the pair of them, both of them having said that they wanted to be together for ever, and yet a word from that man had been enough to part them. It wasn't need of bread, such as had made Pino the Tome fall, nor was it the sharp knife of a jealous man. It was something subtler and stronger

which parted them. It was the life in which they lived and by which they had been formed. The lovers became dumb and bowed their heads to the will of the husband. Now she seemed as if she feared the other one, and wanted to flee away from him. At the moment of parting from him she wept her many tears, which he greedily drank up; but she went all the same. Who knows how often they recall that time, in the midst of their divers excitements, at their feverish balls and parties, in the swirling succession of events, in the harsh necessities of life? How many times has she called to mind that far-off little village, that desert in which they were alone with their love, that old stump in whose shade she had lain with her head on his shoulder, saying to him with a smile, "Shade for the camellias."

There were plenty of camellias, and superb ones, in the splendid conservatory where the merry sounds of the feast arrived faintly, long afterwards, when another had plucked her a crimson blossom red as blood, and had put it in her hair. Farewell, far-off sunsets of the far-off countryside! And he too, when he raised his tired head to gaze into the aureole of his lonely lamp, at the phantoms of the past, what numerous images he saw, what memories came back! one place or another in the world, in the solitude of the fields, in the whirlpool of the great cities. How many things had come to pass! and how much they had lived through, those two hearts now separated far apart!

At last they met again in the wild excitement of carnival. He had gone to the festival to see her, with his soul weary and his heart wrung with anguish. She was there, dazzling, surrounded by a thousand flatteries. But she had a tired face too, and a sad, absent smile. Their eyes met and flashed. Nothing more. Late in the evening they found themselves as if by chance [illegible] to one another, in the shade of the big, [illegible] palms. "To-morrow!" she said to him. "[illegible]

morrow, at such and such a time, in such and such a place. Let happen what may! I want to see you!" Her white, delicate bosom was in storm beneath the transparent lace, and her fan trembled in her hands. Then she bent her head, with her eyes fixed and abstracted, while light and fleeting blushes passed over the nape of her neck that was of the colour of a magnolia. How hard his heart was beating! How exquisite and fearful the joy of that moment! But when they saw each other the next day, it wasn't the same any more. Why not, who can tell? They had tasted the poisoned fruit of worldly knowledge; the refined pleasure of the look and the word exchanged in secret in the midst of two hundred people, of a promise which is worth more than a reality, because it is murmured behind a fan and amid the scent of flowers, to the glitter of gems and the excitation of music. So that when they threw themselves into one another's arms, when they said with their mouths that they loved one another, they were both of them thinking with regretful, keen desire about the rapid moment of the previous evening, when they had said to each other in a low voice, without looking at one another, almost without words, that both their hearts were in a whirl in their breasts at being near to one another again. When they parted once more, and were holding hands on the threshold, they were both gloomy, and not simply because they had to say good-bye—but as if something were missing from them. Still they held each other by the hand, and to each of them came the impulse to ask, "Do you remember?" But they dared not ask it. She had said she was leaving the next day by the first train, and he let her go.

He saw her go away down the deserted avenue, and he stood there, with his forehead against the laths of that venetian blind. Evening fell, a hand-organ played in the distance at the door of a public-house.

She left the next day by the first train. She had said

to him, "I must go with *him!*" He too had received a telegram which called him far away. On that leaf she had written: *For ever*, and a date. But life took them both again, one this way and one that, inexorably. The following evening he also was at the station, sad and alone. People were embracing and saying good-bye; husbands and wives were parting smiling; a mother, a poor old woman of the peasantry, trailed weeping after her boy, a stout young fellow in *bersagliere's* uniform, with his sack on his shoulder, who went from door to door looking for the way out.

The train started. First the city passed by, the streets swarming with lights, the suburbs lively with merry companions. Then it began to pass like lightning through the lonely country, the open fields, the streams that glittered in the shade. From time to time a hamlet smoking, people gathered in front of a doorway. On the low wall of a little station where the train had stopped for a moment puffing, two lovers had left their obscure names written in big charcoal letters. He was thinking that she too had passed that way in the morning, and had seen those names.

Far, far away, long after, in the immense misty and gloomy city, he still recalled at times those two humble, unknown names, amidst all the crowded, hurrying throng, and the incessant noise, and the fever of immense general activity, exhausting and inexorable; among the luxurious carriages, and men who must walk through the mud bearing two boards covered with advertisements, and in front of the splendid shop-windows glittering with gems, or beside squalid slum-shops which displayed human skulls and old boots spread out in rows. From time to time he heard the whistling of a train passing under earth or through the air overhead, rushing to disappear in the distance, towards the pale horizon, as if it longed for the country of the sun. Then again came into his mind the names

of those two unknown folk who had written the story of their humble joys on the wall of a house in front of which so many people must pass. Two blond, calm young creatures were walking slowly through the wide avenues of the garden, hand in hand; the youth had given the girl a little bunch of crimson roses for which he had bargained anxiously for a quarter of an hour with a ragged, miserable old woman; the girl, with her roses in her bosom like a queen, was disappearing along with him far from the crowd of amazons and superb carriages. When they were alone under the big trees of the water-side, they sat down side by side, talking together in low tones, in the calm expansion of their affection.

The sun sank in the livid West, and even there, down the deserted avenues, came the sound of the hand-organ with which a beggar from far-away villages was going round begging his bread in an unknown tongue.

Farewell, sweet melancholy of sunset, silent shadows and wide, lonely horizons of our unknown country. Farewell, scented lanes where it was so lovely to walk together arm in arm. Farewell, poor, ignored people who opened your eyes so wide, seeing the two happy ones pass by.

Sometimes, when the sweet sadness of those memories came over him, he thought again of the humble actors in the humble dramas, with a vague, unconscious inspiration of peace and of forgetting, and of that date and of those two words—*For Ever*—which she had left with him in a moment of anguish, a moment that had remained more living in heart and mind than any of the feverish joys. And then he would have liked to set her name on a page or on a stone, like those two unknown lovers who had written the record of their love on a wall of a far-away railway station.

(*Translated by D. H. Lawrence.*)

EXITS

By Henry Chester Tracy

Memory—that doesn't cover it all. Once he thought it did, and he made a memory garden; but it was all over-grown with words.

This is how it came to him that the thing is more than a "memory," that it has texture, and fluid, and beat—a life of its own:

He had taken a room at the droll little beach town which was as remote as any from affairs. Even here some picture concern was busy filming a thing of London's about the South Seas. Endless fire-hose supplied rain for tropical storms and a power propeller made night vibrant blowing the down-pour of this wet on fatuous seamen who ran aimless errands on a ship rocked by ropes from the shore. There was the reeling of tired camera-men down apartment halls at all hours of the night. Not until the last truck marked with a U and an F had rumbled out of hearing did the nights settle down to what a western night should be.

Then it was that he woke without provocation and could hear the sound of surf. It was dark, and although he was not asleep it happened that a way was widened for him through some rift into the past. It was not a thinking "I remember this picture or that"; it was rather a going out. He went without pause or preliminary, right out into the fields where he would go. They were fields of young wheat, with small paths between, on some high upland, away from the sea; some compound of loam and clay where [illegible] and flowers had strong hold, and [illegible]

there, bright in that wheat. There was a great silence of green, and against that the colours played. Now there was larkspur growing, in purple, and the culms all around it wet by the rain. A freshness was in the air and those wild larkspurs gave a glory and a light. There was some pungent scent that always rose from the fields after the rain.

He felt that he had found these fields by flower-light, when everywhere it was dark, and that he could find them again. It would not be a matter of remembering; it would be a *homing* to that world.

That world closed like a flower. This opened. He went out and looked at the sea. It was a grey gloom, all but one fluttering light of some fisherman, busy on the pier; it was not yet day.

It was pleasant to sit on the upper porch of the apartment and watch the morning begin to be, as advertised by a faint orange against the east; a droll dawning, fit for a crude seaside town whose fronts are all "Oregon Pine." Along the grey line of hills, clouds stood in a grotesque row of shapes, like geyser-puffs caught at their height and kept there, as if rented for the day; simply stood there, and made no move to go away.

He was not thinking so much of the shapes, or the dull orange of the sky. He was wondering whether he would again find the door into that other place, at any time, by dawn or dark. It seemed suddenly important to do so. The newspaper seemed utterly unimportant; and so many other things seemed unimportant with it. He went back to his room and fell into a light sleep. . . . Now he was not in the fields of wheat. He had no choice, it seemed, but to enter a walled vineyard that he knew, that lay in billows of warm loam, out of which the frost had gone and there were springing some shoots of pale green. A yellow star was there,

hung between two wisps of green. There was a Viola there, some ancestral prelude to the Pansy, stature about one inch; chiefly a helmet of calyces, with the visor up, showing a facelet piquant with yellow light and browed with blue. Arch facelet! A pigmy thing. And Zeus sends out such a starveling to hold an outpost for his sky! *Muscari* is there, another blue. It holds its area securely, till the vines come into leaf. Then it will sink into the mystery of its bulb. These things would naturally be so. They would pass unnoticed. . . . No, they would permanently be. He possessed them—or they possessed him; it did not matter which way, it was all the same.

And so with the skull-cap in the hedge, and the yellow scallop-cups that had no name. They couldn't be shared—it was quite as well they had no name; it made them the more peculiarly his. He was a large owner in the worthless things of the world.

Now you thought of it, how characteristic that was! Nameless or half-named wisps of happiness in petals or on wings. He was a large proprietor in these. Well, he was glad it was so. He would re-enter his holdings, refurbish his estate. . . . He had not been dreaming. He was fully awake, but awake, merely, to a different world. His! A certain kind light clung to it, that was not on the streets of towns: an early light on the universe, as yet virgin to all use—that was it, and that was his world.

A stone owl appeared and blinked from one of the niches of that vineyard wall. The builder leaves a brick out, no one knows why, but it makes a destin for the owl which he accepts, stolidly, as an owl would The magpie who nests in the sterile pear tree near h is there for all the year. He does not mar the largene of the rhythm.

Day-time must have taken him unawares. O

world seemed still asleep—that world where business is done at the cost of souls—and another had swum up out of the dark and was turning its face toward the day. There blew over it a tender morning wind toward which it was good to uncover throat and breast. It brought the voices and the fluttering of birds, out of a garden in the east. Wide gardens, zoned by earth-gray walls, spread from the town to the hills; lapped up the shadows in the glen, where it marked the last heaving of the plain. The water was there, feeding walnuts and vines. Grape-prunings topped the weathered walls; clematis bound them in place. Coronilla, wild in the tangle, yellowed the descent, and trailing vetches. . . .

For him there was silence in that world. Even the picnickers, on their turf under the great tree, had turned to shades; their laughter absorbed into the wide light that eddied everywhere over green leaves. The few who passed that way, by the trail under the *yuvez* row, moved noiselessly, for their errands were from Time to Time, and had no power over the Present that was his: the gift of the god.

Now the banner of that light extended over the wide circle of the plain. It swept up the slope of foot-hills, bare and tufted thorn bush, where the eggs of the rock partridge are laid on bare stony ground. It found out the wheat-ear and stone-chat, in their silences, aloof from wrongs. It followed the course of the roller and lit the cobalt torch on his wing. It lay upon a fringe of villages, in the hollows of the plain, where storks waded brook-shallows and full-breasted women brought earthlings to people that domain. Shadow-folk, all of them; charmed into a peace that was uttered long before them, in grass-pinks on a mountain road, and small-flowered immortelles that line the way to a shrine. There the mummeries are long since dead, but the peace persists; with the soul of the murmur of water

and the spirit of the trickle of a brook, and the green shadow of revivification that rests on the mountain of ice-born springs. . . . The peace is there.

POEMS

By Anna Ahmatova

* * * *

THE strains of music in the garden
Were full of grief words cannot tell.
The smell of sea came fresh and pungent
From oysters on a dish in ice.

He said : "I am a faithful friend,"
And with light fingers touched my dress.
How different from an embrace
Are the faint touches of those hands!

That's how one strokes a cat or bird,
That's how one looks at circus-riders.
In his calm eyes there's only laughter
Under the pale gold of the lashes.

And the voices of mournful violins
Sing behind the spreading smoke :
"Rejoice and render thanks to heaven—
Alone at last with him you love."

* * * *

We are all sinners here and profligates.
How dull we are together!
The flowers and birds on the walls
Are longing for the clouds.

You are smoking a short black pipe,
How strange is the smoke above it!
I have put on a narrow skirt
To make myself look more slender.

The windows are closed forever.
Is there storm or frost outside?
Like the eyes of a cautious cat
Are your eyes.

Oh, how my heart is aching!
Is it the hour of death I am waiting for?
And the girl who is dancing now
Will surely be in hell.

• • • •

My eyes helplessly ask for mercy.
What am I to do with them
When in my hearing is spoken
The short, sonorous name?

I go by a footpath into the field
Past long grey piles of timber.
The light wind here in the open
Is fitful and fresh as in spring.

And my love-sick heart can hear
Secret tidings from far away.
I know: he lives, he is breathing,
He dares to be not sad.

• • • •

True tenderness is not to be mistaken
For any other thing—and it's quiet.
It is no use carefully wrapping
My breast and shoulders in furs.

And it is no use your talking
So humbly about first love.
How well I know that staring,
That greedy look in your eyes!

* * * *

There is a smile I have—
Just a faint curve of the lips.
It is for you I keep it—
It's been given me by love.

What if you are cruel and impudent,
What if you love other women—
Before me is the golden altar,
With me—the grey-eyed bridegroom.

A Fragment

And someone unseen among the dark trees
Rustled in the fallen leaves,
And cried: "What has he done to you, he whom you love?
What has he done to you!

"As though touched with thick black pencil
Are your heavy eyelids.
He has given you over to the choking anguish
Of poisonous love.

"You have long ceased counting the wounds;
Your breast is dead under the steel.
And it is in vain you pretend to be gay,
You were better buried alive."

I said to the insulter : " Black, cunning one,
You must be shameless, indeed.
He is gentle, he is tender, he is obedient to me,
He is forever in love with me."

To the Muse

The Muse, my sister, looked me in the face,
Her eyes were clear and bright,
And she took away my ring of gold,
The first gift of the spring.

Muse! You see how happy all are,
Women, widows, girls.
I would sooner perish on the rack
Than wear these chains.

I know I shall not try my fate
On the tender daisy petals.
Everyone on earth has to go through
The agony of love.

I sit till dawn by candle light
And there's no one that I miss.
But I don't want, I don't want, I don't—
To know how another is kissed.

To-morrow the mirror will say to me, laughing,
" Your eyes are not clear, not bright."
I shall answer it softly : " She took away
God's own gift."

(Translated from the Russian by
Nathalie A. Duddington.)

INDIANS AND AN ENGLISHMAN

By D. H. Lawrence

SUPPOSING one fell on to the moon, and found them talking English, it would be something the same as falling out of the open world plump down here in the middle of America. "Here" means New Mexico, the Southwest, wild and woolly and artistic and sage-brush desert.

It is all rather like comic opera played with solemn intensity. All the wildness and woolliness and westernity and motor-cars and art and sage and savage are so mixed up, so incongruous, that it is a farce, and everybody knows it. But they refuse to play it as farce. The wild and woolly section insists on being heavily dramatic, bold and bad on purpose; the art insists on being real American and artistic; motor-cars insist on being thrilled, moved to the marrow; highbrows insist on being ecstatic, Mexicans insist on being Mexicans, squeezing the last black drop of macabre joy out of life, and Indians wind themselves in white cotton sheets like Hamlet's father's ghost, with a lurking smile.

And here am I, a lone lorn Englishman, tumbled out of the known world of the British Empire on to this stage: for it persists in seeming like a stage to me, and not like the proper world.

Whatever makes a proper world, I don't know. But surely two elements are necessary: a common purpose and a common sympathy. I can't see any common purpose. The Indians and Mexicans don't even seem very

keen on dollars. The full moon of a silver dollar doesn't strike me as overwhelmingly hypnotic out here. As for a common sympathy or understanding, that's beyond imagining. West is wild and woolly and bad-on-purpose, commerce is a little self-conscious about its own pioneering importance — Pioneers, O, Pioneers! — highbrow is bent on getting to the bottom of everything, and saving the lost soul down there in the depths, Mexican is bent on being Mexican and not gringo, and the Indian is all the things that all the others aren't. And so everybody smirks at everybody else, and says tacitly, "Go on, you do your little stunt, and I'll do mine," and they're like the various troupes in a circus, all performing at once, with nobody for Master of Ceremonies.

It seems to me, in this country, everything is taken so damn seriously that nothing remains serious. Nothing is so farcical as insistent drama. Everybody is lurkingly conscious of this. Each section or troupe is quite willing to admit that all the other sections are buffoon stunts. But it itself is the real thing, solemnly bad in its badness, good in its goodness, wild in its wildness, woolly in its woolliness, arty in its artiness, deep in its depths—in a word, earnest.

In such a masquerade of earnestness, a bewildered straggler out of the far-flung British Empire, myself! Don't let me for a moment pretend to *know* anything. I know less than nothing. I simply gasp like a bumpkin in a circus ring, with the horse-lady leaping over my head, the Apache war-whooping in my ear, the Mexican staggering under crosses and bumping me as he goes by, the artist whirling colours across my dazzled vision, the highbrows solemnly declaiming at me from all the cross-roads. If, dear reader, you, being the audience who has paid to come in, feel that you must take up an attitude to me, let it be one of amused pity.

One has to take sides. First, one must be either pro-

Mexican or pro-Indian; then, either art or intellect; then, Republican or Democrat, and so on. But as for me, poor lamb, if I bleat at all in the circus-ring, it will be my own shorn lonely bleat of a lamb who's lost his mother.

The first Indians I really saw were the Apaches in the Apache Reservation of this State. We drove in a motor-car, across desert and mesa, down canyons and up divides and along arroyos and so forth, two days, till at afternoon our two Indian men ran the car aside from the trail and sat under the pine tree to comb their long black hair and roll it into the two roll-plaits that hang in front of their shoulders, and put on all their silver-and-turquoise jewellery and their best blankets: because we were nearly there. On the trail were horsemen passing, and wagons with Ute Indians and Navajos.

"Da donde viene, Usted?" . . .

We came at dusk from the high shallows and saw on a low crest the points of Indian tents, the tepees, and smoke, and silhouettes of tethered horses and blanketed figures moving. In the shadow a rider was following a flock of white goats that flowed like water. The car ran to the top of the crest, and there was a hollow basin with a lake in the distance, pale in the dying light. And this shallow upland basin, dotted with Indian tents, and the fires flickering in front, and crouching blanketed figures, and horsemen crossing the dusk from tent to tent, horsemen in big steeple hats sitting glued on their ponies, and bells tinkling, and dogs yapping, and tilted wagons trailing in on the trail below, and a smell of wood-smoke and of cooking, and wagons coming in from far off, and tents pricking on the ridge of the round vallum, and horsemen dipping down and emerging again, and more red sparks of fires glittering, and crouching bundles of women's figures squatting at a fire before a little tent made of boughs, and little girls in full petticoats hovering, and wild barefoot boys

throwing bones at thin-tailed dogs, and tents away in the distance, in the growing dark, on the slopes, and the trail crossing the floor of the hollows in the low dusk.

There you had it all, as in the hollow of your hand. And to my heart, born in England and kindled with Fennimore Cooper, it wasn't the wild and woolly West, it was the nomad nations gathering still in the continent of hemlock trees and prairies. The Apaches came and talked to us, in their steeple black hats, and plaits wrapped with beaver fur, and their silver and beads and turquoise. Some talked strong American, and some talked only Spanish. And they had strange lines in their faces.

The two kivas, the rings of cut aspen trees stuck in the ground like the walls of a big hut of living trees, were on the plain, at either end of the race-track. And as the sun went down, the drums began to beat, the drums with their strong-weak, strong-weak pulse that beat on the plasm of one's tissue. The car slid down to the south kiva. Two elderly men held the drum, and danced the pàt-pat, pàt-pat quick beat on flat feet, like birds that move from the feet only, and sang with wide mouths, *Hie! Hie! Hie! Hy-a! Hỳ-a! Hỳ-a! Hie! Hie! Hie! Ay-away-away!!* Strange dark faces with wide, shouting mouths and rows of small, close-set teeth, and strange lines on the faces, part ecstasy, part mockery, part humorous, part devilish, and the strange, calling, summoning sound in a wild song-shout, to the thud-thud of the drum. Answer of the same from the other kiva, as of a challenge accepted. And from the gathering darkness around, men drifting slowly in, each carrying an aspen twig, each joining to cluster close in two rows upon the drum, holding each his aspen twig inwards, their faces all together, mouths all open in the song-shout, and all of them all the time going on the two feet, pàt-pat, pàt-pat, pàt-pat, to the thud-thud of the drum and the strange, plangent yell of the chant,

edging inch by inch, pàt-pat, pàt-pat, pàt-pat, sideways in a cluster along the track, towards the distant cluster of the challengers from the other kiva, who were sing-shouting and edging onwards, sideways in the dusk, their faces all together, their leaves all inwards, towards the drum, and their feet going pàt-pat, pàt-pat, on the dust, with their buttocks stuck out a little, faces all inwards, shouting open-mouthed to the drum, and half laughing, half mocking, half devilment, half fun. *Hie! Hie! Hie! Hie-away-awaya!* The strange yell, song-shout rising so lonely in the dusk, as if pine trees could suddenly, shaggily sing. Almost a pre-animal sound, full of triumph in life, and devilment against other life, and mockery, and humorousness, and the pàt-pat, pàt-pat of the rhythm. Sometimes more youths coming up, and as they draw near laughing they give the war-whoop, like a turkey giving a startled shriek and then gobble-gobbling with laughter—Ugh!—the shriek half laughter, then the gobble-gobble-gobble like a great demoniac chuckle. The chuckle in the war-whoop.—They produce the gobble from the deeps of the stomach, and say it makes them feel good.

Listening, an acute sadness, and a nostalgia, unbearable yearning for something, and a sickness of the soul came over me. The gobble-gobble chuckle in the whoop surprised me in my very tissues. Then I got used to it, and could hear in it the humanness, the playfulness, and then, beyond that, the mockery and the diabolical, pre-human, pine-tree fun of cutting dusky throats and letting the blood spurt out unconfined. Gobble-agobble-agobble, the unconfined loose blood, gobble-agobble, the dead, mutilated lump, gobble-agobble-agobble, the fun, the greatest man-fun. The war-whoop!

So I felt. I may have been all wrong, and other folk may feel much more natural and reasonable things. But so I felt. And the sadness and the nostalgia of the song-

calling, and the resinous continent of pine trees and turkeys, the feet of birds treading a dance, far off, when man was dusky and not individualized.

I am no ethnologist. The point is, what is the feeling that passes from an Indian to me, when we meet? We are both men, but how do we feel together? I shall never forget that first evening when I first came into contact with Red Men, away in the Apache country. It was not what I had thought it would be. It was something of a shock. Again something in my soul broke down, letting in a bitterer dark, a pungent awakening to the lost past, old darkness, new terror, new root-griefs, old root-richnesses.

The Apaches have a cult of water-hatred; they never wash flesh or rag. So never in my life have I smelt such an unbearable sulphur-human smell as comes from them when they cluster: a smell that takes the breath from the nostrils.

We drove the car away half a mile or more, back from the Apache hollow, to a lonely ridge, where we pitched camp under pine trees. Our two Indians made the fire, dragged in wood, then wrapped themselves in their best blankets and went off to the tepees of their friends. The night was cold and starry.

After supper I wrapped myself in a red serape up to the nose, and went down alone to the Apache encampment. It is good, on a chilly night in a strange country, to be wrapped almost to the eyes in a good Navajo blanket. Then you feel warm inside yourself, and as good as invisible, and the dark air thick with enemies. So I stumbled on, startling the hobbled horses that jerked aside from me. Reaching the rim-crest one saw many fires burning in red spots round the slopes of the hollow, and against the fires, many crouching figures. Dogs barked, a baby cried from a bough shelter, there was a queer low crackle of voices. So I stumbled alone over the ditches and past the tents,

down to the kiva. Just near was a shelter with a big fire in front, and a man, an Indian, selling drinks, no doubt Budweiser beer and grape-juice, non-intoxicants. Cow-boys in chaps and big hats were drinking too, and one screechy, ungentle cow-girl in khaki. So I went on in the dark up the opposite slope. The dark Indians passing in the night peered at me. The air was full of a sort of sportiveness, playfulness, that had a jeering, malevolent vibration in it, to my fancy. As if this play were another kind of harmless-harmful warfare, overbearing. Just the antithesis of what I understand by jolliness: ridicule. Comic sort of bullying. No jolly, free laughter. Yet a great deal of laughter. But with a sort of gibe in it.

This, of course, may just be the limitation of my European fancy. But that was my feeling. One felt a stress of will, of human wills, in the dark air, gibing even in the comic laughter. And a sort of unconscious animosity.

Again a sound of a drum down below, so again I stumbled down to the kiva. A bunch of young men were clustered—seven or eight round a drum, and standing with their faces together loudly and mockingly singing the song-yells, some of them treading the pàt-pat, some not bothering. Just behind was the blazing fire and the open shelter of the drink tent, with Indians in tall black hats and long plaits in front of their shoulders, and bead-braided waistcoats, and hands in their pockets; some swathed in sheets, some in brilliant blankets, and all grinning, laughing. The cow-boys with big spurs still there, horses' bridles trailing, and cow-girl screeching her laugh. One felt an inevitable silent gibing, animosity in each group, one for the other. At the same time, an absolute avoidance of any evidence of this.

The young men round the drum died out and started again. As they died out, the strange [illegible] voice in

the kiva was heard. It seemed to me the outside drumming and singing served to cover the voice within the kiva.

The kiva of young green trees was just near, two paces only. On the ground outside, boughs and twigs were strewn round to prevent anyone's coming close to the enclosure. Within was the firelight. And one could see through the green of the leaf-screen, men round a fire inside there, and one old man, the same old man always facing the open entrance, the fire between him and it. Other Indians sat in a circle, of which he was the key. The old man had his dark face lifted, his head bare, his two plaits falling on his shoulders. His close-shutting Indian lips were drawn open, his eyes were as if half-veiled, as he went on and on, on and on, in a distinct, plangent, recitative voice, male and yet strangely far-off and plaintive, reciting, reciting, reciting like a somnambulist, telling, no doubt, the history of the tribe interwoven with the gods. Other Apaches sat round the fire. Those nearest the old teller were stationary, though one chewed gum all the time and one ate bread cake and others lit cigarettes. Those nearer the entrance rose after a time, restless. At first some strolled in, stood a minute, then strolled out, desultory. But as the night went on, the ring round the fire inside the wall of green young trees was complete, all squatting on the ground, the old man with the lifted face and parted lips and half-unseeing eyes going on and on, across the fire. Some men stood lounging with the half self-conscious ease of the Indian behind the seated men. They lit cigarettes. Some drifted out. Another filtered in. I stood wrapped in my blanket in the cold night, at some little distance from the entrance, looking on.

A big young Indian came and pushed his face under my hat to see who or what I was.

"*Buenos!*"

"*Buenos!*"

"*Qué quiere?*"

"*No hablo español.*"

"Oh, only English, eh?—You can't come in here."

"I don't want to."

"This Indian Church."

"Is it?"

"I don't let people come, only Apache, only Indian."

"You keep watch?"

"I keep watch, yes; Indian Church, eh?"

"And the old man preaches?"

"Yes, he preaches."

After which I stood quite still and uncommunicative. He waited for a further development. There was none. So, after giving me another look, he went to talk to other Indians, *sotto voce*, by the door. The circle was complete, groups stood behind the squatting ring, some men were huddled in blankets, some sitting just in trousers and shirt, in the warmth near the fire, some wrapped close in white cotton sheets. The fire-light shone on the dark, unconcerned faces of the listeners, as they chewed gum, or ate bread, or smoked a cigarette. Some had big silver ear-rings swinging, and necklaces of turquoise. Some had waistcoats all bead braids. Some wore store shirts and store trousers, like Americans. From time to time one man pushed another piece of wood on the fire.

They seemed to be paying no attention, it all had a very perfunctory appearance. But they kept silent, and the voice of the old reciter went on blindly, from his lifted, bronze mask of a face with its wide-opened lips. They furl back their teeth as they speak, and they use a sort of resonant tenor voice, that has a plangent half-sad, twanging sound, vibrating deep from the chest. The old man went on and on, for hours, in that urgent, far-off voice. His hair was grey, and parted, and his

two round plaits hung in front of his shoulders on his shirt. From his ears dangled pieces of blue turquoise, tied with string. An old green blanket was wrapped round above his waist, and his feet in old moccasins were crossed before the fire. There was a deep pathos, for me, in the old, mask-like, virile figure, with its metallic courage of persistence, old memory, and its twanging male voice. So far, so great a memory. So dauntless a persistence in the piece of living red earth seated on the naked earth, before the fire; this old, bronze-resonant man with his eyes as if glazed in old memory, and his voice issuing in endless plangent monotony from the wide, unfurled mouth.

And the young men, who chewed chewing gum and listened without listening. The voice no doubt registered on their under-consciousness, as they looked around, and lit a cigarette, and spat sometimes aside. With their day-consciousness they hardly attended.

As for me, standing outside, beyond the open entrance, I was no enemy of theirs; far from it. The voice out of the far-off time was not for my ears. Its language was unknown to me. And I did not wish to know. It was enough to hear the sound issuing plangent from the bristling darkness of the far past, to see the bronze mask of the face lifted, the white, small, close-packed teeth showing all the time. It was not for me, and I knew it. Nor had I any curiosity to understand. The soul is as old as the oldest day, and has its own hushed echoes, its own far-off tribal understandings sunk and incorporated. We do not need to live the past over again. Our darkest tissues are twisted in this old tribal experience, our warmest blood came out of the old tribal fire. And they vibrate still in answer, our blood, our tissue. But me, the conscious me, I have gone a long road since then. And as I look back, like memory terrible as bloodshed, the dark faces round the fire in the night, and one blood beating in me and

them. But I don't want to go back to them, ah, never. I never want to deny them or break with them. But there is no going back. Always onward, still further. The great devious onward-flowing stream of conscious human blood. From them to me, and from me on.

I don't want to live again the tribal mysteries my blood has lived long since. I don't want to know as I have known, in the tribal exclusiveness. But every drop of me trembles still alive to the old sound, every thread in my body quivers to the frenzy of the old mystery. I know my derivation. I was born of no virgin, of no Holy Ghost. Ah, no, these old men telling the tribal tale were my fathers. I have a dark-faced, bronze-voiced father far back in the resinous ages. My mother was no virgin. She lay in her hour with this dusky-lipped tribe-father. And I have not forgotten him. But he, like many an old father with a changeling son, he would like to deny me. But I stand on the far edge of their firelight and am neither denied nor accepted. My way is my own, old red father; I can't cluster at the drum any more.

WOUNDS OF THE SPIRIT AND WOUNDS OF THE BODY—A spiritual wound that comes from a rending of the spirit is like a physical wound; and, after it has healed externally and the torn edges are scarred over, yet strange to say, like a deep physical injury, it only heals inwardly by the force of life pushing up from within. (*Tolstoi.*)

SELF-DEPRECATION.—All censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise and all the reproach of falsehood. (*Dr. Johnson.*)

THE TRIUMPH OF A FOOL

By Raymond Mortimer *and* Thomas Carlyle

The following is a review of Mr. Lawrence's KANGAROO *by Mr. Raymond Mortimer, which appeared in* THE NEW STATESMAN *of September 29th :—*

"In literature the importance of modernity is, if anything, greater than in the visual arts, because literature deals more directly with the results of knowledge, and knowledge is always increasing. However passionate our admiration for Jane Austen and Stendhal, we must admit that there are whole tracts of our experience which neither they nor any of their contemporaries could touch. The difficulty is to discover where expression is being given to these new parcels of our consciousness. The dead sheep have been separated by time from the dead goats, and only those as learned as Professor Saintsbury can tell us how enormously the goats outnumber the sheep even in those ages whose taste we most admire and idealize. To-day the goats have become so prolific and numerous that there is admittedly some excuse for refusing to search for possible sheep among them. But if a man gives the least indication of being a serious artist, one cannot be too careful not to dismiss him for any apparent silliness.

"I should say, by a last use of my scriptural metaphor, that in the past Mr. Lawrence has shown himself to be definitely ovine. It is therefore particularly unfortunate that he, one of the first writers whose name would be mentioned in a refutation of the *passéistes*, should now produce a novel which can only encourage their belief that in artistic matters contem-

porary is synonymous with contemptible. It has long been obvious that there is in Mr. Lawrence's mind a streak of what it is polite to call eccentricity. Two of his books recently published and professing to deal with psychology have made it clear that this streak goes deeper than one's worst fears had suspected. But they left the hope that in future he might make some sort of division between his philosophy and his fiction. Magnificent works of art have been based on the most grotesque ideas, and Mr. Lawrence is free, as far as the reader is concerned, to believe in any sort of nonsense, if only he continues to write his astonishing and poetic stories. The three tales in the volume called *The Ladybird*, published in the spring, encouraged this hope. They were based on what seemed to me a ridiculous and barbarous, if not entirely unreal, view of life, but they were literature. In *Kangaroo* the philosophy has stifled the poetry. The story wanders on without any direction that I can perceive, and page after page is filled with words which convince me that either Mr. Lawrence is mad or I am. Here is a characteristic paragraph:

> "Ah, my soul," said Richard to himself, "you have to look more ways than one. First to the unutterable dark of God: first and foremost. Then to the unutterable and sometimes very loud dark of that woman Harriet. I must admit that only the dark god in her fighting with my white idealism has got me so clear: and that only the dark god in her answering the dark god in me has got my soul heavy and fecund with a new sort of infant. But even now I can't bring it forth. I can't bring it forth. I need something else. Some other answer."

"Mr. Lawrence's defence of this is apparently contained in a paragraph a few pages later:

> Now a novel is supposed to be a mere record of emotion-adventures, flounderings in feelings. We insist that a novel is, or should be, also a thought-adventure, if it is to be anything at all complete.

But if ever a book consisted of 'flounderings in feelings' it is *Kangaroo*. I cannot help being reminded of a girl who was recommended by her mother to a friend of mine as 'a great undeveloped creature with a heart full of love.' Mr. Lawrence flings himself gawkily at the world, only to turn in exasperation from its inadequate response. He loves, he hates, he despises, and he wants to understand. In his former novels, and particularly in *The Ladybird*, he was occupied with personal relations, chiefly those between man and woman. In *Kangaroo* he concerns himself with men *en masse*, democracy, government, the mob. The book seems largely autobiographical, the hero, R. L. Somers, and his wife being hardly distinguishable from the 'I' and the 'Queen-Bee' of *Sea and Sardinia*. Such plot as the book contains deals with the contest between a Labour leader and a sort of Australian Fascist for the adhesion of R. L. Somers. Neither secures it. The scene is Australia throughout, and those who possess the patience needed to finish the book are left at the end with at least a few vivid impressions of that savage country: the Bush, the Pacific, and the untidy, make-shift human settlements, strewn with tin-cans and shabby bungalows. There is also a retrospective chapter, the twelfth in the book, in which Mr. Lawrence describes the petty persecutions to which English war-feeling subjected an independent-minded man with a German wife. This is far the best thing in the book, and can be enjoyed out of its context. I think it explains the horror of the crowd which informs the whole of *Kangaroo*.

"It is usual, and I believe reasonable, to say that Mr. Lawrence has genius. He not only feels with superlative intensity, but succeeds in expressing his feelings. But even from genius certain things are inadmissible. Mr. Lawrence has in the past achieved fine poetic effects by his use of a peculiar vocabulary.

But when he pretends that his metaphors are philosophical truths, he becomes as intolerable as Cagliostro, Swedenborg, or Joanna Southcott. He contributes nothing to our experience, and it is difficult to believe that what seems only rant to us can, even for its author, have any definite meaning."

The following is taken from a review of Novalis's SCHRIFTEN *by Thomas Carlyle, which appeared in the* FOREIGN REVIEW, *No. 7, 1829*:—

"Without at all entering into the merits of Novalis, we may say that we should reckon it a happy sign of literature were so solid a fashion of study here and there established in all countries: for directly in the teeth of most 'intellectual tea-circles,' it may be asserted that no good Book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first: nay, that the commonest quality in a true work of Art, if its excellence have any depth and compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment; perhaps even, mingled with its undeniable beauty, a certain feeling of aversion. Not as if we meant, by this remark, to cast a stone at the old guild of literary Improvisators, or any of that diligent brotherhood, whose trade it is to blow soap-bubbles for their fellow-creatures; which bubbles, of course, if they are not seen and admired this moment, will be altogether lost to men's eyes the next. Considering the use of these blowers in civilized communities, we wish them strong lungs, and all manner of prosperity: but simply we would contend that such soap-bubble guild should not become the sole one in Literature; that being indisputably the strongest, it should content itself with this pre-eminence, and not tyrannically annihilate its less prosperous neighbours. For it should be recollected that Literature positively has other aims than this of amusement from hour to hour; nay, perhaps that this, glorious as it may be, is not its highest or true aim.

We do say therefore that the Improvisator corporation should be kept within limits; and readers, at least a certain small class of readers, should understand that some few departments of human inquiry still have their depths and difficulties; that the abstruse is not precisely synonymous with the absurd; nay, that light itself may be darkness in a certain state of the eyesight; that, in short, cases may occur when a little patience and some attempt at thought would not be altogether superfluous in reading . . ."

Carlyle then refers to the attitude of the reviewers to Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, which they dismissed as unintelligible.

"It is admitted, too, on all hands that Mr. Coleridge is a man of 'genius,' that is, a man having more intellectual insight than other men; and strangely enough, it is taken for granted, at the same time, that he has less intellectual insight than any other. For why else are his doctrines to be thrown out of doors, without examination, as false and worthless, simply because they are obscure? Or how is their so palpable falsehood to be accounted for to our minds, except on this extraordinary ground: that a man able to originate deep thoughts (such is the meaning of genius) is unable to *see* them when originated; that the creative intellect of a Philosopher is destitute of that mere faculty of logic which belongs to 'all Attorneys, and men educated in Edinburgh'? The Cambridge carrier, when asked whether his horse could draw inferences, readily replied, 'Yes, anything in reason'; but here, it seems, is a man of genius who has no similar gift."

"We ourselves we confess are too young in the study of human nature to have met with any such anomaly. Never yet has it been our fortune to fall in with any man of genius whose conclusions did not correspond better with his premises, and not worse, than those of other men; whose genius, when it once came to be

understood, did not manifest itself in a deeper, fuller truer view of all things human and divine, than the clearest of your so laudable practical men had a claim to.

"Such we say has been our uniform experience; so uniform that we now hardly ever expect to see it contradicted. True it is, the old Pythagorean argument of 'the master said it,' has long since ceased to be available: in these days, no man, except the Pope of Rome, is altogether exempt from error of judgment; doubtless a man of genius may chance to adopt false opinions; nay rather, like all other sons of Adam, *must* occasionally adopt such. Nevertheless, we reckon it a good maxim, that no error is fully confuted till we have seen not only *that* it is an error, but how it came to be one; till finding that it clashes with the principles of truth established in our own mind, we find also in what way it had seemed to harmonize with the principles of truth established in that other mind, perhaps so unspeakably superior to ours. Treated by this method, it still appears to us, according to the old saying, that the errors of a wise man are literally more instructive than the truths of a fool. For the wise man travels in lofty, far-seeing regions; the fool in low-lying, high-fenced lanes: retracing the steps of the former, to discover where he deviated, whole provinces of the Universe are laid open to us; in the path of the latter, granting even that he have not deviated at all, little is laid open to us but the two wheel-ruts and two hedges.

"On these grounds we reckon it more profitable, in almost any case, to have to do with men of depth than men of shallowness; and were it possible, we would read no book that was not written by one of the former class: all members of which we would love and venerate, how perverse soever they might seem to us at first; nay though, after the fullest investigation, we still found many things to pardon in them. Such of our readers as at all participate in this predilection will not

blame us for bringing them acquainted with Novalis, a man of the most indisputable talent, poetical and philosophical; whose opinions, extraordinary, nay, altogether wild and baseless as they often appear, are not without a strict coherence in his own mind and will lead any other mind that examines them faithfully, into endless considerations: opening the strangest inquiries, new truths, or new possibilities of truth, a whole unexpected world of thought, where, whether for belief or denial, the deepest questions await us.

"In what is called reviewing such a book as this, we are aware that to the judicious craftsman two methods present themselves. The first and most convenient is, for the Reviewer to perch himself resolutely, as it were, on the shoulder of his Author, and therefrom to show as if he commanded him and looked down upon him by natural superiority of stature. Whatsoever the great man says or does, the little man shall treat with an air of knowingness and light condescending mockery; professing with much covert sarcasm, that this and that other is beyond his comprehension, and cunningly asking his readers if they comprehend it! Herein it will help him mightily, if, besides description, he can quote a few passages, which, in their detached state, and taken most probably in quite a wrong acceptation of the words, shall sound strange, and, to certain hearers, even absurd; all which will be easy enough, if he have any handiness in the business and address the right audience; truths, as this world goes, being true only for those that have *some* understanding of them. On the other hand, should our Reviewer meet with any passage, the wisdom of which, deep, plain and palpable to the simplest, might cause misgivings in the reader, as if here were a man of half-unknown endowment, whom perhaps it were better to wonder at than to laugh at, our Reviewer either suppresses it, or citing it with an air of meritorious candour, calls upon his Author, in

a tone of command and encouragement, to lay aside his transcendental crotchets, and write always thus, and *he* will admire him. Whereby the reader again feels comforted; proceeds swimmingly to the conclusion of the 'Article,' and shuts it with a victorious feeling, not only that he and the Reviewer understand this man, but also that, with some rays of fancy and the like, the man is little better than a living mass of darkness.

"In this way does the small Reviewer triumph over great Authors; but it is the triumph of a fool. In this way, too, does he recommend himself to certain readers, but it is the recomendation of a parasite and of no true servant. The servant would have spoken truth in this case; truth, that it might have profited, however harsh: the parasite glozes his master with sweet speeches, that he may filch applause, and certain 'guineas per sheet' from him; substituting for ignorance which was harmless, error which is not so. And yet to the vulgar reader, naturally enough, that flattering unction is full of solacement. In fact, to a reader of this sort few things can be more alarming than to find that his own little Parish, where he lived so snug and absolute, is, after all, *not* the whole Universe; that beyond the hill which screened his house from the east wind and grew his kitchen-vegetables so sweetly, there are other hills and other hamlets, nay mountains and towered cities with all which, if he would continue to pass for a geographer, he must forthwith make himself acquainted. Now this Reviewer, often his fellow-Parishioner, is a safe man; leads him pleasantly to the hill-top; shows him that indeed there are, or seem to be, other expanses, these too of boundless [illegible]; but with only cloud mountains and *fata morgana* cities; the true character of that region being Vacuity, or at best a stony desert peopled by Gryphons and Chimeras.

"Surely, if printing is not, like [illegible] speech, 'the art of concealing thought,' all [illegible] blamed [illegible]

nough. Is it the Reviewer's real trade to be a pander f laziness, self-conceit and all manner of contemptuous tupidity on the part of his reader; carefully ministering o these propensities; carefully fencing off whatever night invade that fool's paradise with news of listurbance? Is he the priest of Literature and Philoophy, to interpret their mysteries to the common man; s a faithful preacher, teaching him to understand what s adapted for his understanding, to reverence what is dapted for higher understandings than his? Or merely he lackey of Dullness, striving for certain wages, of udding or praise, by the month or the quarter, to erpetuate the reign of presumption and triviality on arth? If the latter, will he not be counselled to pause or an instant, and reflect seriously, whether starvation were worse or were better than such a dog's existence?"

Life and God.—Life is everything. Life is God. All is changing and moving, and that motion is God. And while there is Life, there is the joy of the consciousness of the Godhead. To love life is to love God. The hardest and most blessed thing is to love this life in one's sufferings, in undeserved suffering. (*Tolstoi.*)

The Twofold Wonder.—From without no wonderful effect is wrought within ourselves, unless some interior, responding wonder meets it. That the starry vault should surcharge the heart with all rapturous marvellings, is only because we ourselves are greater miracles and superber Trophies than all the stars in universal space. Wonder interlocks with wonder; and then the confounding feeling comes. (*Herman Melville.*)

LETTERS OF TCHEHOV TO GORKI

May 9th, 1899.
Melihovo.

DEAR ALEXEY MAXIMOVITCH,

I am sending you a play by Strindberg, *Countess Julia*. When you've read it, send it back to the owner.

Once upon a time I loved shooting, but now I'm indifferent to it. I saw *The Seagull* performed without scenery; I can't judge the play in cold blood. . . .

But on the whole it's all right; it took me by surprise. In places I couldn't believe that I had written it.

Just now I am living in Melihovo. Hot, rooks shouting, peasants always coming. For the time being it's not boring.

I've bought a gold, but banal watch.

When are you coming here?

Keep well, happy, gay. Don't forget me; write, i[f] only once in a while.

If you should think of writing a play, write it, an[d] then send it to me to read. Write it, and keep it secre[t] until you've finished it, otherwise you'll be knocke[d] off your stride, and your mood will be broken.

I grasp your hand firmly.

A. T.

June 22nd, 1899.
Moscow.

What are you despondent about, dear Maxi[m] Alexeyevitch? Why do you scold your *Foma Gordy[eev]*

furiously? It seems to me (with your kind permis-on) there are two reasons in particular for this. You egan as a writer with success, you began noisily, and ow anything that seems to you ordinary and average oesn't satisfy you, makes you droop. That is one eason. The second is: a writer cannot live in the rovinces with impunity. Whatever you may say, you ave eaten of the apple of literature, you are hopelessly oisoned already, you are a writer, and a writer you vill remain. And the natural condition of a writer, is lways to keep close to literary circles, to live near vriters, to breathe literature. So don't struggle against ature, submit once for all—and move to Petersburg or Moscow. Quarrel with writers, disown them, despise alf of them, but live with them.

I've been in Petersburg, got nearly frozen there. I saw Mizov. Now I am reading my proofs for Marx; n testimony of which I send you two stories. . . .

June 27th, 1899.
Moscow.

When I wrote to you that you had begun noisily and with success as a writer, I hadn't any spiteful design concealed—no reproach or pin-prick. I didn't reflect on anyone's merits, but simply wanted to tell you that you haven't been through the seminary of literature, but started straight away as a priest; and now you're bored at having to take a service without a choir. I wanted to say: Wait a year or two, you will calm down, and see that your lovely *Foma Gordeyev* has absolutely nothing to do with it.

So you're going on a walking tour across Russia? *Bon voyage*, and may the road be as smooth as a table-cloth, although I can't help thinking that while you're still young and healthy, you ought to travel for two or three years, but not on foot, nor third class, in order to get to know more about the public that reads you.

Then, after two or three years, you could begin your walking.

You'll say "Damn him, why does he read me lectures?" It's in answer to a lecture you read me: Why don't I live in Yalta, instead of going sour in Moscow? I admit it, it is rotten in Moscow. But I can't leave now, I've certain things to do, which I wouldn't like others to have to do for me. I'm probably going to Yalta about July 15th. In Moscow I shall sit in the Mala Dmitrovka Street, walk on the Tverskoy Boulevard, talk to women who are no better than they should be, and dine at the Restaurant International.

Won't you come to Kuchukoy in September?

I grip your hand, and wish you all the best.

Your A. T.

August 24th, 1899.
Moscow.

Dear Alexey Maximovitch,

The rumours about my writing a novel must be built on a mirage, since I haven't even thought of a novel. I write practically nothing, really, I'm only engaged in waiting for the moment when at last I shall be permitted to sit down and write. I've been in Yalta lately, and return to Moscow for the rehearsal of my play. But I've got rather seedy here, and must go back to Yalta again. I'm going there to-morrow. Whether I shall be able to stay there long, whether I'll write anything—I don't know. For a start I shall have to camp out, as my house isn't finished yet.

I read your *Foma Gordeyev* in bits. I used to open the magazine every now and then, and read a page. I'll read the whole of it when it's finished. I simply cannot read in monthly snippets. I couldn't read *Resurrection* for exactly the same reason.

Guilyarovsky descended on me like a whirlwind, and told me he had made your acquaintance. He sang your

praises. I've known him nearly twenty years; we began our careers together in Moscow, and I've watched him from close at hand. He's a man with a simple soul, pure in heart, and in him there's a complete absence of the element of treachery which is so characteristic of newspaper men. He's always telling stories, wears a watch with a . . . stereoscopic view, and when he is in his best humour, he does card tricks.

I am weary of my doing nothing, I am out of temper. When are you coming to Yalta? About what date in September? I should be very, very glad to see you and talk about things that are happening. Bring your photographs and your books.

Now, keep well and God preserve you. Write to me at Yalta.

I shake your hand.

Your A. T.

3rd September, 1899.
Yalta.

Dear Alexey Maximovitch,

How do you do? I am answering your letter.

First, as a rule I am against dedications of anything to living people. Once I made a dedication, and now I feel that perhaps I ought not to have done it. That is the general rule. But in the particular case, the dedication of *Foma Gordeyev* will give me nothing but pleasure and honour. But how have I deserved it? Well, it is for you to judge, and for me to bow and thank you. Make the dedication without a lot of words, that is, write only "Dedicated to ——" that is enough. Now, I'll give you some practical advice, if you like: don't print less than five or six thousand copies. The book is sure to go off quickly. The second edition could be printed at the same time as the first. Still more advice: when reading the proofs strike out all qualifications of nouns and verbs wherever you can. You

have so many qualifications that it is difficult for the reader to follow and he gets tired. Anyone can understand me when I write "the man sat on the grass"; they can understand me because it is clear and arrests the attention. On the other hand one cannot easily understand me, it is a load on one's brains, if I wrote "a tall narrow-chested, middle-sized man, with a ginger-coloured beard sat on the green grass, trampled down by pedestrians; he sat down quietly, timidly, nervously looking round." This cannot get into one's brain straightaway, and writing must get into the brain at once, in a second. Then one thing more: by nature you are lyrical; the timbre of your soul is delicate. If you were a composer, you would not compose marches. To be rude, noisy, to bite, to make angry denials—that is alien to your talent. Hence you will understand why I advise you not to be sparing of your corrections of the stories that are appearing in *Zhizn*.

Am I to expect you at the end of September? But why so late? Winter begins early this year, the autumn will be short, you must come quickly.

Now be well. Keep well.

Your A. T.

The performances at the Moscow Art Theatre begin on September 30th. *Uncle Vanya* will be played on October 14th.

Your best story is *In the Steppe*.

November 25th, 1899.
Yalta.

How do you do, dear Alexey Maximovitch? A thousand thanks for your book. I have read some of the stories before, some I have not—they are a pleasure in store for me in my boring country life. When is *Foma Gordeyev* coming out? I have read it only in snippets; I want to read it all, in two or three big gulps.

I am writing a story for the January *Zhizn*

Dorovatovsky has written to me asking me to send my photograph for the book. That is all my literary news.

Your book is splendidly printed.

All this time I have been waiting for you, in vain, and finally I gave up hope. It is snowing in Yalta, damp, windy. The local grandfathers swear there will still be fine days.

Penniless consumptives wear me out. If I were a Governor, I would deport them by martial law, they disturb my warm and well-fed peace so much.

To see their faces when they ask for money, and their pitiful blankets when they die, is too painful. We have decided to build a sanatorium, I have written an appeal; I have written it because I cannot see any other way. If you possibly can, circulate this appeal through the Nijni Novgorod and Samara newspapers, where you have friends and connections. Perhaps they will send something. The other day in the ward for the hopeless cases the poet Yepifanov died lonely and neglected. Two days before his death he asked for apple jelly and when I brought it to him he livened up and joyfully croaked with his bad throat "That's it! It's the very thing!" Exactly as if he'd seen his sweetheart.

You haven't written to me for ages. What's the meaning of that? I do not like the idea of your having stayed in Petersburg so long—it is so easy to get seedy there now.

Now, keep well and be merry. God preserve you. I grip your hand firmly.

A. T.

September 24th, 1901.
Moscow.

DEAR ALEXEY MAXIMOVITCH,

I am in Moscow and have received your letter here. Before I left Yalta I went to see Leo Nikolayevich [Tolstoi]. He likes the Crimea tremen-

dously, it awakens in him joy, purely childish joy. But I was not pleased about his health. He has got very old, and his chief disease—is old age, which has taken hold of him already. In October I shall be in Yalta again. It would be splendid if they would let you come there. [Gorki was then living in Arzamas, where he had been exiled by the political police.] There are very few people in Yalta in the winter, no one to annoy us or to prevent us working,—that is the first thing, and the second is : Leo Nicolayevich is plainly bored for lack of people and we could go and see him often.

Finish your play, old man. You feel it's not coming off, but don't trust your feeling, it deceives you. It is usually true that a man does not like his play while he is writing it, nor afterwards. But let others judge and decide. But don't let anybody read it, nobody ; send it straight to Moscow, to Nemirovich-Danchenko, or to me to hand over to the Art Theatre. And then, if there is something that is not quite right in it, you can change it in rehearsal, or even on the night before the performance.

Can you give me the end of your *Three?*

I am sending you on a letter, quite useless one. They sent me the same.

Well, God be with you. Keep well, and if it is possible in your capacity of resident in Arzamas, happy. Greetings and remembrances to Katerina Pavlovna and your children.

Your A. T.

Do write.

(*Translated by S. S. Koteliansky.*)

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ATOM

By J. W. N. Sullivan

It is not so very long ago that the atom was described as the ultimate particle of matter. Matter was supposed to be built up of indivisible little particles called atoms. This word "indivisible" proved perplexing to some people: they argued that an atom, however small, must occupy space and possess a shape. One could, therefore, imagine an atom being halved, and so on. These difficulties, however entertaining they may be in themselves, rested on a misapprehension of the scientific assertion that the atom was indivisible. The indivisibility ascribed to the atom had reference to practical scientific processes—in particular, to chemical processes. The atom was the smallest particle of matter that took part in any chemical process.

This way of regarding the constitution of matter, the atomic theory, proved extraordinarily illuminating. An immense number and variety of chemical and physical phenomena were made comprehensible by the theory, and men of science came to regard the atom, not merely as a convenient conception which might be replaced by a better one, but as an actual objective entity. But for some time, nevertheless, the atom was thought about in a rather perfunctory manner. It was vaguely considered to be a very small, hard, and probably spherical piece of matter. But the more philosophically minded were bothered by the fact that there are several elementary material substances—eighty or ninety, in fact. These

elements, singly or in combination, make up every substance in the world. Each element has its own kind of atom, so that there are about ninety different kinds of atoms in existence. Now the mind somehow rebels at this particular example of Nature's diversity. Why should there be just this number of elementary substances, each one, as it were, specially created? It is like the difficulty one experiences in admitting all the species of animals to be separate creations. The difficulty became acute when Newlands and, afterwards Mendeleyev showed that the chemical elements fell into groups, such that each succeeding group approximately repeated the chemical properties of the preceding group. There were differences between the groups but there was a most remarkable fundamental similarity And to obtain the grouping it was only necessary to arrange the ninety odd atoms in order of increasing weight. This remarkable fact suggested at once that atoms have a structure and that corresponding element in the different groups have similar structures, the heavier elements being, as it were, more complicate versions of the same ground plan. Prout, long ago, ha suggested that all atoms were built up out of the lighte atom, viz., hydrogen. But in that case the weigh of all the atoms should be whole multiples of the weig of hydrogen, and this was found not to be the cas Some ultimate constituent, much lighter than t hydrogen atom, would have been necessary to agr with the known atomic weights.

But a new turn was given to these speculations on t structure of the atom when, in 1897, the electron experimentally discovered. Here we had a tiny parti whose mass was only about 1/1800 of that of a hydro atom. It was immediately apparent that here was excellent unit for atom building. But the electro an electrified particle; it carries a charge of nega electricity. By itself, therefore, it could not consti

atoms, for atoms are normally electrically neutral, not negatively electrified. It was assumed, therefore, that there enters into the constitution of the atom a positive electric charge which is just sufficient to neutralize the sum of the negative charges carried by the constituent electrons.

By the time matters had got so far a revolutionary change in our notions of matter had taken place. We have spoken of the electron as a tiny particle carrying an electric charge. Now it can be shown that the mass of such a body is partly due to its electric charge. The question arose, How much of the mass of an electron is due to its electric charge? The astonishing result was reached that, in all probability, the *whole* of its mass is due to its electric charge. The electron is not a particle of matter carrying electricity—it is just electricity. This immediately suggested a purely electric theory of matter. The positive charge which enters into the constitution of the atom was also supposed not to require a "material particle" to rest on, and so the atom became a purely electric phenomenon. It will be noticed that, in this process, electricity was "atomized." Electricity had been regarded by the mathematicians of the early nineteenth century as a "fluid," as an essentially continuous structure, but long before the experimental discovery of the dissociated atom of electricity, the electron, some of Faraday's researches made it very probable that electricity entered into certain processes in an atomic form. This tendency of the mind, in its attempt to understand Nature, to atomize things, does not stop short, as we shall see, with electricity.

The electric theory of matter having come upon the scene, then, how are we to regard these two sorts of electricity, the positive and the negative, as constituting an atom? We may pass over the early attempts, interesting and instructive as they were, and come straight to the present accepted model of the atom for

which experimental evidence was first adduced by Rutherford. The phenomena of radio-activity had furnished experimental evidence for the general theory we have been describing of the structure of the atom. The radium atom, in its disintegration, shot out positively charged particles called α-rays, and negatively charged particles called β-rays. These latter were found to be identical with the electrons obtained in a cathode tube. The α-particles, although not as swift as the β-particles, are much heavier, and possess greater momentum. Rutherford used these particles to explore the atom. When α-particles are passed through matter they suffer a certain dispersion. We may explain this by saying that an α-particle, passing near the electrons of an atom, is attracted and pulled a little out of its path, and that, for some α-particles, these effects are cumulative, and so the α-particle may be deflected through an appreciable angle. But it happens that this reasoning does not explain the observed deflections. Deflections of 150 degrees, *i.e.*, an almost complete reversal of direction, have been observed. The heavy, α-particle, travelling at about 20,000 miles a second, must be subjected to an intense force to be so diverted. It occurred to Rutherford that such abnormal deflections are due to an almost direct impact on the positive charge of the atom, which positive charge must therefore be conceived, not as diffused through the atom, but as intensely concentrated. By assuming that the positive charge in an atom was concentrated in a small region Rutherford was enabled to get the intense repulsive force required to explain the observed deflections. Knowing that the positive charge in an atom was highly concentrated in a small space, Rutherford was enabled to construct his *planetary* model of the atom. The positive charge was supposed to be at the centre of the system, with the negatively charged electrons rotating round it. Thus, the hydrogen atom is supposed to consist of a single

electron rotating round a nucleus which is the positive charge. The helium atom consists of two electrons rotating round a nucleus, but in this case the nucleus carries twice the positive charge of the hydrogen nucleus, since it has to neutralize two electrons. With the lithium atom there are three electrons, while uranium, the heaviest known atom, has a circulating system of 92 electrons.

This model of the atom, as we have said, explained certain experimental results, and there were strong reasons to suppose that it was essentially true. But when it was investigated mathematically it was found to be open to a very grave objection. According to the accepted dynamical laws these rotating electrons should continually radiate energy, their orbits should grow smaller and smaller, their velocities should continually increase, and ultimately they should fall into the nucleus. In fact, such atoms could not last, and according to this theory of matter the whole material universe should have vanished long ago. This was felt to be a weighty objection. But certain other phenomena were known which were just as inexplicable by ordinary dynamics. There were certain phenomena of heat radiation, for instance, where calculation and observation were quite hopelessly at variance. To explain these radiation phenomena a curious theory had been put forward, in 1900, by Max Planck. This theory rested on a basis very different from the old dynamics. It asserted that energy is atomic, that energy can only be radiated or absorbed in little finite packets, as it were, and not continuously, as had hitherto been assumed. This strange theory did, as a matter of fact, explain the observed radiation phenomena extremely well. It occurred to a young Danish physicist, Niels Bohr, that this theory might be applied to the problem of the stability of the atom. When we are dealing with atomic phenomena it may well be that we have entered a region where the same laws do not

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apply as for matter in bulk, or rather, our laws for matter in bulk may only express statistical averages, as it were, obscuring the true laws which hold for the individual constituents. Planck's quantum theory, as it is called, was applied by Bohr to the atom with great success. The assumptions are as follows: There is, on the new theory, only a finite number of orbits that an electron can describe about its nucleus. The hydrogen atom electron, for instance, can rotate at a certain minimum distance from the nucleus. Call this orbit 1. There is another orbit, at a finite distance from the first, in which the electron would also conceivably rotate. Call this orbit 2. Similarly, there is an orbit 3, an orbit 4, and so on. But the electron cannot rotate in an orbit intermediate between orbits 1 and 2, or 2 and 3; and so on. Also, as long as the electron is rotating in any one of these permissible orbits, it is not radiating any energy. It is also supposed that the electron can, under a suitable stimulus, jump from one orbit to another. In jumping from one orbit to another it radiates energy. The energy so radiated exists in the form of a monochromatic radiation, that is, a radiation having one definite wave-length.

These assumptions were found to lead to results in the most beautiful agreement with the experimental evidence in the case of the spectrum of hydrogen. The discrete lines which form the spectrum of hydrogen each correspond to a definite wave-length. These wave-lengths, it had been shown previously, were connected by a certain formula. This formula was arrived at empirically; it enabled one to write down the wave-lengths corresponding to the lines of the hydrogen spectrum, but it gave no explanation why the lines of the hydrogen spectrum should fall into that particular sequence. This is exactly what Bohr's theory did, and in doing so gave for the first time a satisfactory theory of the baffling and complex phenomena presented by spectra. The hydrogen atom is, of course, the simplest

atom, and this is the case in which the mathematical difficulties have been most completely overcome, and where the agreement between theory and observation is most striking. Another simple atom to which the theory can be completely applied is the ionized atom of helium, *i.e.*, a helium atom which has lost one of its rotating electrons. It thus resembles a hydrogen atom, except for the fact that the positive charge on the nucleus is twice that on the hydrogen nucleus. Even with these simple atoms, however, we have not yet exhausted the matter. The spectrum lines, when closely examined, turn out to consist of two or more lines very close together. The theory of relativity has been successfully evoked to explain this fact. According to that theory the mass of an electron will increase as its velocity increases, and if we assume that the orbits described are ellipses, we have to take into account the variation of speed in such an orbit, and the corresponding variation in mass of the electron. Sommerfeld has worked out these effects, and shown that the "fine structure" of the hydrogen lines can be thereby explained. So that, besides quantum theory, we have to invoke relativity theory also in order to explain the spectrum of the simplest of the atoms. Such complete explanations cannot be given for the spectra of heavier atoms. The mathematical difficulties are too great, although Bohr has been successful in giving a reasonable general outline of the structure of all the elements. It may be mentioned that, in these investigations, it has been found necessary to generalize the quantum theory, and to apply the quantum condition to conceptions which are even more abstract than that of energy. In this way, it is stated, the apparently hopeless contradictions between ordinary dynamics and quantum theory are made less acute.

So far we have dealt with the atom as a planetary configuration consisting of a positively charged nucleus

playing the rôle of the sun, and a number of rotating electrons playing the part of planets. We have said that the mass of an electron is about 1/1800 of that of a hydrogen atom, and also that the hydrogen atom contains one electron. Practically the whole mass of the hydrogen atom, therefore, must be concentrated in the nucleus. On the purely electric theory of matter this should mean that the radius of the nucleus is only 1/1800 of that of an electron. Now, as we proceed from hydrogen in the order of atomic weights the next element we encounter is helium, with an atomic weight of 4, *i.e.*, an atom of helium has a mass approximately four times that of a hydrogen atom. The two rotating electrons of helium can contribute practically nothing to this; this mass must belong to the nucleus. It is tempting to build up the nuclei of heavier atoms out of hydrogen nuclei, and to say that the nucleus of helium, for example, consists of four hydrogen nuclei. But we have also said that the positive charge on the helium nucleus is two units, not four. The solution adopted is to attribute to the helium nucleus a complex structure; we suppose it to consist of four hydrogen nuclei and two electrons. The two electrons neutralize two of the hydrogen nuclei, leaving a resultant positive charge of two units. Nevertheless, since there are actually four hydrogen nuclei present in the helium nucleus, the atomic weight of helium is four. The α-particles shot out by radium are helium atoms minus the two circulating electrons. These α-particles come from the nucleus of the very complex radium atom, so we see that the helium nucleus, besides the hydrogen nucleus, may enter as a unit into the structure of the nuclei of more complex atoms. The helium nucleus is fitted for this rôle owing to its great stability. Relativity theory again enters here, for it affords an explanation of this great stability. The atomic weight of hydrogen is not exactly 1, but 1.008. How then can four hydrogen nuclei unite to

give a resultant atomic weight of exactly 4? According to relativity theory energy and mass are convertible terms. The difference between four times 1.008 and 4 exactly is a measure of the *energy*, expressed as *mass*, liberated during the formation of the helium nucleus. This quantity is enormous. It is this amount of energy, of course, that would have to be communicated to the helium nucleus to disintegrate it. It is 63 million times greater than the energy expended in ordinary chemical processes. Thus, on this theory, we can understand the immense stability of the helium nucleus, and why, although it is of complex structure, it is able to enter as a unit into the structure of other atoms. We cannot, therefore, simply regard the nuclei of other atoms as built up from hydrogen nuclei. The nuclei of all atoms but hydrogen must be given a complex structure. But the general rule for doing this is simple.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Cherry Martyr.—A lately renewed inscription, upon a stone in the churchyard at Plumstead, runs thus:

To the MEMORY
of JAMES DARLING
who died 23rd of July, 1812.
Aged 10 Years.

Weep not for me my parents dear
There is no witness wanted here
The hammer of Death was give to me
For eating Cherris off the tree
Next morning Death was to me sweet
My blessed Jesus for to meet
He did ease me of my pain
And I did Join His holy train
The cruel one his Death can't shun
For he must go when his glass is run
The horrows of Death is sur to meet
And tak his trial at the Judgment seat.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

What the Public Wants.—We know, without being told, what our Press monopolists said on first opening The Adelphi. It was nothing like what Keats said on looking into Chapman's *Homer*. They don't speak the language, for one thing. What they said was: "This is not what the public wants." And until God remodels their heads they will go on saying it, in spite of the unqualified justification of your faith in yourself and your fellows when you said, "I don't know what the public wants, but I like this very much, and I believe many will like it also." The treatment of Mr. Bernard Shaw by the Press for the past thirty years has been virtually a boycott of one of the best, certainly the cleverest mind of modern times, although Shaw's name could at any time fill lecture halls and theatres, and American editors saw there was a profit to be got in printing his speeches verbatim and selling them in England. To demonstrate a fact to the knowing ones is but to send them into fits of anger or the sulks. An enterprising repertory theatre in New York recently produced *Back to Methuselah,* and ran it for 120 performances; and it has been available to the London theatres for the past two years or more waiting for a producer to find out whether the public really wanted it or not. Mr. Barry Jackson, of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, has secured the honours again. It will become a settled and expensive habit for those London people for whom a passion of thought has more dramatic value than a passion of concupiscence to make pilgrimages to Birmingham. *Back to Methuselah* was given in five parts, as planned by the author, and took a week to perform. The audience, held as in a spell by the intensity of the great argument on man's destiny, and

returning each night to hear it further unfolded in the next part, released its feelings at the close by demonstrations of enthusiasm I never have seen equalled in a theatre.

Birmingham people? About a handful. They were Londoners, who went to the expense of railway fares and hotel charges and turned up fresh and eager every evening for more of what they could not get in their own city. And yet we read in the papers that the audience was bored, that Mr. Shaw should be in the pulpit instead of the theatre, that a play is a thing with three sides and two right angles, whereas *Back to Methuselah* is a fourth dimension sort of affair—and this will never do. How does a dramatic critic qualify? By his quickness in knowing his master's voice? The noble lord who pays his salary says, "This is what the public wants, and don't you forget it." He answers, "I never can." And he can't. His criticism is a habit of repeating catch-cries. But he can't even report. Mr. Shaw's play may be a monster with two heads that frightens people for whom Mr. H. A. Jones's work is a joy without end. But this audience was not frightened. To say it was bored is a lie. It was thrilled with the special and rare excitement that new and beautiful work arouses, and deeply moved by a glimpse into regions of wonder revealed to a mind which had travelled without fear as far as its thought could reach. I am not a writing man, and in criticism the merest amateur, being completely unable to make anything of the rules by which we are supposed to be able to detect a work of art from a pair of spring-side boots. To know a miracle from the thing that is not seems so much simpler than that. That is why I cannot yet analyze the feeling of reverence that has come from the pilgrimage to Birmingham. Grant that the satire of our political chiefs is too long drawn out (and I suspect we realize it only because of the height of the opening act from which we drop); that Mr. Shaw cannot

rid himself of some old tricks of the theatre as "comic relief"; that, like the discharged prisoner in the dock, he will persist in arguing his case long after it is admitted. Grant it all. What remains is significant drama in which is revealed the most heartening message I have heard in this age when faith in a high human destiny is almost shattered. To imagine that which you desire, to will that which you imagine, till will becomes creation. Imagination, desire, and will are the Holy Trinity of this new Gospel. Mr. Shaw argues that this conception of the Life Force as intelligent creation, for ever experimenting, and learning by its errors, is sounder biology than "Natural" Selection working foresightless. There may be a flaw in his scientific argument, though I cannot see it. What is without flaw is the poetic vision of the first man and the first woman when knowledge came that within them were the seeds of eternity and they must create ere death overtook them, that life should not pass from the earth. It may be asked what happiness there is in the dream of our descendants in 31,000 A.D. who desire to rid themselves of the body of this death and become a vortex in pure intelligence. Well, what is happiness, anyway? We know, at least, what unhappiness is since consciousness became questioning. Somewhere in Thomas Hardy's poetry there is a line, "Our tissues abhor the fevered feats of life," and this describes exactly the problem fronting the Ancients of Shaw's vision of the future. Strange, that in *The Dynasts* and in *Back to Methuselah* these two minds, reacting so differently in most things, should both strike a similar note of hope for mankind, the only one to be heard in the sombre beauty of Hardy's music.—PHILIP TOMLINSON.

MODERN MUSIC.—"Art must be beautiful," the old say; and the young say, "Art must be expressive, or significant." We all say, "I know what I like." What we none of us can say is—"What I like is

beautiful (or significant)." That is the hitch. We have absolutely no security that we are right. What are we to say then of "this new music"? and is it "right"? and "will it last"?

"This new music" is too vague. Do you mean Stravinsky, or Schönberg, or Bartók, or Holst, or someone else? Because they are all trying to do different things, which could be expressed in technical language if anyone had the patience. As to its being "right," apply the old canons—Does it show work? Is the work applied economically? Is it parochial (running one or two fads for all, or more than all, they are worth), or secular (doing even-handed justice to all the aspects of a theme)? Is it proportioned, or straggling? If it contains "beauties," as it may, are they organic, springing out of the subject matter, or just plastered on. If it is "significant," does it merely startle, or does it convince taste? Who knows whether anybody else's life is right, and how can he say whether anybody else's art is? As to life he can only fall back on some general—"How would it be if everybody did that?" or "What would so-and-so (whom I respect) think of him?" As to art the first question soon answers itself, because there are hundreds hard at work before very long trying to grow flower from his seed—we have not much use now for the Debussy-mongers, for instance: and for the second, if anyone were to say he thought the first two of the composers named were parochial and the last two secular, it would be only one man's opinion.

Art seems to be one of those subjects in which we are not going to be told whether we are right or wrong, but just have to find out for ourselves. That is one of the reasons why the artist always wishes to be judged by the layman—by anyone, that is, who has no *parti pris*. "Another composer," he feels, "would have to come down from his steeple and laboriously climb mine

if he wants to know what my work is like; whereas all I want is that this steeple should keep out the weather, and carry a decent peal of bells, and perhaps make a man step out of his motor now and then to ask who built it, if indeed it isn't enough for me to know it's the best I've done yet."—A. H. FOX-STRANGWAYS.

MR. LAWRENCE AND THE WRECK OF THE LOVE-SERVICE.—What Mr. Lawrence says about the wreck of the "love-service" is all very nice and pretty. It reads awfully well. But what solution is it of our difficulties? The crux of the problem is not love but experience. The service has broken down because of lack of experience and common sense in those who ran it. Washing your hands of the whole business will not help anyone. Love has nothing to do with it, and was an unbecoming pretence. Of course, mankind has nothing to fear except from mankind, and I daresay if we all "possessed our souls in natural pride" and left one another in peace things would run far more smoothly. But there is a knot which must be untied if we are to get out of the "nasty mess" in which Mr. Lawrence is apparently content to leave us. The knot is that mankind has somehow got it into its head that it is in danger—from itself! Simple people have always been wont to regard nations as separate individuals. There is no comparison that is more false or more mischievous. If there is anything which resembles an individual it is not a nation but mankind. We hear so much of national security against aggression. We hear it from every country as against every other country. This is exactly like an individual defending himself against himself. Drum it into a man that he has to tie up his mouth lest it bite off his hands, and his hands lest they pluck out his eyes, and his legs lest they kick off each other; impress it on the mouth that, in virtue of the resulting alliance, it is in honour

bound to annihilate the hand before it annihilates the eye; reason that this is in keeping with high economics, since the mouth must depend for its food on the eye (overlooking in the vein of patriotic stupidity the relevant functions of the hands and feet), and your poor man, like poor mankind to-day, will foam at the mouth, kick and yell, rave and rage in an agony of self-inflicted wounds. Mankind, as I said, is in no danger whatever except from mankind, and if mankind perish at the hands and the feet and the teeth of mankind—well, then, I say, mankind deserves it.

But why should mankind be so stupid? Through experience your "human nature" will hit upon what is expedient. Drop your love, by all means, and substitute all round expedience. Run your humanity so that it is the least possible nuisance to all. Why deliberately overlook possibilities for improvement? Why do nothing at all? In his contemptuous brushing aside of every kind of improvement Mr. Lawrence is reminiscent of Mr. Chesterton, who would breed diseased babies for no other reason than that God, he thinks, may not wish him to breed healthy ones. But do we go by Mr. Chesterton's fatuous foibles because God has seen fit to make him such as he is? No; we cry: "For God's sake let us have some one better!" Mr. Chesterton is a bit of a dud. But Mr. Lawrence is, I hope, something of a leader. That is why one dislikes this dare-devilry, this obstinate "Je m'en fiche!" If milk can be delivered by noiseless aeroplanes right at the window, isn't this better than having it delivered by noisy aeroplanes miles away from the window? Why make things needlessly inaccessible, or refuse to make them accessible? If confinement could be made painless, why want it to remain painful? We shall always be up against plenty of suffering and ignorance and difficulty, to sharpen our wits against, to groove our characters in, and all the rest of it,

without unloosing the dark powers of our own indolence against us.

To possess one's own soul while mankind is in its throes is like going to a concert to calm yourself because all your family at home is writhing in disease and the sight of it has upset you to the extent that if you stayed you could no longer hold your mind and soul and psyche together as you should! Mr. Lawrence's advice is excellent in every respect but one. Politically it won't do. Unless the service of unsentimental expedience is quickly resumed so that humanity can go on without needlessly and stupidly pitching into one another, we shall possess our souls . . . in the trenches. Of course, if a war broke out again all the belligerents would do well to go away and be alone with their souls—go away anywhere, to the theatre, and *ignore* the war for the silly, uninvited thing that it is. But are we likely to do it? Not we! Why? Because of our awful disease, a disease not less grievous because it is wholly imaginary—the mania that we cannot get on without war. But this disease is not to be cured by going off to the theatre, but by careful doctoring.—WILLIAM GERHARDI.

FRENCH ECONOMIC HISTORY.—Thanks to the advice of two or three of THE ADELPHI readers I have discovered and read with interest J. H. Clapham's *Economic Development of France and Germany, 1815-1914*, a model of how that sort of subject should be treated, is interesting as a good story and far more interesting than most stories. But the cuckoo monograph does not appear, though there are rumours of one in Russian.—H. G. WELLS.

Answer to Problem No. 5.

No solution is possible unless it is remembered that each Turk would naturally be thrown overboard as the lot fell upon him. If this is remembered, the solution is obvious.

NOVELS AND THOUGHT-ADVENTURES[1]

By The Journeyman

In Mr. Lawrence's latest novel, *Kangaroo,* he makes in his attractive, off-hand way, a pronouncement about the art he is practising which is worth our best attention. "Now a novel," he says, "is supposed to be a mere record of emotion-adventures, flounderings in feelings. We insist that a novel is, or should be, also a thought-adventure, if it is to be anything at all complete."

That is a statement I like: first, because it compels me into a little thought-adventure of my own, making me think things over and out; and, second, because I am in essential agreement with what I believe it means. *Allons!* (as Mr. Lawrence would say) and let us embark on a little thought-adventure for ourselves.

Now I do not believe it can convincingly be made out that all novels which have a permanent place in our affections *are* thought-adventures. Take three of which I am particularly fond: *Robinson Crusoe, The Pickwick Papers,* and *The Ebb-Tide.* There is no perceptible thought-adventure in any of them. They are all records of adventure; but of adventure in the ordinary, straightforward sense. Robinson Crusoe, it is true, scratches his turnip-head quite hard after the apparition of the Devil; he enters up his blessings and his curses very neatly in a sort of ledger; but the substance of his thinking does not amount to much. It is so unimportant that we can safely skip those pages. And of the other two stories it is even more true that they are chiefly the records of what

happens *to* the characters, not of what happens *in* them. It's good enough : we are thrilled and delighted. After all, *le monde visible existe.* In it there are Champions of England who are knocked out in ten seconds, and cart-horses and people in railway-trains and crack footballers and falling leaves and crocodiles ; and there is a kind of novel-writing which corresponds to their substantiality : novels in which we don't want to think or even to feel, but simply to watch. The world is full of a number of things. Praised be the Lord !

So Mr. Lawrence was not enunciating an absolute truth. Besides, there aren't any absolute truths. Any absolute worth twopence is a personal absolute : a promulgation of an imperious necessity felt by *me*. The depth and integrity of my feeling alone give it force and validity. If at a given point in the world's history there are a number of people who feel already, or after I have spoken discover that they feel, like me, then we may talk, quite provisionally, of an absolute. The human consciousness is making a move ; it is going my way ; I am the visible straw that shows how the wind is blowing.

Mr. Lawrence's statement is a personal and provisional absolute of this kind. "This is the sort of novel we need nowadays" is what he is saying. And I agree ; it seems to me that I have agreed for years. After all, when I read those three favourite novels of mine, I am always conscious that I am reading them as a sort of relaxation. I am amusing myself, just as I am amusing myself when I chuck stones into the sea. I like chucking stones into the sea ; when I cease to like it, I shall know that I am growing old, and that it's time that I gave way. But chucking stones into the sea, though it has given me some blissful moments, is not my real job. Neither is reading *Robinson Crusoe,* or *The Pickwick Papers,* or *The Ebb-Tide.* The novels which it is my job to read are the novels which

exert me completely; those which when I read, I feel that I am now going along my own predestined line, not doing fanciful and delightful little side-loops, or pausing to amuse myself by walking backwards on my hands. There is some place—I don't know where; perhaps if I did I should immediately start going somewhere else—to which I have to go. I make instinctively for the books that will help me on the way. I don't really enjoy them: they concern me much too deeply, I am far too much involved in them to enjoy them. I enjoy chucking stones; I don't enjoy climbing a mountain against time. But I *have* to climb the mountain; and I know that if I begin to spend more than a limited amount of time chucking stones, I shall be miserable. The world may be full of a number of things, and I will praise the Lord for it; but just now I can't afford to look too long at them. I have to get up that mountain somehow and have a glimpse of what is on the other side before the sun goes down.

Allons! therefore, by all means. I make for the books that will help me up that mountain. And they are the books that are the record of thought-adventure as well as emotion-adventure. Plato was the first writer who meant a great deal to *me*. Therefore I didn't enjoy him; I was altogether too much agitated. Then came the first novelist who caught me between wind and water. He was Stendhal. I was young then; and I was excited, as I always am excited, by a kind of mystery. I felt there was something more in him than he expressed, or could express; and I wanted to know what that something was. That, I have come to learn, is the chief sign that a novel is for *me*. And when I began excavating into Stendhal, I began to see what it was that held me. Stendhal, after his fashion, which is not my fashion, had stood up to life. He had tried to discover what life was, what could be done with it, what could be got out of it: and within his limitations he was

absolutely honest. I learnt something of importance from him. Then came Dostoevsky. The sense of mystery was overwhelming; I was knocked flat and trampled on by *The Brothers Karamazov*. I picked myself up and determined to find out what Dostoevsky was trying to say; for that again, I knew, had something to do with *me*. I began to unravel in his books a thought-adventure of the dizziest, one for which Stendhal had in part prepared me, but which so far exceeded Stendhal's capacities that they cannot be compared. Dostoevsky remains for me the ultimate outpost of the attempt at an intellectual discovery of life. Within his ambit he is supreme; he carried the intellectual challenge to life to the bitter end. And the end was bitter indeed. The intellectual consciousness is *kaput!* Nothing to do but to wait for a miracle.

Well, that was in the middle of the war, when everyday events seemed to be proving in action that Dostoevsky was right. We had indeed reached an end. Very good: let's nail the flag of the intellectual consciousness to the mast and go down imperturbable. I was ready for melodramatic heroisms and frozen ecstasies. The war, and the meaning of the war that I read through Dostoevsky, had finished me. There was nothing, except the chance of a miracle. You can't shape your life on the expectation of a miracle. So I gritted my teeth in a sort of cold intellectual frenzy and said: There *is* nothing! And I took to Tchehov, who is the great *artist* of the end: the man who knew that all great writers had "axes to grind" and he had none.

Well, there is no going on from Tchehov. We must just thank our lucky stars that an end should have been made as beautiful and humane as he made it: a Finis of which the intellectual consciousness can be proud.

> **Come, come, no time for lamentation now;**
> **Nor much more cause.**

But it was the end of the chapter ; for me anyhow, for the Western world perhaps.

So there I stood, marking time. I didn't begin chucking stones into the sea ; I wasn't in the least in the mood for that. I just stood there where the track ended, with a dry weariness in my heart, and wept.

But I wouldn't go back ; I couldn't go back. I stood still. I saw Marcel Proust and James Joyce emerge. I examined them, for I am a top-heavy person who has to examine things. Essentially, from my point of view essentially, they are nothing. Landmarks, perhaps, to tell me twice again that the intellectual consciousness is utterly *kaput*. But I didn't want to be told that again, either elegantly or elaborately ; I knew it long ago. What Tchehov had done sincerely and simply and perfectly, they were trying to do fashionably, elaborately and unnecessarily. It was a waste of time. Possibly it may be art. I know it is not the kind of art that interests me. I am a detective by profession, and I can interest myself deliberately, in a professional kind of way, in anything. But neither Marcel Proust nor James Joyce interest *me*. There is more really profound thought-adventure in one of Tchehov's stories like *The Black Monk* than in all their work put together. They have talent, buckets of it, but talent—what's the use of talent except to help you to say something of importance for life?

So I brooded over Shakespeare, instead. There is plenty of thought-adventure there for anyone who will take the trouble to read the signs and symbols. Plenty of real thought-adventure, I mean : the thought that is not an abstract functioning in the void, but the index in the intellectual consciousness of life-adjustments that are taking place in the secret soul below. Shakespeare is the first of the moderns ; the curve of his thought-adventure is the curve which all the great pioneers of the modern consciousness have had to follow. On a big

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LEON TROTZKY

(People's Commissar for War and Marine in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.)

on Man does not live by Politics Alone

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scale or a little one you will find nearly all the creative minds of the first importance travelling the same path, a path which ends in the felt necessity of a new order of consciousness and of life. The Russian novelists, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, brought us most consciously to the verge of this; but over in America, Melville and above all Whitman, their souls made pregnant by generations of contact with the elemental, with continent and ocean, were hinting at a new way.

Well, this new way isn't going to be easy. It's not easy for one who has breathed the air of the old European tradition to say Good-bye to the intellectual consciousness and take the plunge into nothingness, even though he knows it necessary and can watch with his own eyes the fabric of Europe settling into decay. It isn't going to be easy at all. All the more reason therefore to look for help where we can get it. All the more reason why, deliberately adjusting our standards to our needs, we should demand that our books—and books nowadays seem bound to be novels—should be not only emotion-adventures but thought-adventures also. We can't spend our time chucking stones into the sea; we can't even afford the minutes necessary to smile at Mr. George Moore preening himself over a collogue with Mr. Granville Barker in *The Fortnightly Review*. Chucking stones into the sea is a much better occupation than that, anyhow.

It is because we are where we are that the novel of thought-adventure is necessary. All the rest, just now, is fiddling while Rome is burning. It may be a shortcoming of mine, but I can't listen: this twiddling fiddling makes me angry. I want to get on. There's that mountain still to be climbed; and I've spent so many years already trying to get up it from the wrong side. All the thought-adventure possible that way has been done, done superlatively. Now we need someone who will spy out a new path from another side that will

take us beyond the blank wall to which the old European tradition has been leading since the Renaissance.

And it seems to me—my personal and provisional absolute again—that only the novelist who has a sense of this necessity in which we are involved can do any really vital work to-day. The other kind of novel-writing exists, but just now it is bound to be trivial and nugatory. The sense of security essential to its perfect flowering isn't there, and it's no use pretending it is. Either the novelist is aware of the actual condition of the human consciousness and of the world—for this bankruptcy which may have been difficult to discern as a potentiality fifty or a hundred years ago, is now a visible reality—and if he is aware of it his work must be a thought-adventure ; or he is blind to it, and then his blindness to a thing so palpable argues him negligible.

Not that I want the Old Guard to change. What they have done well, let them go on doing well. More power to their elbows ! But the Young Guard can't follow them. It only makes an unholy mess of it when it tries. Its business is to get on with its own job ; and if the Old Guard can't understand what it's up to, well, that can't be helped, and we bear them no grudge provided that they don't go asking us for things we can't give. And, after all, we aren't asking to be understood by our elders, but by our contemporaries. The generation for whom the war was a vital and crucial part of their life-experience is bound to be generically different from the older generation who managed to pass it by on the other side. Some of the younger generation also managed to do that ; and between them and us the gulf is deeper, far deeper.

MULTUM IN PARVO

From a Recanati Window.—"Feeling very depressed, I sat down at a window that looked on to a square; two boys were seated on the deserted, grass-grown steps of the church, playing under the lamp, wrestling. The first fire-fly I had seen that year appears; one of them gets up and chases it; I prayed silently for mercy for the poor thing, begging, imploring it to fly higher, but he caught it and dashed it to the ground and went back to the other. Meanwhile the coachman's daughter, getting up from supper and going to the window to wash a plate, says to the others in the room as she turns back: 'To-night it will certainly rain. Just look at the weather. Black as your hat.' And soon afterwards the light disappears from the window. Meanwhile the fire-fly had risen again: I should have liked . . . But he saw it and came back; —Dirty nuisance—again he dashes it down, weak as it was, and with his foot makes of it a long streak of light in the dusk . . . then again . . . till he put it out. A youth came out of a street facing the church, kicking the stones and muttering. . . . The killer of the fire-fly throws himself on him and brings him down, laughing, and then picks him up. . . . The fun becomes more furious, but the voices are low, as before etc., though the laughs are rather loud. I hear the soft voice of a woman whom I did not know or see: 'Natalino, come, it is getting late.'" (*Leopardi.*)

An Edifying Story.—After reading the "Odd Obituary" in your October issue, I cannot resist sending you the following delicious story from *The Gold Coast Independent,* a journal which appears to be run by the native democracy for the native democracy.

Apart from one or two sheets where the ink has mostly dried off the type before printing and one or two advertisements which have been set upside down, it is a truly creditable production. The story tells of the ordination of Catechist B. S. Ame Gashie as minister, and runs thus:

> THE hour just struck nine before the meridian when the twin bells of the Church—the Sound of one being deeper than that of the other—and therefore somewhat a baritone perhaps equal to or above that of Roland Hayes even,—began their musical tintinnabulation. Presently there was a great rush of throngs through all the avenues leading to that place of sacrosanctity. The capacity of the building which of course is on the point of dilapidation—could hardly contain the throng. Those who were fortunate to secure seats, did so on condition of being reduced to sardines packed in a tin. While without the Church tapauling sheds were erected, sat people the number of whom was perhaps above that of those within. The knells had scarcely subsided when the room reverberated with a blend of effeminate voices from without, in a melody no less inspirational. The forms emitting such strain then wended their way up the gallery. This was the Lome Choir.
>
> The School Brass Band then announced the approach of the procession of the clergy headed by the Rev. Mr. Beveridge with the Candidate for the ordination behind him and followed by about eight others.

After a few preliminaries, the candidate is introduced.

> From under the gallery poured into the room a melodious Anthem rendered by the A. M. E. Zion Mission School Choir. This was symbolic of a probable harmony and Co-operation that shall subsist between the Zion and Bremen Missions through the efforts of the newly created Minister whose forehead appeared to prognosticate the non-furtherance conduction of the affairs of this (Bremen) Church on antiquated and effete principles.
>
> After another Hymn was had the first part of the Ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Beveridge.
>
> This was intervened by a song by the Keta Mixed Choir "Mawu nano anyi kpli we", composed by the Candidate himself. The Ceremony then was concluded by laying of hand on the Head of the Candidate by the Rev. Mr. Beveridge who read the trust followed in turn by each of

the Ministers present, each of whom quoted an appropriate Text as a slogan for the Candidate. Another Anthem by the Lome Choir was followed by Prayer and Benediction by the Rev. E. L. K. Ayikutu of Anyako. The morning session of the functions then came to an end at 11.30 o'clock.

After all this, several congratulatory telegrams, letters and addresses were read, including the following from the reverend gentleman's fellow directors in the worldly enterprise of which he is a pillar :

Dear Rev. Sir,

On this occasion of your reception on Holy-Order—which is a Reverend, Honourable, merited and aspiring position in the Sphere where your active services are engaged, the undersigned Directors of the United Trading Company Ltd., consider it an unfathomable complacency and privilege to them to present for themselves and in the behalf of their Shareholders and Employees, this Address expressing their appreciation of the Reverend Honour conferred on, and to extend their congratulations to you in that connexion.

That the labourer is worthy of his hire-is a statement incontrovertible; which goes to substantiate the promotion to the Holy Office, which you have been the recipient of today from the dignitaries of the Church of your choice.

Though we cannot claim under pretence the right to speak doctrinally and denominationally on this occasion, but we wield the right inherent as citizens in stating our conviction by quoting Mr. Athan. Pomeyio :-

The responsibility of evangelical civilisation and Education of Africa rests on the shoulders of the African.

Knowing the influence and business acumen which you wield in the Province of the Province of the Chairman of the Board of Directors of our Company, we are confident that you will creditably discharge the trust with which you have been charged today, to the realisation of the people that managemens of the affairs of our enterprise, is in the hands of men who come within the purview of those virtues designated by that word of nine letters pronounced 'Character'.

In token of our appreciation of the bestowal of the Reverend Honour on you, we beg to ask you to kindly accept one dozen chairs, one hanging Lamp, one clock, half a dozen pairs of socks and a pair of Boots as a souvenir from your colleague Directors.

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A well-known Shakespeare repertoire company was playing *Julius Caesar* in a large Midland town—to a half-filled house. Disgraceful that the house should be only half full—but that is by the way.

Into the pit-stalls had found his way—for what reason God alone knows!—a man whose conversation, before the curtain rose and during the first entr'acte, was sufficient testimony to England's greatness. In brief, he had been the night before to the Hippodrome, had crawled out—such men must crawl—at nine o'clock, and between that hour and closing time had visited seven pubs, in each of which he had drunk a bottle of beer. He seemed proud of it!

During the second entr'acte he was silent. It happened to be about nine o'clock, so we imagined he was preparing for flight.

But he remained in his seat, and when the curtain dropped at the end of the next scene exclaimed fervently to his companion,

"By gum, we must stick it out! It's a fine play!"
—H. C. D.

Problem No. 6.—A man lives in a street in which all the houses are on one side, and are numbered consecutively from 1. He notices that the sum of the numbers on the houses up to his house is equal to the sum of the numbers on the houses beyond his house. The number on his house is greater than 50. What is it, and how many houses are there in the row?

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A special article by

Charlie Chaplin

Does the Public know what it wants?

And an unpublished speech made in 1828 by

John Stuart Mill

On the Present State of Literature

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The Adelphi

VOL. 1. NO. 7. DECEMBER, 1923

MORE ABOUT ROMANTICISM

By John Middleton Murry

THOSE readers of THE ADELPHI who remember a hurried defence of Romanticism that I made in August last will be pleased to learn that I have found a real opponent, in Mr. T. S. Eliot, the gifted editor of *The Criterion*.

I at least am glad of the encounter. I am not by inclination provocative; and when I wrote on Romanticism I was not engaged in trailing my coat, or asking for a fight for the fun of the thing. I felt that if my challenge called forth a reply worth replying to, we might manage to make a further stage in our voyage of discovery. Perhaps we shall.

The debate, I profoundly believe, is concerned with fundamentals. But, since it was begun casually and upon a trivial occasion, it is as well to clear my own decks of irrelevant top-hamper. The definite propositions which I asserted or implied were (1) that I am a Romantic; (2) that the essential attitude of Romanticism is an obedience to the inner voice, whereas Classicism consisted in obedience to an external spiritual authority; (3) that the tradition of English literature and of English spiritual life in general is Romantic. These were my original assertions. The first of these propositions is of no great concern to anybody, except in so far as it gives some guarantee that the debate is of much more than academic interest to me: I am

engaged in defending not my preferences but my convictions.

There was, however, a further proposition which was not definitely asserted, but implied by the fact of THE ADELPHI itself. In these pages I have been and am engaged (among other things) in attacking not classicists, but pseudo-classicists. I deny neither the fact nor the worth of Classicism, in its place, just as I do not deny the fact or the worth of the Catholic Church, in its place. I do not regard Classicism and Romanticism as two diametrically opposed and mutually exclusive truths. As intellectual truths, as Platonic archetypes stored up in the realm of the incorruptible Idea, I have no doubt they co-exist. As truths, as historical facts, they suffer one another; but as active beliefs they are utterly opposed. That is to say, a man who has reached a condition of sufficient spiritual maturity to be a classicist or a Romantic, must be one or the other. He cannot be both; and he cannot be neither. To be neither is to *be* nothing. And there is a further implied assertion in the fact of THE ADELPHI, in the shape of an implicit answer to the question: Which should a man be at this point of time? The answer is: A Romantic.

It seems to me that the whole controversy can best be advanced, not by my arguing these original propositions of mine in the order of their assertion or by attempting to confute the criticisms of them made to some extent *en passant* by Mr. T. S. Eliot in *The Criterion*. The sooner the accidental and contingent elements are eliminated from this debate, the better; for then we shall more quickly have a glimpse of the real nature of the issues that are involved. I shall therefore try to restate the whole of my position in such a way that all my original propositions are reasserted as members of an organic whole.

MORE ABOUT ROMANTICISM

Romanticism and Classicism are perennial modes of the human spirit. They have existed in all times and in all places. The Catholic Church, which is essentially classical, has contained without bursting a good many romantic movements; and Christianity itself, which is essentially romantic, has endured the imperial classicism of the Roman Church, without being altogether destroyed. And long before Christianity and far outside the Western world, the opposition in other names and forms has surely existed. It is indeed impossible to conceive the human spirit as operant save in one or other of these modes. The labels are of to-day or yesterday; but the realities are of all time. The history of the human soul is the story of romanticisms organised into classicisms, and classicisms rebelled against and defeated by romanticisms.

But in this history of the human soul there are epochs. We choose the one nearest to us for two excellent reasons: we know most about it, and we are ourselves involved in it. This epoch manifestly begins with the Renaissance and the Reformation. The Renaissance was the rebellion of a great Romanticism against a secular Classicism. The individual asserted himself against the external spiritual authority, consolidated and actual throughout the Middle Ages, of the Roman Church; he vindicated his right to stand or fall by his own experience, to explore the universe for himself. That is the beginning of modern Romanticism: Shakespeare is its prophetic voice, modern as no other voice of the past is modern, valid, completely valid, until this epoch of man's spiritual history shall end: Romantic through and through, and Romantic to the very verge of human experience.

Man, at the Renaissance, vindicated his right to explore the universe for himself, and to stand or fall by his own experience of it. From that moment onwards generations of men began to go through the slow pro-

cess of rediscovering for themselves truths which a representative and prophetic man like Shakespeare had discovered in himself and symbolically uttered. First and foremost, that there are two universes to explore: without and within, the external and the internal world. The exploration of the external world was at first more exciting: but by the time Dampier and Anson had girdled the globe, the more chilly discovery of Galileo had begun to penetrate. The earth was parochial; the inhabitants thereof positively trivial. The first fine frenzy of God-destruction cooled to an uneasy suspicion that a worse than the comer in dyed garments from Bozra was being imperceptibly enthroned—Necessity. The external world was uncomfortably revealed as a world of law, but without a bearded law-giver. Voltaire cachinnated over the spectacle; Rousseau refused to believe in it. While Diderot in his Encyclopaedia went on with the task of charting the external world, Jean-Jacques turned his back on it, looked at the internal world, and made the blunder of propounding its fundamental truth in terms of the external world to which it did not apply. "Man is born free; he is everywhere in chains." That was Romantic in the limited modern sense. What Rousseau meant to say—or at least what Rousseau ought to have said—was: "Man *is* free; and he is everywhere subject to necessity." That might have been less dramatic and less moving; some might say it would have been less Romantic, and more true.

But, as a matter of fact, though it is seldom recognized, there are two degrees in Romanticism. The name is generally confined to the more elementary of the two; the more advanced has no name at all, apparently because it has not yet been clearly isolated and distinguished. And no thoroughgoing anatomy of Romanticism is possible at all except it is referred to the fundamental paradox of human existence and human knowledge. This paradox, acute at various stages in

the recorded history of the human soul, became peremptory at the Renaissance, when man claimed once more his full and indefeasible freedom to explore the universe. It has remained peremptory, though sometimes its urgency has been concealed, ever since.

The paradox is this: As man seeks to know the universe, he finds outside him a realm of necessity and within him a realm of freedom; and he finds, moreover, that to know the external world as a world of necessity is the necessary condition of knowing it at all, and likewise that to know the internal world as a world of freedom is the necessary condition of knowing it at all. These knowledges are both alike knowledge; yet they are different in kind and contradictory in content. The two degrees of Romanticism correspond to the two degrees of awareness of this paradox. The more elementary phase is marked by a passionate vindication of the freedom of the self, of which there is immediate knowledge. The primary Romantic, as we may call him, is aware of the realm of necessity hardly more than as a menace against which he is in instant rebellion. He retires defiantly into the fortress of the ego, and proclaims that the world wherein his felt sovereignty and freedom no longer hold is a world of illusion. He solves the mystery of the cosmos by an appeal to his immediate experience, and unites by proclamation the kingdom of necessity to his own kingdom of freedom. The warrant for this proclamation is an act of what is generally called mystical perception.

Now the question arises: What validity and scope are to be attached to this mystical perception? It is real enough—only fools presume to doubt its reality. But whereas the primary romantic claims for it a comprehensive ontological truth, as a revelation of the actual structure of the universe; the secondary romantic does not. It seems to him dangerous, one-sided and untrue to dismiss the external world as a world of illusion; and

he knows that it is impossible to live by these moments of mystical apprehension, and that they can only be maintained at the cost of a certain spiritual duplicity: but he knows their reality. So he regards them as indications, prophetic monitions, of some as yet undeveloped faculty of apprehension in the human mind, and of some underlying reality with which, lacking that faculty, the human mind cannot establish contact. Thus he comes to regard the fundamental paradox not as an insoluble contradiction in the nature of reality, but as a congenital limitation of human vision. Humanity, being what it is and where it is, is compelled to consider its universe under the categories of without and within, and of necessity and freedom. But the reality of that universe is truly apprehended under neither of these categories. And, although it is foolish to attempt even by way of parable a description of the reality of the universe, in order to make a tenuous thought more tangible we may risk saying that the reality might be imagined as an organic and living whole : in which there would be necessity and freedom, but the necessity would not be the necessity of intellectual apprehension, and the freedom other than the freedom of which I am immediately conscious in myself.

This rejection of a one-sided and egocentric solution of the paradox of freedom and necessity, which distinguishes those whom I have called "secondary" Romantics, does not in itself offer a solution. But it hints at the way by which a solution might be found. If the human consciousness is by nature incapable of apprehending the world of its experience save under contradictory categories, then we must wait for a change in the very nature of human consciousness. To some minds, perhaps to most minds, such a notion will seem fantastic and incredible. To others, for example, to those who read anthropology as the record of the reality of the human soul, the notion will be neither fantastic

nor incredible. And certainly this notion possessed the three greatest creative minds of the literature which is truly modern. It was the final word of Shakespeare, of Tolstoi, and of Dostoevsky. To make such an assertion *sans phrase,* especially in the case of the first member of the trinity, is painful to me as a literary critic; but the justification of my assertion would fill more than a volume of THE ADELPHI.

I hope I have at least succeeded in sketching out a scheme within which the question of Romanticism must be placed in order that its importance may be seen and its implications appreciated. If I have, and if the scheme is accepted, then it seems to me to follow immediately that the real question to be answered in regard to any Romanticism at any time, is not whether Romanticism is true, but whether it is necessary or expedient at a particular stage in the secular adventure of the human soul. Mr. Eliot has asked, "Is it *right?*" And thereby, I think, to some extent, showed that even he was not wholly aware of the nature of the problem. For "right" may mean "true," or it may mean "expedient": it may be a judgment of propositions or of conduct. And it seemed to me that Mr. Eliot had not yet formed a clear notion of which "rightness" he was asking for.

Of course, it is possible, though I cannot believe it very probable, that Mr. Eliot holds that in all times and in all places Romanticism is untrue and inexpedient. It would be a strange position for a student of anthropology and an admirer of Elizabethan literature. And, if my scheme is accepted, the judgment that Romanticism is untrue will appear as a judgment without import, and the judgment that it is always inexpedient nothing less than the utterance of a conservatism that, were it possible, would have held humanity fast in the protozoic slime.

Nor is it of any avail for the classicist to appeal to the tradition. The tradition is, in the main, the organization and consolidation of many romanticisms, just as the Catholic Church was the organization and consolidation of the great romanticism of Christ. That organization began in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to exercise a deathly constraint on the adventuring human soul: and there was rebellion against it. The rebellion was easiest and most complete in these islands. England shed the Roman Church as easily as a snake its skin; other countries went through agonies in the effort to rid themselves of it, as though it were the shirt of Nessus. And the cause of the difference in these reactions, as I understand them, was that the Roman Church had never achieved an essential hold upon the English mind and soul. The English are a nation of individualists *par excellence*; they do not have to organize their romanticism, they simply are romantic. Not romantic to the exclusion of every classicism, of course,—there are no pure cases of romanticism save in the madhouse, or of classicism save in the museums—but in the sense that their instinctive bias is towards the fullest individual freedom. There will never be any life and death struggles between classicism and romanticism in England: there are no real opponents for romanticism to battle with. And even Mr. Eliot, the author of *The Waste Land,* the champion of *Ulysses,* is not a true-blue classicist, however much he might like to be. Anatole France, in spite of all his romantic humanitarianism, is a classicist in his bones; an English Tory is quite another thing.

Not that I attach much importance to this question of our national peculiarities as an evidence of the value of Romanticism, though I do find much significance in the fact that our greatest national poet—who is, indeed, our only national poet—is also the greatest and profoundest of all literary Romantics. And I agree with

Mr. Eliot that a proposition is not necessarily true because it is English. But it seems to me indubitable, first, that something more fundamental than a proposition is in question, and, second, that this fundamental thing is of such a nature that to discuss whether it is, in itself, right or wrong, is a misapplication of energy. And if these arguments are granted, then the fact that Romanticism is a natural aptitude of the English soul begins to have an importance. For if, as I believe, it is possible that an advance towards a new phase of consciousness may be begun, and if, as seems to me obvious, it can be achieved only by a new Romanticism, then the fact that the soul of England is an *anima naturaliter romantica* points to the likelihood that England has a great part to play in the immediate future of mankind. For English Romanticism is Romanticism with a difference. It is not an intellectual gymnastic or a melodramatic gesture, as it has been in Latin countries; it is on the contrary a practical and experimental Romanticism. It retains some kind of contact with the deep springs of life; it does not confuse the kingdom of necessity with the kingdom of freedom; it is not revolutionary or catastrophic; it learns by experience; it has a vast accumulation of instinctive political wisdom.

It is, however, no part of my present purpose to sing the praises of England, though it is part of my creed that England has a mission; because I believe that the real continuity of the Western consciousness is preserved in her alone. While the great effort of Russia symbolized in Tolstoi and Dostoevsky has ended in disintegration, and the great effort of America symbolized in Melville and Whitman has ended in a mechanical stagnation, England is still living, still organically evolving. And she has no need of the restraining influences of a classicism that has no root in the English soul. In the name of a kindred classicism Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare: *Sufflaminandus erat*:

" Someone ought to have put the brake on him." But Shakespeare knew better, even though his knowledge was instinctive ; he knew better, precisely because his knowledge was instinctive : and he went his way.

Perhaps it will seem unpleasantly insular that I should claim for English romanticism a privilege of relative immunity from romantic error. Yet the fact seems to me incontrovertible. From what the deep-rooted English instinct for individual freedom comes I do not know : it exists, and I accept it and rejoice in it. For it seems to me that it is because this sense of the spiritual autonomy of the individual really exists in England, that the Englishman has no temptation to project this freedom into a realm where it has no validity. It is not an intoxicating novelty to him ; it has become, during the centuries, a primary function of his being : and the great equivoque of Rousseau has had, and always will have, singularly little dominion over him. Rousseau, I believe, spoke in parables : it is dangerous to speak to the Latin mind in parables ; because the Latin mind, which craves for external authority, cannot help turning parables into dogmas. Just as in the greater matter Rome organized Christianity, so in the lesser France organized—that is, endeavoured to translate into rigid political terms, Rousseau's proclamation of the spiritual freedom of man. Such an effort of translation would instinctively be felt by the English soul to be fallacious : the freedom of one world cannot be transposed into a freedom of another world. It may be insular prejudice ; but I cannot imagine the English nation, even if it were placed in the same circumstances of danger, behaving with the preposterous mechanical rigidity that France is now displaying in European affairs. I regard such behaviour as a profound offence against life, and I discern its origin in an essential insecurity in the French soul. It cannot

possess itself in patience and repose on its own inward strength; it must have the outward show of power in order to believe that it has power at all.

That is to say that, in its political manifestations, classicism, as a principle to-day, is rigid and inflexible; it deliberately divorces itself from instinct, and life is, after all, in the main an affair of instinct. And, at this present time, when the rapid disintegration of European institutions seems to be inevitable, when calculation is a reed that breaks in a man's hand, and logic appears an unusually fantastic disguise for reality, the nation which relies most completely upon instinct and is quickest to divest itself of the mechanics of authority is the nation which holds the greatest promise for the future.

Ah, but this "reliance upon instinct"—is it anything, asks Mr. Eliot, but the old principle of anarchy: To do what you like? Well, I admit that it is not easy to *define* the difference; and since a classicist must believe that nothing really exists that cannot be defined, and indeed that things *are* in virtue of their definitions, it is difficult for me to meet him here. Yes, of course, to rely upon instinct is, in a sense, to do what you like. And perhaps (though I do not believe it) to do what you like may seem rather easy to Mr. Eliot. To me, on the contrary, it seems the hardest thing in the world. For to know what you really like means to know what you really are; and that is a matter of painful experience and slow exploration. To discover that within myself which I *must* obey, to gain some awareness of the law which operates in the organic whole of the internal world, to feel this internal world as an organic whole working out its own destiny according to some secret vital principle, to know which acts and utterances are a liberation from obstacles and an accession of strength, to acknowledge secret loyalties which one cannot deny without impoverishment and

starvation,—this is to possess one's soul indeed, and it is not easy either to do or to explain. And yet, I believe that it can be done without deceiving oneself; and I also believe that we have the faculty of recognizing instantly when another has achieved this consummation.

And when this consummation is achieved, a man is free; he is sovereign of his own inward world, and king-like he can do no wrong. He is also obedient, for in any true exploration of the self, he must encounter that which is greater than himself; he also, no less than the classicist, submits to authority, but the authority is discovered by his own free act and recognized by his own free will. He surrenders his personal, vain, and exclusive *ego* and finds himself.

I might go on trying to describe this process for pages, without bringing one atom more conviction to those who find it incredible. It seems to me that this is one of the things which you either know or don't know; and that it is impossible to build a bridge between those two conditions. But I maintain that a complete romanticism demands a new discipline of the soul. Whether this discipline appears like anarchy to those who have no inkling of it—as indeed I suppose it must appear—seems to me of no great moment. I should like to be able to convince my sincere opponents; but I fear the ability is not in me.

Instead, I will try to sum up certain of my chief contentions. Ethically, Romanticism is an attempt to solve the problem of conduct by an exploration of the internal world. If this exploration is complete it will result in an immediate knowledge of what I may and may not do. The implication of the certainty of this knowledge is that at some point in this non-intellectual exploration of the self a contact is established between the finite soul and the infinite soul of which it is a manifestation. This mystical implication is borne out by the

felt quality and validity of certain crucial experiences. But it is not necessary to insist upon this, and in this exposition I have avoided doing so.

Nevertheless, some sense of this implication is essential to a real romantic; it helps to determine his attitude and to shape his belief that there is an underlying harmony in the external universe, of which he may have partial and momentary premonitions. In virtue of these he may regard the perceived nature of the external universe as an illusion. But this form of romanticism is incomplete. The more resolute romantic accepts the reality of the external universe, and finds the cause of its contradiction with the internal world—a contradiction theologically expressed as the opposition of free-will and necessity—in a limitation of the human consciousness. He believes that the human consciousness has not yet reached the point in its own development where it is capable of truly apprehending reality; such a change he believes to be inevitable, and towards such a change he strives.

This, as I see it, is the central essence of a true romanticism; and it seems to me obvious that the attitude is so fundamental that it must govern or at least influence every manifestation of the man who believes in it. In other words, a true romanticism necessitates new attitudes to religion, to morality, to politics. It would be mere foolishness on my part to try to indicate, by more than the passing hints I have given, the nature of these. Honestly, I do not know; to try to discover them in the course of an elaborate exposition would need many volumes, and I should run the danger of trying to organize a new romanticism into a new classicism, and of losing contact with the source. Sufficient for the day are the necessities thereof; and for the rest, *solvatur vivendo*.

A SUBURBAN FAIRY TALE

By Katherine Mansfield

MR. AND MRS. B. sat at breakfast in the cosy red dining-room of their "snug little crib just under half an hour's run from the City."

There was a good fire in the grate—for the dining-room was the living-room as well—the two windows overlooking the cold empty garden patch were closed, and the air smelled agreeably of bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Now that this rationing business was really over Mr. B. made a point of a thoroughly good tuck-in before facing the very real perils of the day. He didn't mind who knew it—he was a true Englishman about his breakfast—he had to have it; he'd cave in without it and if you told him that these Continental chaps could get through half the morning's work he did on a roll and a cup of coffee—you simply didn't know what you were talking about.

Mr. B. was a stout youngish man who—hadn't been able—worse luck—to chuck his job and join the Army; he'd tried for four years to get another chap to take his place but it was no go. He sat at the head of the table reading the *Daily Mail.* Mrs. B. was a youngish plump little body, rather like a pigeon. She sat opposite, preening herself behind the coffee set and keeping an eye of warning love on Little B. who perched between them, swathed in a napkin and tapping the top of a soft-boiled egg.

Alas! Little B. was not at all the child that such parents had every right to expect. He was no fat little trot, no dumpling, no firm little pudding. He was

under-sized for his age, with legs like macaroni, tiny claws, soft, soft hair that felt like mouse fur and big wide-open eyes. For some strange reason everything in life seemed the wrong size for Little B.—too big and too violent. Everything knocked him over, took the wind out of his feeble sails and left him gasping and frightened. Mr. and Mrs. B. were quite powerless to prevent this; they could only pick him up after the mischief was done—and try to set him going again. And Mrs. B. loved him as only weak children are loved —and when Mr. B. thought what a marvellous little chap he was too—thought of the spunk of the little man, he—well he—by George—he . . .

"Why aren't there two kinds of eggs?" said Little B. "Why aren't there little eggs for children and big eggs like what this one is for grown ups?"

"Scotch hares," said Mr. B. "Fine Scotch hares for 5s. 3d. How about getting one, old girl?"

"It would be a nice change, wouldn't it?" said Mrs. B. "Jugged."

And they looked across at each other and there floated between them the Scotch hare in its rich gravy with stuffing balls and a white pot of red-currant jelly accompanying it.

"We might have had it for the week-end," said Mrs. B. "But the butcher has promised me a nice little sirloin and it seems a pity" . . . Yes, it did and yet . . . Dear me, it was very difficult to decide. The hare would have been such a change—on the other hand, could you beat a really nice little sirloin?

"There's hare soup too," said Mr. B. drumming his fingers on the table. "Best soup in the world!"

"O-Oh!" cried Little B. so suddenly and sharply that it gave them quite a start—"Look at the whole lot of sparrows flown on to our lawn"—He waved his spoon. "Look at them," he cried. "Look!" And while he spoke, even though the windows were closed,

they heard a loud shrill cheeping and chirping from the garden.

"Get on with your breakfast like a good boy, do," said his mother, and his father said, "You stick to the egg, old man, and look sharp about it."

"But look at them—Look at them all hopping," he cried. "They don't keep still not for a minute. Do you think they're hungry, father?"

Cheek-a-cheep-cheep-cheek! cried the sparrows.

"Best postpone it perhaps till next week," said Mr. B., "and trust to luck they're still to be had then."

"Yes, perhaps that would be wiser," said Mrs. B.

Mr. B. picked another plum out of his paper.

"Have you bought any of those controlled dates yet?"

"I managed to get two pounds yesterday," said Mrs. B.

"Well a date pudding's a good thing," said Mr. B. And they looked across at each other and there floated between them a dark round pudding covered with creamy sauce. "It would be a nice change, wouldn't it?" said Mrs. B.

Outside on the grey frozen grass the funny eager sparrows hopped and fluttered. They were never for a moment still. They cried, flapped their ungainly wings. Little B., his egg finished, got down, took his bread and marmalade to eat at the window.

"Do let us give them some crumbs," he said. "Do open the window father and throw them something. Father, *please!*"

"Oh, don't nag, child," said Mrs. B. and his father said—"Can't go opening windows, old man. You'd get your head bitten off."

"But they're hungry," cried Little B. and the sparrows' little voices were like ringing of little knives being sharpened. *Cheek-a-cheep-cheep-cheek!* they cried.

Little B. dropped his bread and marmalade inside the china flower-pot in front of the window. He slipped behind the thick curtains to see better, and Mr. and Mrs. B. went on reading about what you could get now without coupons—no more ration books after May—a glut of cheese—a glut of it—whole cheeses revolved in the air between them like celestial bodies.

Suddenly as Little B. watched the sparrows on the grey frozen grass, they grew, they changed, still flapping and squeaking. They turned into tiny little boys, in brown coats, dancing, jigging outside, up and down outside the window squeaking "Want something to eat, want something to eat!" Little B. held with both hands to the curtain. "Father," he whispered, "Father! They're not sparrows. They're little boys. Listen Father!" But Mr. and Mrs. B. would not hear. He tried again. "Mother," he whispered. "Look at the little boys. They're not sparrows, Mother!" But nobody noticed his nonsense.

"All this talk about famine," cried Mr. B., "all a Fake, all a Blind."

With white shining faces, their arms flapping in the big coats the little boys danced. "Want something to eat—want something to eat."

"Father," muttered Little B. "Listen, Father! Mother, listen please!"

"Really!" said Mrs. B. "The noise those birds are making! I've never heard such a thing."

"Fetch me my shoes, old man," said Mr. B.

Cheek-a-cheep-cheep-cheek! said the sparrows.

Now where had that child got to? "Come and finish your nice cocoa, my pet," said Mrs. B.

Mr. B. lifted the heavy cloth and whispered, "Come on Rover," but no little dog was there.

"He's behind the curtain," said Mrs. B.

"He never went out of the room," said Mr. B.

Mrs. B. went over to the window, and Mr. B. followed. And they looked out. There on the grey frozen grass, with a white white face, the little boy's thin arms flapping like wings, in front of them all, the smallest, tiniest was Little B. Mr. and Mrs. B. heard his voice above all the voices, "Want something to eat, want something to eat."

Somehow, somehow, they opened the window. "You shall! All of you. Come in *at once*. Old man! Little man!"

But it was too late. The little boys were changed into sparrows again and away they flew—out of sight—out of call. 1917.

THE KINGFISHER

By L. Daykin

BLUE through the green, the sky gleams through the
shade
Blue through the green, and water through the grass;
Rustling bushes by summer winds are swayed
And I beneath count not the hours that pass.
The gold on green, and yellow on the blue,
Sunshine on leaves, and on the water too.

I watch the fishes gliding past my gaze;
They do not seem to move their fins or tail,
As round and round the moss's tangled maze
They flicker on their sly familiar trail:
The gray and green, the cool and rippling water,
Quivering with soft suppressèd laughter.

The blue of sky, the green of leaves in one,
Combine with gold of sun and water's gray;
One flash of all of these has come, is gone,
But how, or where 'tis now, I cannot say,
Nor can I see the fish in mosses frail,
But deep the pool is ringed to tell the tale.

BARBARISM

By H. M. Tomlinson

It looked to me a definite check. There was no bridge. The bed of the stream was of white sand, but the water seemed queer, coming dark and quick as it did out of the forest. It had no name that I knew. The three Malays with the packs waded straight over up to the waist. Their eyes were fixed to the route; water or earth seemed all the same to them; they went lightly up the opposite bank, and disappeared. I could not even hear them. The forest took them in. My companion followed them, and it was my turn. But this was early in the first day of the journey, and it took me some seconds to understand that I, too, was expected to get wet. We are so used to the provision of bridges, with public-houses on their hither side, that at first it appears to be an oversight on the part of Nature, and an affront to our dignity, to have to wet the shirt, and to go on walking as though it were dry. Odd, that chill coming through dry clothes; and how heavy it makes the boots! I went on as though nothing had happened; but I knew something had happened. I had done more than cross from one side of a stream to the other. All the support of civilization, which we accept without knowing it is there, and so imagine we are supporting ourselves, was abandoned. I was on my own resources now, and realized that they were inadequate. I was carrying, for example, a rifle because of tigers and other possibilities, but the rifle only gave moral support to our Malays. I knew I couldn't be so infernally quick as a tiger, and that the rifle therefore was no more to me than a burden

which was already as heavy and unaccommodating as a load of sin. Presently we came to another stream—but it was a river. It was turgid, swift, and quite wide enough, and was plainly very deep. A tree had fallen across it; its wet trunk, midway, was half submerged. Wading over was a joke to this. The bare-footed Malays got across as easily as cats. My friend followed them; and when he was half way over, and I had started, and was well down the first greasy descent of the trunk's butt, wondering how many more seconds I should last, he fell. Somehow he managed to keep desperate finger-tips on a snag of the trunk, while the current stretched his legs and body down stream. The Malays had gone on. I stood balancing over the water, helpless. He was some distance from me. There was nothing I could do. I shouted at him that if he let go—already I knew of him that he was a bit inclined to easy surrenders—if he let go he would have to die. He became energetic, and at last straddled the trunk, and reached the shore. I have no idea how I got over with the gun.

So the day went on, while the jungle silently contemplated us. I was wet, hot, hungry, and tired, but fairly happy, and inclined to tell the tropical forest it could do its worst; for quite clearly, though it was a fascinating foe, yet it was an implacable one. It would grant nothing to us.

All right. Then one would have to be careful, and force concessions. There were still ten miles ahead of us of the roughest kind of travel before we should find a native campong, when I met one of the Malay carriers coming back to me—I had been watching some ants, and was a long way in the rear. He was without his pack. He looked most woe-begone. He shook his head in severe disapproval, and I gathered from him that the other white man had collapsed, was lying in the forest, and would not continue; he added that the night

was coming, and the place was bad. While kneeling in the damp trash beside the other white man, in the act of persuasion, and even of abuse, I noticed my clothes were bloodstained, and found hanging to my ribs some leeches, already bloated. The revulsion was psychical. I was horrified, not hurt. Other leeches, as I then noticed and pointed out to my friend, were attached to him. Hadn't he better get up? He glanced down at his body, and was up at once, in dismay. And he really did look as though he had met something much more formidable than he had expected. He was about done. But he pulled himself together, good man, and on we went.

We had a life of that sort for weeks. At times it was much worse than the first day. We ate when we could, and whatever we could get. We slept in places where fires had to be kept going at night to dissuade the wild beasts. The leeches nauseated me daily. We would wade across a river, then squash through a morass made by a herd of elephants; and when, climbing up a slippery bank out of that, fatigued and famished, you sprawled on your face, the hand snatched at a handful of thorns. When you rose you had to pick off more leeches. Down came the rain. There was no home to go to.

I will admit that at last, though I was glad I was there, I got rather nervous about it. Awake at night, lying on the ground, looking at the ghosts of the nearest trees fading as the fire declined, it makes you feel a little queer inside to hear the half-moan, half-snarl, of a tiger. The forest seemed hanging intently over you, waiting in silence for something it knew was going to happen.

But we got out to the coast again at last; got out cheaply, too, for our foolish challenge of the wild against which society protects us. We suffered nothing but a little poisoning, through the insect bites and rough living. When, some weeks before, I first saw that

native town on the shore of the China Sea, I thought it was barbarous enough ; but then, coming upon it out of the wilderness, I realized that it was an outpost of London and Pekin. Even the primitive altar in a field, which struck me as pagan enough when I noticed it on the outward journey, now seemed not so distantly related to St. Peter's. We were all right again, with known things about us.

Next morning I boarded a little coasting steamer for Singapore. She was shipshape and bright, my cabin was hung with chintz having a pattern of rose-buds, and the saloon table was as well-ordered as that of a good hotel. The captain, nice man, listened to the tale of our fun up-country, and then said : " You'd like some news from home. Here's the papers by the last mail." Most certainly, feeling secure with chintz curtains about us, and poisoned feet already less inflamed, we wanted news from England. The smiling little sailor re-entered with a week's bound numbers of the *Daily Mirror*. I opened the volume.

The first sight of leeches hanging horribly to my body had not given me a worse shock. News from England! Then what a country! The blood-sucking worms, the jungle bugs which raised weals, the fevers, the dark forest and the cataracts, and the rhinoceroses, —if all that was savagery, then what was this? The natives we had met were certainly not barbarians. I had learned to like the Malays very much. They are a quiet, well-mannered, humorous, and hospitable people. They certainly have a war-cry, which is both hair-raising and exhilarating when they are watching two bulls fighting, or are shooting dangerous rapids. But they are, it is fair to add, gentle-folk. Was I to be forced to admit that, compared with the Malays, my own countrymen were barbarians?

Now in the forest, on some anxious nights, when sleep would not come, I had been sustained by the com-

forting thoughts of Waterloo Bridge at midnight, and a nook in Surrey, and some corners in Devonshire; things like that in this world, it was strangely certain, did exist, and they were heartening. But I felt a sudden despair for England, even in the China Sea, when I opened that newspaper, and saw England's life reflected in such pictures. What a life! It would shame the natives of the Aru Islands. To open those sheets seemed to let fly an inane and fatuous blare. There was no sense in it. It was only a silly noise. Were these the pictures of a people which was going to rebuild a civilization that had been wrecked by war? Then there was little hope. I got, in that five minutes, the first real scare I had had in nearly six months' travel among Malay Islands. It was a very subdued adventurer who handed that volume back to the nice captain; for he realized that, if he were safely out of the jungle, there was *that* to go back to.

I had become used to the Malays. I had learned to understand, fairly well, their ways of living and of looking at things. After a while I had no doubt that they had rightly solved the problem of accommodating themselves to their circumstances. They are a happy folk. You hardly ever see an anxious face among them, and never a hungry child. They need no old age pension. Their future is secure, if they will but give a brief time yearly to rice-fields, cocoanuts, and fishing-nets. But I am not at all sure to-day whether I understand the English, and that black doubt can be credited to the illustrated paper, the pictures of which I saw at the right perspective in the China Sea. I have not recovered from the shock. There was an occasion, when, years ago, returning from my first long journey in a difficult land, I stayed up all night so that I might have the earliest glimpse of an English light. Yet when somebody announced at lunch in the Channel the other day, "Start Point is sighted," I must confess

that I examined my heart when I found that I was not thrilled. Who or what was wrong? It was a real trouble to me, to find that I was indifferent, for I knew that I was very glad indeed to be nearing home again. Yet was not England home? Well, say that one's home happens to be in England. That may express the subtle difference in one's mind, a difference which began about the end of the war, and has been established by that more popular press in which the English seem to delight.

And the further truth is, when first adventuring in the streets of London recently, though I was as much at home in Ludgate Circus as I was a short while ago on the island of Ternate (where you soon learn to find your way about) yet there was a mind about me in Fleet Street which I found harder to enter than, say, that of the natives of Kota Bharu. Of evidence of Europe's disastrous plight I had been seeing enough as far away as the Pacific; ships everywhere were running with light freights, at a loss to owners, though the means to fill them was often abundant. Plenty of ships, plenty of harvests, and a great want in Europe; and hardly any business. So what the deuce some things meant in Fleet Street I couldn't make out. It was but fair to suppose, as it is the business of journalists to give the public what it wants, that the newspaper placards indicated what then chiefly occupied the minds of most of my own people. But those placards were Chinese to me. One sheet grieved: Bad News About Papyrus. An honest paper, because, as a journalist, I know that editors don't like publishing gloomy stuff. But what did it mean? I could only conclude that Tutankhamen's prayer-book had been most unfortunately torn.

THE STILL HOUR

By Edmund Blunden

As in the silent darkening room I lay,
While winter's early evening, heavy-paced
As ploughmen from our swarthy soil, groped on
From the cold mill upon the horizon hill
And over paddocks to the neighbouring lodges
And lay as I, tired out with colourless toil,
Inert, the lubber fiend, whose puffing drowse
The moon's dawn scarce would fret, through the low
    cloud,
When thus at ebb I lay, my silence flowered
Gently as later bloom into a warm
Harmonious chiming ; like a listener I
Was hushed. The spirits of remembrance all
In one consent made music, a flood, a haze,
A vista all to one ripe blushing blended.

That summer veil of sweet sound then awhile
Gave me clear voices, as though from rosy distance
There had been drifting multitude of song,
And then the several bells had been perceived
And even the tower that throned them, and the golden
Chanticleer that frolicked on its top.
From my broad murmuring ode there came fair forth
The cries of playing children on one day,
At one blue dewy hour, by one loved green ;
And then the brook was tumbling lit like gems
Down its old sluice, and old boy-heroes stood
To catch its sparkling stonefish—I heard even
The cry that hailed the chestnut tench's downfall
In the next swim, that strange historic victim.

From church and pasture, sweetheart and sworn friend,
From the hill's hopgrounds to the lowest leas
In the rook-routed vale, from the blind boy
Who lived by me to the dwellers in the heath,
From robins building in the gipsy's kettle
Thrown in our hedge, to waterfowl above
The mouldering mill, distinct and happy now
Ten thousand singings from my childhood rang.

And time seemed stealing forward as they sounded,
The syllables of first delights passed; years
That ended childhood with their secret sigh
Uttered their joys, still longed-for, still enshrined.
And then what voices? Straight, it seemed, from those,
While a long age was silent as the grave,
The utterance passed to that stern course of chances
That crowded far-off Flanders with ourselves.
I heard the signallers lead the strong battalion
With bold songs flying to the breeze like banners,
The quiet courage once again of Daniells
By some few words built up a fort around me,
And while the long guns clattered through the towns
I, rather, heard the clack of market-women,
The hostel's gramophone and gay girls fooling,
And chants in painted churches, and my friend's
Lively review of Flemish contraries.
Or, was not this the green Bethune canal
And these our shouts, our laughs, our awkward plunges,
While summer's day went cloudless to its close?
There shone the Ancre, red-leafed woods above it,
The blue speed of its waters swirled through causeways;
There from his hammock in the apple orchard
Up sprang old Swain and rallied intruding youngsters,

THE STILL HOUR

The company now fell in, to the very yard,
And once again marched eager towards the Somme,
And there, a score of voices leapt again
After a hare that left her seat in the corn.
I think I'd know that twinkling field to-day.

So in a swift succession my still hour
Heard Flanders voices, in the line direct
From those of childhood; but at last the host
In such confusion as nigh stopt my breath
With glory and anguish striving, drew far on
And all became a drone, that in decline
From summer's bravery changed to autumn chill,
And as the music vague and piteous grew,
I saw the mist die from its pleasant charm,
Now fierce with early frost its numb shroud lay
Along sad ridges, and as one aloof
I saw the praying rockets mile on mile
Climb all too weak from those entangled there,
Climb for the help that could not help them there;
And even these purple vapours died away
And left the surly evening brown as clay
Upon those ridges battered into chaos
Whence one deep moaning, one deep moaning came.

THE PROPER STUDY

By D. H. Lawrence

If no man lives for ever, neither does any precept. And if even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea, so also does the weariest wisdom. And there it is lost. Also incorporated.

> Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.
> The proper study of mankind is man.

It was Alexander Pope who absolutely struck the note of our particular epoch : not Shakespeare or Luther or Milton. A man of first magnitude never fits his age perfectly.

> Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.
> The proper study of mankind is Man—*with a capital M:*

This stream of wisdom is very weary now : weary to death. It started such a gay little trickle, and is such a spent muddy ebb by now. It will take a big sea to swallow all its alluvia.

" Know then thyself." All right ! I'll do my best. Honestly I'll do my best, sincerely to know myself. Since it is the great commandment to consciousness of our long era, let us be men, and try to obey it. Jesus gave the emotional commandment, " Love thy neighbour." But the Greeks set the even more absolute motto, in its way, a more deeply religious motto : " Know thyself."

Very well ! Being man, and the son of man, I find it only honourable to obey. To do my best. To do my best to know myself. And particularly that part, or those parts of myself that have not yet been admitted

into consciousness. Man is nothing, less than a tick stuck in a sheep's back, unless he adventures. Either into the unknown of the world, of his environment. Or into the unknown of himself.

Allons! the road is before us. Know thyself! Which means, *really*, know thine own *unknown* self. It's no good knowing something you know already. The thing is to discover the tracts as yet unknown. And as the only unknown now lies deep in the passional soul, allons! the road is before us. We write a novel or two, we are called erotic or depraved or idiotic or boring. What does it matter, we go the road just the same If you see the point of the great old commandment, *Know thyself*, then you see the point of all art.

But knowing oneself, like knowing anything else, is not a process that can continue to infinity, in the same direction. The fact that I myself *am* only myself makes me very specifically finite. True, I may argue that my Self is a mystery that impinges on the infinite. Admitted. But the moment my Self impinges on the infinite, it ceases to be just myself.

The same is true of all knowing. You start to find out the chemical composition of a drop of water, and before you know where you are, your river of knowledge is winding very unsatisfactorily into a very vague sea, called the ether. You start to study electricity, you track the wretch down till you get some mysterious and misbehaving atom of energy or unit of force that goes pop under your nose and leaves you with the dead body of a mere word.

You sail down your stream of knowledge, and you find yourself absolutely at sea. Which may be safety for the weary river, but is a sad look-out for you, who are a land animal.

Now all science starts gaily from the inland source of *I Don't Know*. Gaily it says: I don't know, but I'm going to know. It's like a little river bubbling up cheer-

fully in the determination to dissolve the whole world in its waves. And science, like the little river, winds wonderingly out again into the final *I Don't Know* of the ocean.

All this is platitudinous as regards science. Science has learned an uncanny lot, *by the way*.

Apply the same to the Know Thyself motto. We have learned something by the way. But as far as I'm concerned, I see land receding, and the great ocean of the last *I Don't Know* enveloping me.

But the human consciousness is never allowed finally to say: "I Don't Know." It has *got* to know, even if it must metamorphose to do so.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.

Now as soon as you come across a Thou Shalt Not commandment, you may be absolutely sure that sometime or other, you'll have to break this commandment. You needn't make a practice of breaking it. But the day will come when you'll have to break it. When you'll have to take the name of the Lord Your God in vain, and have other gods, and worship idols, and steal, and kill, and commit adultery, and all the rest. A day will come. Because, as Oscar Wilde says, What's a temptation for, except to be succumbed to!

There comes a time to every man when he has to break one or other of the Thou Shalt Not commandments. And then is the time to Know Yourself just a bit different from what you thought you were.

So that in the end, this Know Thyself commandment brings me up against the Presume-Not-God-to-Scan fence. Trespassers will be prosecuted. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.

It's a dilemma. Because this business of knowing myself has led me slap up against the forbidden enclosure where, presumably, this God mystery is kept in corral. It isn't my fault. I followed the road. And

it leads over the edge of a precipice on which stands up a signboard : Danger ! Don't go over the edge !

But I've *got* to go over the edge. The way lies that way.

Flop ! Over we go, and into the endless sea. There drown.

No ! Out of the drowning something else gurgles awake. And that's the best of the human consciousness. When you fall into the final sea of *I Don't Know*, then, if you can but gasp *Teach Me*, you turn into a fish, and twiddle your fins and twist your tail and grope in amazement, in a new element.

That's why they called Jesus : The Fish. Pisces. Because he fell, like the weariest river, into the great Ocean that is outside the shore, and there took on a new way of knowledge.

The Proper Study is Man, sure enough. But the proper study of man, like the proper study of anything else, will in the end leave you no option. You'll have to presume to study God. Even the most hard-boiled scientist, if he is a brave and honest man, is landed in this unscientific dilemma. Or rather, he is all at sea in it.

The river of human consciousness, like ancient Ocean, goes in a circle. It starts gaily, bubblingly, fiercely from an inland pool, where it surges up in obvious mystery and Godliness, the human consciousness. And here is the God of the Beginning, call him Jehovah or Ra or Ammon or Jupiter or what you like. One bubbles up in Greece, one in India, one in Jerusalem. From their various God-sources the streams of human consciousness rush variously down. Then begin to meander and to doubt. Then fall slow. Then start to silt up. Then pass into the great Ocean, which is the God of the End.

In the great ocean of the End, most men are lost. But Jesus turned into a fish, he had the other consciousness of the Ocean which is the divine End of us all.

And then like a salmon he beat his way up stream again, to speak from the source.

And this is the greater history of man, as distinguished from the lesser history, in which figures Mr. Lloyd George and Monsieur Poincaré.

We are in the deep, muddy estuary of our era, and terrified of the emptiness of the sea beyond. Or we are at the end of the great road, that Jesus and Francis and Whitman walked. We are on the brink of a precipice, and terrified at the great void below.

No help for it. We are men, and for men there is no retreat. Over we go.

Over we must and shall go, so we may as well do it voluntarily, keeping our soul alive; and as we drown in our terrestrial nature, transmogrify into fishes. Pisces. That which knows the Oceanic Godliness of the End.

The proper study of mankind is man. Agreed entirely! But in the long run, it becomes again as it was before, man in his relation to the deity. The proper study of mankind is man in his relation to the deity.

And yet not as it was before. Not the specific deity of the inland source. The vast deity of the End. Oceanus whom you can only know by becoming a Fish. Let us become Fishes, and try.

They talk about the sixth sense. They talk as if it were an extension of the other senses. A mere *dimensional* sense. It's nothing of the sort. There is a sixth sense right enough. Jesus had it. The sense of the God that is the End and the Beginning. And the proper study of mankind is man in his relation to this Oceanic God.

We have come to the end, for the time being, of the study of man in his relation to man. Or man in his relation to himself. Or man in his relation to woman. There is nothing more of importance to be said, by us

or for us, on this subject. Indeed, we have no more to say.

Of course, there is the literature of perversity. And there is the literature of little playboys and playgirls, not only of the western world. But the literature of perversity is a brief weed. And the playboy playgirl stuff, like the movies, though a very monstrous weed, won't live long.

As the weariest river winds by no means safely to sea, all the muddy little individuals begin to chirrup: Let's play! Let's play at something! We're so god-like when we *play*.

But it won't do, my dears. The sea will swallow you up, and all your play and perversions and personalities.

You can't get any more literature out of man in his relation to man. Which, of course, should be writ large, to mean man in his relation to woman, to other men, and to the whole environment of men: or woman in her relation to man, or other women, or the whole environment of women. You can't get any more literature out of that. Because any new book must needs be a new stride. And the next stride lands you over the sandbar in the open ocean, where the first and greatest relation of every man and woman is to the Ocean itself, the great God of the End, who is the All-Father of all sources, as the sea is father of inland lakes and springs of water.

But get a glimpse of this new relation of men and women to the great God of the End, who is the Father, not the Son, of all our beginnings: and you get a glimpse of the new literature. Think of the true novel of St. Paul, for example. Not the sentimental looking-backward Christian novel, but the novel looking out to sea, to the great Source, and End, of all beginnings. Not the St. Paul with his human feelings repudiated, to give play to the new divine feelings. Not the St. Paul violent in reaction against worldliness and

And then like a salmon he beat his way up stream agai to speak from the source.

And this is the greater history of man, as disti guished from the lesser history, in which figures M Lloyd George and Monsieur Poincaré.

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sensuality, and therefore a dogmatist with his sheaf of Shalt-Nots ready. But a St. Paul two thousand years older, having his own epoch behind him, and having again the great knowledge of the deity, the deity which Jesus knew, the vast Ocean God which is at the end of all our consciousness.

Because, after all, if chemistry winds wearily to sea in the ether, or some such universal, don't we also, not as chemists but as conscious men, also wind wearily to sea in a divine ether, which means nothing to us but space and words and emptiness? We wind wearily to sea in words and emptiness.

But man is a mutable animal. Turn into the Fish, the Pisces of man's final consciousness, and you'll start to swim again in the great life which is so frighteningly godly that you realize your previous presumption.

And then you realize the new relation of man. Men like fishes lifted on a great wave of the God of the End, swimming together, and apart, in a new medium. A new relation, in a new whole.

THE GRAND SECRET.—This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them : let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself. To every poet, to every writer, we might say : Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart ; and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him ; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us ; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man. (*Thomas Carlyle.*)

THE END OF THE PEER OF WOTHERSPOON

By A. A. Milne

You remember Morton Vaile. No? Dear, dear; so soon sunk into oblivion! But how he would have hated that phrase. "So soon forgotten," then let it be. But he would have hated that too.

Morton Vaile. I suppose the truth is that we, too, have tried to forget him. "There, but for the grace of God . . ." No, no, do not let us say that. We shall never fall as he fell. Yet his fall was such that we do not care to think of it, to speak of it, even now; even now that you, the public (the wart-hogs, as Vaile used to call you), have forgotten that terrible year when he blazed into publicity, and fell back dead in its ashes. But in the cause of literature one must put aside one's personal feelings. Vaile flourished in the '22's and early '23's; a new generation of critics has sprung up which knows not his end; let it be told to them for a warning.

In the 1922's there was (though he is forgotten now) no writer better known among his intimate friends and fellow critics than Morton Vaile. It would be difficult to say whether he was more admired as poet than as critic, as essayist than as poet. He belonged to the Vaile school of poetry. When he was least like himself, then he was most like himself—as Kaynes the critic finely said. Kaynes, in reviewing his *Songs of Desolation*, gave it as his considered opinion that Morton Vaile was "one of the two poets who count in England to-day." This from H. R. Kaynes was

high praise; for Kaynes was, in Vaile's words, "one of the two critics England has produced since Wotherspoon died." But Vaile was too severe. What of himself, who, as critic, was hailed by Jabez Cuff as "peer of Wotherspoon"? And if himself was meant as the other of the two, what, then, of Cuff? What of A. Z. Tinkler? What of Reginald Quigley? Let us be more generous. Let us say that (since Wotherspoon was dead) there were five critics, five poets, five essayists alive in England in those 1922's, of whom Morton Vaile was not the least.

Every critic has, or had in those days, his favourite author. Jabez Cuff, as we have seen, admired Vaile, but "The Art of Quigley" in *The Literary Mirror* remains his monumental work. Quigley's well-known essay in the same paper (but in the following issue), "The Art of Cuff," expressed an admiration sincerely felt, but H. R. Kaynes was his hero. From above Tinkler's beard escaped most often the name of Vaile, yet to Cuff was his homage given. And, to Vaile, Morton Vaile semed most wonderful, but he wrote not of Vaile. He wrote always of Henry Harrison.

It was as far back as the '21's that Vaile first discovered Harrison. He discovered him in the 1s. box; "Two for 1s. 6d." "*Sauterne,* A novel by Henry Harrison," and on the inside page, "First published in 1921." Already in the shilling box! Vaile dropped it, and picked up the next one. Surely the colour of its back was familiar? It was. "*Rhinoceros, and other Moments,* by Morton Vaile," said its front. He laughed cynically. The dear old wart-hogs! And there were —— and ——, those impostors, going into edition after edition, piling up bank balances, lecturing to admiring school-girls, taking the chair at Literary Dinners ("Literary," ye gods!) and all the wart-hogs stood round and slobbered on them! Thank Heaven he was not as they.

He felt in his pocket for a shilling, but encountered a florin. While waiting for his change, he picked up *Sauterne* again, and glanced at the opening pages. This man did not write for wart-hogs either. The apparent lack of a verb in the opening sentence was proof of that. He had style. "Two for 1s. 6d." *Sauterne* balanced *Rhinoceros* in another pocket; a lower pocket received the sixpence change; and they all went home together.

After dinner he strolled round to Tinkler's rooms. Quigley was there and Kaynes; but not Cuff, for Cuff was still at school.

"Ever heard of Henry Harrison?" he said, dropping into a chair.

"Have we?" said Tinkler to Kaynes.

"Let me see," said Quigley, "didn't he write—what's the name of the book?"

"*Sauterne.*"

"That's right," agreed Quigley gratefully.

"Oh, that man?" said Kaynes. "He's written something else, hasn't he?"

"*Corybantic.*"

"*Corybantic*, that's it," confirmed Kaynes, thus hearing of it for the first time. "Have you read it?"

"Not yet. I only discovered *Sauterne* this morning. He's good."

"Oh, rather. You'll like *Corybantic* too."

"What's it about?" asked Tinkler maliciously.

Kaynes had no difficulty in answering.

"My dear Tinkler," he said with a faint smile, "if Harrison, who, as Vaile will confirm, is a considerable artist, cannot tell you what it is about in less than a hundred thousand words, you can hardly expect me to tell you in ten."

Vaile broke in quickly. This always-showing hostility between Tinkler and Kaynes was tiresome. Why, they even carried it into their reviews of each other's books; Kaynes going so far as to say that

Tinkler had still something to learn from Shelley, and Tinkler actually hinting that some of Kaynes's essays were not so good as others.

"He's good, A. Z., he really is. You must read *Sauterne*. I'll lend it to you."

"Thanks. It'll be a change. I've been reading Conrad."

"Good Lord, why?"

"Not for pleasure, obviously. I'm doing him this week in my 'Exploded Georgians' series. Poor old Conrad. And I used to think he could write."

"He could once," said Quigley.

"He could once. That's the tragedy of it," said Vaile. "And now what's happened? The wart-hogs eat him; simply eat him. He's popular—and dead."

"It's all very strange," said Kaynes. "I have a father who reads Meredith. It's all very strange and interesting. He says Meredith is a little obscure sometimes. Obscure. They use such curious words."

Well, it was thus that Vaile discovered Henry Harrison. Thereafter he kept him always at hand. For instance, if it were his painful duty to castigate a novel of Mr. Arnold Bennett's, he would say, "How much better a Henry Harrison would have managed this scene!"—and Mr. Bennett would be left searching for Harrison in his Card Index; or again, contemptuously, "Probably Mr. Wells has never heard of *Sauterne*," and Mr. Wells would order a bottle at once. Perhaps he was at his most trenchant in an estimate of Mr. Galsworthy. "Of a public," he wrote, "which accepts *The Forsyte Saga* and rejects *Corybantic*, nothing need be said but what, in those words, has been said." This was in 1922; and it was as a result of this article that Cuff, who had now left school, and was writing for the *Weekly Review*, called him "the peer of Wotherspoon." They met shortly afterwards in Quigley's rooms; and Vaile was not surprised to find that Cuff,

though three years his junior, had already a well-formed literary taste.

Henry Harrison, it was discovered, lived in Switzerland. " My health," he wrote, " is none too good." Vaile had addressed a letter to his publishers, in which he praised *Sauterne* and *Corybantic*, and took the opportunity of enclosing a little book of his own, *Rhinoceros and other Moments*, a copy of which he happened to have by him. Naturally he had erased first the pencilled " 1s." Harrison acknowledged it gratefully. " It is very good of you," he wrote ; " and good of you to say the things you do about my work. I suppose they sold about a hundred copies each, and, together, brought me five pounds in cash. I have another coming along slowly, which I hope will do better." And lower down : " I suppose every artist flourishes on praise, for vain though he may seem in public, in private he descends to depths of humility such as no other can sound. He must be reassured by others, for he cannot reassure himself. Your praise encourages me, and I am grateful." And then again : " One feels so helpless out here. I tell myself that, if I were in London, I could say, ' You *shall* read me ! ' but here I can do nothing. Yet if I were in London, what could I do? Well, even to find someone to whom I could say ' Damn ! ' would be something ; yourself, for instance."

Vaile was better placed. He could say " Damn " to Kaynes, and said it.

" It's a damned shame."

" My dear, what did you expect ? " said Kaynes.

" Well, there's one thing I can do. I can say to the public, ' You *shall* read his next book.' "

" You can say it, but they won't."

" Wart-hogs ! "

" Yes, but very amusing wart-hogs."

In the autumn of 1922, Henry Harrison's third novel made its unheralded appearance : " *To-day and*

To-day, by Henry Harrison" ; and, for the benefit of those intrigued by such details, "7½ by 5¼, 436 pp., 8s. n." Morton Vaile took off his coat and got to work.

This was, he opined, the novel for which England had been waiting. *Sauterne* had been well enough; *Corybantic* had been well enough ; but with *To-day and To-day* Henry Harrison entered into the kingdom which was his by undisputed right. There was a ripeness, a rotundity . . . a rhythm. . . . Subjective rather than objective. . . . In this respect the Russians and Harrison . . . Harrison and de Goncourt . . . a Proust or a Harrison . . . Dostoevsky, for all that he would have acknowledged Harrison as his master. . . . Only Wotherspoon among the moderns. . . . And so forth.

He ended up thus :

" To say, as we must say, that this is incomparably the greatest novel of our generation, is no doubt to condemn it to the obscurity of the shilling box in the bookshops of the Charing Cross Road. The British public is only at ease with mediocrity. Yet Mr. Harrison, we feel, would prefer it so. In the fine words of Reginald Quigley :

> " For them the coloured beads of Brummagem ;
> For us, the rubies."

Quigley, meeting Vaile the day after this appeared, was quite frank about it.

" I liked your notice."

" I said what I felt, that's all. You agreed with me?"

" Not altogether," said Quigley, who hadn't read the book. " In some ways I feel that *Corybantic* . . . of course what you say about the rhythm of *To-day and To-day*. . . . Still ——"

" I see what you mean," frowned Vaile. " But you can't deny that the "—he made curves in the air with a pipe-clutching hand—" taking it as a whole ——"

"Oh, as a whole, yes."

"It's big. That's what I feel."

"Big, undoubtedly." And then after a pause, "What you said about Harrison and de Goncourt was absolutely right."

"It needed saying."

"Yes. . . . I'm doing a little article for the *Weekly Review* ——" And the conversation took another turn.

But Reginald Quigley was not the only person who had read Vaile's review. The attention of Mr. Albert Pump, the publisher of *To-day and To-day*, had also been called to it. In his next advertisement in the *Literary Supplement* he handed the good news on.

TO-DAY AND TO-DAY

by HENRY HARRISON.

MR. MORTON VAILE writes in the *Literary Mirror*: "Incomparably the greatest novel of our generation."

It would be ridiculous to say that Vaile was proud when he came thus across his name; he had a horror of the publicity which is accorded so carelessly to writers; to other writers; but certainly there seemed to be an added warmth in the air that day. More than once he found himself wondering to what he owed this feeling, and he decided that it could only be pleasure at the thought of Harrison's incomparable novel. And they were actually advertising it! How splendid if he could help to sell a copy here and there!

Mr. Pump would deny that he helped to sell a copy. Mr. Pump has a theory that no book sells except by recommendation from mouth to mouth. We must suppose, therefore, that the first few people, who at the beginning bought *To-day and To-day* by accident, found something in it to their liking, of which they could speak frankly to their friends, and that so, copy by

copy, the book was sold. However it was, Mr. Pu
was able to write another advertisement :

TO-DAY AND TO-DAY (*Second Edition*)
by HENRY HARRISON.
MR. MORTON VAILE writes in the *Literary Mir*
" Incomparably the greatest novel of our generation."

The Peer of Wotherspoon was at Margate when
second edition was announced, having been sent for
his father (who still had the privilege of giving him
allowance) to help amuse the children in a late seas
holiday. But the phenomenon was discussed
Tinkler's rooms.

" I see Harrison's in a second edition," said Kayr

There was an awkward silence. Then Cuff,
youngest of them, spoke.

" We all make mistakes," he said.

" In what way? "

" Vaile. *To-day and To-day* is good, damned go
but *Corybantic* was incomparably better."

" So I told him," put in Quigley.

Tinkler grunted in his beard.

" Don't you think so yourself, A. Z.? "

" H'm."

" My dear, doesn't it always happen? " said Kayn
" A writer's first books, his best books, are ignor
Later on, when he is beginning to fail —— "

" That's just what I feel about it," said Quigl
" What I told Vaile. The feeling one gets t
Harrison is beginning to write down to the public.
Kaynes says, it always happens."

" H'm. When's he coming back? "

" Vaile? Next week, isn't it? Or the week afte

" He'll be pleased. Just that one notice of his, a
——"

" Oh, he's a great man, Vaile. Still I do feel t
in this case, perhaps, he went a little too far."

" Oh, rather," said Quigley.

But Vaile, coming back a fortnight later, was not sure that he was pleased. *To-day and To-day* was now in its fourth edition. So much was announced to him by his paper that morning, bought at the Margate book-stall. But London had another surprise waiting. It was broken to him by a motor-omnibus in the King's Road. The omnibus said, very loudly and clearly :

EVERYBODY IS READING
"TO-DAY AND TO-DAY"
"Incomparably the greatest novel of our generation."
MORTON VAILE in the *Literary Mirror.*

And everybody was reading it. Everybody.

He went round to Quigley's that evening, feeling a little uncomfortable.

"Hallo," they said. "Had a good time?"

"I was staying with my people," explained Vaile.

"Oh yes, of course."

Dead silence.

"You've seen about Harrison?" said Kaynes at last.

"Yes." He laughed easily; or tried so to laugh. "Funny, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Quigley. "I always felt it might catch on, didn't you? I mean, it's just the sort of book ——"

"In what way?" said Vaile coldly.

"Oh, my dear fellow, it's no good pretending that it's as good as *Sauterne* or *Corybantic.* Now, is it, Kaynes?"

"I never liked *Corybantic*, my dear."

"Oh, you're wrong there, Kaynes," said Cuff. "*Corybantic* and *Sauterne* were the genuine thing. But I do agree with Quigley ——"

"Of course," said Quigley, "there are fine things in *To-day and To-day.* That I admit. But, taken as a whole, I've always felt that it was just the sort of book

that the public would wallow in. You know what I mean?"

"I don't agree with you," said Vaile curtly.

"My dear Vaile," put in Kaynes gently, "we all know why you wrote as you did. Harrison, poor fellow, neglected, ill, perhaps dying, in some beastly Swiss *pension*, away from all his friends—here, you said, is a writer of distinct ability, who badly needs a helping hand. You gave him that hand. It was magnificent, but it wasn't criticism. All the more do we admire you for it."

"I was damned sorry for him," muttered Vaile.

"We know, we know."

"One gets carried away," said Cuff. "Inevitably."

"Inevitably," said Quigley.

"That's right," said Tinkler.

"I suppose one does," admitted the Peer of Wotherspoon reluctantly, but with a certain relief.

"My dear, of course one does," smiled Kaynes, and patted him on the shoulder.

They all breathed freely again. The flag was still flying.

But the position was not yet saved. Indeed it began now to seem that it would never be safe. For *To-day and To-day* was more than a success, it was a triumphal riot. This was the sort of advertisement with which Mr. Pump, at the beginning of 1923, was plastering the Underground Stations of London:

500,000 COPIES SOLD!
"TO-DAY AND TO-DAY"
THE NOVEL EVERYBODY IS READING!

The Ven. the Archdeacon of Westborough says: "An inspiring tale."

Morton Vaile (the critic) says: "Incomparably the greatest novel of our generation."

Nor did Mr. Pump's malignity (as it seemed to Vaile)

stop there. A member of the Royal Family, in opening a hospital, made what must have been the first royal reference to a printed book in our later history, and the book was *To-day and To-day.*

Mr. Pump announced :

750,000 COPIES SOLD !

Royalty is speaking of TO-DAY AND TO-DAY !
The Church is preaching on TO-DAY AND TO-DAY !
The Critics are praising TO-DAY AND TO-DAY !

Everybody is reading it !

What does Royalty say?

"*That wonderful story.*"

What does the Archdeacon of Westborough say?

"*An inspiring tale.*"

What does Morton Vaile (the critic) say?

"*Incomparably the greatest novel of our generation.*"

READ IT.

And Reginald Quigley, H. R. Kaynes, A. Z. Tinkler and Jabez Cuff read and trembled. For the flag was not yet saved. It could never be saved now for Morton Vaile, but surely it might yet for them. More desperately than did ever Henry Harrison they needed now reassurance. For a terrible thing had just happened to one of their number: Reginald Quigley, no less.

He had met that afternoon Penn Wilkins, destined to be perhaps the greatest literary personality of the later 1923's, and undoubtedly even then (this was April) one of the coming poets, novelists, essayists and critics. Wilkins, on his way back to Oxford, had lunched with Quigley.

Said Wilkins with a good-humoured laugh, in the manner of one quoting, "Have you read *To-day and To-day?*"

"Good Lord, no," said Quigley.

"I have. I thought I would. And the other two.

Ninth Edition *Corybantic* and Twelfth Edition *Sauterne*. My God!"

"Terrible, aren't they?" agreed Quigley. "At least, I mean *Corybantic*, I haven't read the other. Is that as bad?"

"My dear man!"

"Of course he's an absolute impostor, Harrison," said Quigley.

"Oh, why blame Harrison? If he wants the money, why shouldn't he write like that? I don't suppose he pretends that it's anything but extreme tripe. But this fellow—what's his name?"

"Who?" said Quigley nervously.

"This innocent babe—what does he call himself? Morton Vaile, that's it—who tells us it's the greatest novel—incomparably the greatest novel —— Again, oh, my God!"

Quigley laughed awkwardly. "Absurd, isn't it?" he said.

"Who *is* the fellow?"

"Morton Vaile? Morton Vaile, I suppose."

"Anybody ever heard of him?"

"I believe he wrote a book called ——"

"I had an idea he was some old maiden lady with shares in the paper. But not, you think? By the way, did you read my article . . ."

And so on. Most of which Quigley had reported to the others. No wonder that they trembled.

For what were they to tell themselves? That great work could be popular? Never! The implications were too disturbing. That Vaile was wrong, then, hopelessly wrong, in his estimate of Harrison? Undoubtedly. Then they were wrong, hopelessly wrong, in their estimate of Vaile. "The peer of Wotherspoon!"

But this alternative was no better. For if they were wrong in their estimate of Vaile, why not in their

estimates of each other? Even—and now the ground shivered beneath their feet—in their estimates of themselves? No, no, not that. But it was disturbing. On the citadel of their self-esteem the flag might still be kept flying, but . . .

They looked at each other and shook their heads.

"I don't see how we can," said Cuff.

"The fact is, he hasn't been well for some time," said Kaynes. "He ought to go away."

"That would be best," said Tinkler.

"Do you remember how he came in here nearly two years ago," said Quigley, "and began raving about that ridiculous *Sauterne?*"

"We can be quite honest about it," said Kaynes. "His health has been breaking down steadily for the last eighteen months. Eighteen months ago, I should have put him almost on the level of Wotherspoon ——"

"Above Wotherspoon," said Cuff.

"In some respects, yes. In one respect, no. He hadn't the balance of Wotherspoon, the ——"

"The staying-power," said Cuff.

"The staying-power—exactly. A pity. A great pity." He sighed, and added, "He ought to go abroad."

"That would be best," agreed Tinkler.

And the Peer of Wotherspoon thought so too. But he didn't go abroad. His father got him into a bank at Liverpool, to which city he travelled a few weeks later. Standing by the book-stall at Euston, he was offered, as companionship for the journey, Henry Harrison's great novel *To-day and To-day*; a book which, the clerk assured him, everybody was reading.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ATOM

(II.)

By J. W. N. Sullivan

WE have said that the chemical elements fall into similar groups when they are arranged in order of their atomic weights; the grouping is best exhibited, however, if we interchange, here and there, two consecutive elements. The change is very slight; there are only four couples which need to be interchanged. This revised edition of the periodic table presents the elements in the order of what is called their atomic *numbers,* when we leave spaces for the few elements which are yet undiscovered. The numbers run from hydrogen (1) to uranium (92). It is much more important to know the atomic number of an element than it is to know the atomic weight, the reason being that the atomic number expresses the positive charge on the nucleus, and it is this charge which determines the physical and chemical properties of the atom.

The atomic weight of an element no longer occupies the position it has hitherto occupied; most of physics and chemistry are concerned with properties dependent upon the atomic number, although the atomic weight, which gives the total number of hydrogen nuclei present in a nucleus, is obviously of importance in the detailed study of nuclei. The importance of the atomic number, as distinguished from the atomic weight, is splendidly illustrated by the existence of *isotopes.* Let us consider an atomic nucleus having a resultant positive

charge of, say, five units. All nuclei, except the hydrogen nucleus, are built up, as we have said, of hydrogen nuclei and electrons. We could, theoretically, obtain a resultant charge of five units in an infinite number of ways. We could have, say, ten hydrogen nuclei combined with five electrons, or eleven hydrogen nuclei combined with six electrons, and so on. The atomic weights would differ, of course. The atomic weights would be ten, eleven, and so on. But the atomic number would remain the same, and therefore, if it is the atomic number which determines the chemical properties of the atom these atoms, of different atomic weights, should have identical chemical properties. Is there any evidence that such atoms exist? There is not only evidence that they exist, but it is almost an exception to find a chemical element which is not made up of groups of atoms having identical chemical properties but different atomic weights. Further, these atomic weights, expressed in terms of the atomic weight of oxygen taken as 16 exactly, are all whole numbers. The one exception is hydrogen, and in describing the formation of the helium nucleus we have already given an explanation of this anomaly. The ordinary atomic weight attributed to chlorine, for example, is 35.46 and, on the assumption that the mass of a chlorine atom is built up from units of mass 1, this is a difficulty. But the samples of chlorine used in obtaining this mass really consist of two groups of atoms having masses 35 and 37. Ordinary chlorine is a mixture of these atoms, the atoms being mixed in such a proportion as to give an average atomic weight of 35.46. Much more complicated mixtures go to make up some elements. Thus krypton is a mixture of six groups of atoms, having atomic weights 86, 84, 83, 82, 80, 78, giving an average atomic weight 82.92. Zinc, with an average atomic weight 65.37, is made up of four groups of atoms having atomic weights 64, 66, 68, 70. Such atoms are called isotopes, the

name indicating that they occupy the same position in the periodic table.

The picture of the atom we have hitherto obtained enables us readily to understand these results. If a hydrogen nucleus + an electron be removed from the nucleus of an atom the result is to lower its atomic weight by one unit and to leave its resultant charge, and hence its chemical and physical properties, unchanged. If an atom were to lose an electron from the nucleus its nuclear charge would be increased by one unit, but its atomic weight would remain the same, since the mass of an electron is negligible. Its chemical and physical properties would be quite different. Thus we should have two elements having different properties but the same atomic weight. Such elements are known; they are called isobares. These transformation rules are beautifully illustrated by radio-active phenomena. The α-particle shot out by radio-active bodies consists of four hydrogen nuclei combined with two electrons. It therefore has a positive charge of two units and a mass 4. The nucleus of a radio-active atom, on losing an α-particle, has its charge reduced by two units and its mass by four. The new element which arises through the expulsion of an α-particle, therefore, occupies a place two degrees lower in the periodic table, while its atomic weight is diminished by four units. The loss of a β-particle, on the other hand, does not change the atomic weight, and increases the charge on the nucleus by one unit. The new element therefore occupies a place one degree higher in the periodic table, but remains of the same atomic weight. The experimental evidence furnished by radio-active substances entirely bears out these conclusions. The radio-active substances, of which about 40 are known, can be arranged in different family trees, as it were. Thus uranium, in disintegrating, gives rise to a number of other radio-active substances, the results of losses of

α or β-particles, or of both, to terminate finally in lead. Another radio-active substance, thorium, creates another family of radio-active elements, and also terminates finally in lead. The leads reached by these two routes, however, have not the same atomic weight. They are isotopes. The two series of changes have been such that, while they have led to the same atomic number, they have not led to the same atomic weight.

The discovery of isotopes and the investigation of the radio-active elements confirm the importance of the atomic number, but there is another line of investigation of even greater interest, the investigation of the X-ray spectra of the elements. For many years the difficulties in the way of obtaining a spectrum of X-rays seemed insuperable. A spectrum is usually obtained by passing light through a diffraction grating, an instrument which may be made by ruling lines very close together on a sheet of glass. For this instrument to spread the incident light out into a spectrum the distance between the adjacent ruled lines must be of the order of magnitude of the wave-length of the light employed. That such instruments can be constructed for visible light is sufficiently marvellous; gratings having more than 1700 lines to the millimetre have been made. But if X-rays, as was suspected, had wave-lengths 1000 to 2000 times shorter than even the shortest visible light-waves, it was obviously hopeless to try to construct an instrument which should diffract them. Human beings could not hope to rule a million lines in a millimetre. The brilliant idea occurred to Professor von Laue that Nature had already provided such diffraction gratings. The orderly arrangement of the atoms in crystals enables a crystal to play the part of a diffraction grating and, moreover, the distance between the layers of atoms is of the right order of magnitude to give X-ray spectra. This brilliant notion was followed up, with the happiest results. The crystal analysis of X-rays is now a regular

procedure, as is also the X-ray analysis of crystals, for it was found that this method could be used to throw a flood of light on the structure of crystals themselves. The first important application of this method to the problem of the structure of the atom was made by Moseley, perhaps the most brilliant of the young English physicists killed in the war. An element, under bombardment by the electrons in a cathode tube, emits X-rays which are entirely characteristic of it. It appears also to emit other X-rays, but these are merely due to the sudden stoppage of the bombarding electrons. The X-rays characteristic of the element are a purely atomic phenomenon. If the substance bombarded is not an element, but a compound, it gives the X-rays characteristic of its constituent atoms. Moseley, applying the method of crystal analysis, investigated the spectra of the characteristic X-rays of a number of elements. The gist of his results may be expressed by saying that he found there was a certain quantity which increased by a constant amount as we pass from one element to the next in the order of atomic *numbers*. This quantity he identified with the positive charge on the nucleus. It is interesting to note that the X-ray spectra entirely confirm the slight reordering of the periodic table whereby an element of greater atomic weight is sometimes made to precede an element of less atomic weight. The regular, step by step advance of the lines of the X-ray spectra show that in these cases the inversion is justified. The X-ray spectra also show us unambiguously where gaps occur in our list of elements.

Our general picture of the atom is now fairly clear. It consists essentially of a nucleus carrying a positive charge and, in all cases except that of hydrogen, of complex structure, and, circulating round this nucleus, a number of electrons equal to the positive charge of the nucleus. The atomic number gives us at once the positive charge and hence the number of circulating

electrons. The atomic weight tells us how many hydrogen nuclei are present in the nucleus. To get the number of electrons present in the nucleus, therefore, we merely have to subtract the atomic number from the atomic weight. In this general picture of the atom there are obviously two things we require to investigate. What is the distribution and motion of the circulating electrons and what is the structure of the nuclei? We have spoken vaguely of the electrons "circulating" about the nucleus, but what is the precise nature of the orbits in which they move? This question has not been answered precisely; the difficulties presented by a heavy and complicated atom are enormous. But Bohr has given, in some detail, a description of the grouping of the electrons and of their types of orbits for all the elements and his description has the merit of accounting, in general terms, for their periodic properties. Each period inaugurates, as it were, a plan of atom-building which is a simpler version of the plan inaugurated by the next period. These collections or orbits form a different and much more complicated picture than the old one of rotating rings. Many of the orbits, on Bohr's theory, are extremely eccentric, and in a heavy atom we have a great variety of orbits, from circles to very elongated ellipses.

Our second question, What is the structure of the nucleus? must be answered even more vaguely. There is very good reason to suppose that, besides hydrogen nuclei and electrons, heavy atoms contain also helium nuclei as units. Rutherford has experimentally demonstrated that hydrogen nuclei may be knocked out of certain light atoms by bombarding them with α-particles. This does not happen with atoms whose nuclei we may suppose to contain nothing but helium nuclei and electrons. There is no evidence that one of the constituent hydrogen nuclei can be knocked out of a helium nucleus. The atoms from whose nuclei hydrogen

nuclei have been detached are those which possess, besides helium nuclei, hydrogen nuclei not combined in that form. It is these comparatively free hydrogen nuclei which can be sometimes detached by bombardment. But beyond the statement that electrons, hydrogen nuclei and helium nuclei enter into the structure of the nucleus of the general atom, not very much can yet be said about nuclear structure. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the stable structure of the helium nucleus, for example. It is quite possible that, in the general problem of the nucleus an inner and an outer region of the nucleus will be recognized. It is quite possible, also, that the nucleus does not possess spherical symmetry. It is also very unlikely that the ordinary laws of electro-dynamics hold within the nucleus. And we must remember the baffling fact that experiment seems to show that a nucleus containing many electrons and hydrogen nuclei is nevertheless of the same order of size as a single electron.

Good progress has been made in the electric theory of matter, but our model is far from complete. To the modern eye the interior of the atom is a large region with plenty of room for complications. And if the effort to build up all atoms out of positive and negative charges of electricity does succeed in giving a thoroughly satisfactory model, it is certain that inquiry will not stop there. It is unlikely that man will be content with the electron as an inexplicable ultimate, and still more unlikely that he will always tolerate two of them, the positive and the negative. But by the time the physicist is seriously inquiring into these matters it is probable that he will be using concepts of which we can now form only the dimmest notion.

A DAILY WOMAN

By G. M. Hort

HER professional style is "Daily Woman"; but as, for our mutual convenience, she postpones her visit to my flat till a comparatively late hour of the evening, she might, from my point of view, be more accurately described as a "nightly" one.

The light in which I most frequently see her is, by consequence, either defective or artificial; and yet I have reason to believe that I see her more clearly than the majority of her day-time patrons. Indeed, I am occasionally tempted to wish that, in the psychological sense, I could see her a little *less* clearly; that the painfully distinct outline of her personality could become, for me, a shade more nebulous, more suggestive of the mysterious and unfathomable elements of our mortal nature.

She is of meagre yet sturdy figure, with well-weathered skin, strictly neutral colouring, and manner at once brisk and apathetic, self-complacent and cheerless.

About her there are no exaggerations or exuberances, either physical or mental; and she reminds me of the comic charwoman of literature merely by her complete unlikeness to that type.

You would look in vain to her for any of those humoursome and endearing vices! . . . That fascinating command of the wrong words in exactly the right places! . . . That sublime muddle-headed infallible philosophy of life.

Equally fixed is the gulf between her and the brave downtrodden altruistic creature with which much fiction —and some fact—has made us familiar.

She is no self-oblating drudge; no unconquerable victim of sordid circumstances. Indeed, within her limits, I know of no one who seems to lead a more completely self-centred life, or who is less disturbed by tyrannous scruples, emotional demands, or communal sympathies.

Her work she accomplishes with moderate capability, and without a suspicion of zest. It is obvious that household tasks have for her neither value nor meaning, save as a means of livelihood. Yet it is equally obvious that she herself regards the performance of those tasks as her sufficient contribution to the world's welfare; than which no more should be expected of her.

Her leisure is wholly self-regardant. The music-hall and the picture-palace, the Sunday paper, and the Sunday "laydown"; together with an occasional visit to a local bar-parlour (where a select company of friends will join her in a glass of stout, and in discussion of the more sordid trivialities of the day), supply her with a kind of recreation which seldom varies, and with which no altruistic obligations (such as sitting with a sick neighbour, or advancing a shilling to an impecunious one) seem ever permitted to interfere.

As she will remind you, she "does enough for other people, in working hours." They can have no claim, however reasonable and modest, on the time and money set apart for pleasure.

And yet I do not believe that she *enjoys* pleasure any more than she *enjoys* work. The highest eulogy I have ever heard her pronounce on any evening's entertainment is that it "passed the time away." Clearly she neither expected nor desired it to do more. Indeed, she has more than once given me to understand that a capacity for enthusiastic delight borders on the indecent;

and is most frequently to be found amongst persons who are " no better than they should be."

Although she has had nine children—or to use her own more definitive phrase, " nine confinements "—maternity could never have made any serious inroads on the impregnable fortress of her indifference.

Those little expressionless eyes of hers are never cooler, nor less human, than when the conversation turns, by chance, on her adult offspring; who would seem all to have acquired the habit of emigrating, or enlisting, or " moving away " without leaving an address, and who, in any case, are no longer any concern of hers.

Of the father of her large and scattered family I have never heard, and never expect to hear, her speak. Yet I am unshakably convinced that the time-tarnished wedding-ring on her time-hardened finger has its fullest legal right to be there.

She could never have taken sufficient interest in matrimony to have troubled to dispense with it, or to accept it on any unconventional or eccentric terms.

I infer that her husband is dead, and that he lies buried within what, with unusual felicity of phrase, she terms " the London radiance " ; but I would take an oath that she never visits his grave, or occupies herself with the slightest thought of his existence—or non-existence—beyond it.

Indeed, her invincible indifference to life is nowhere better demonstrated than by her attitude towards death. People " go when their time comes," and, so far as her own experience serves her, the manner of their going is " pretty comfortable."

Where they go is not material for speculation, unless, indeed, you belong to one of those classes of professional speculators—priests, parsons, or " them spiritualists as there's all this talk about now."

With all such persons, orthodox and heterodox alik
she herself has as few dealings as may be ; not so mucl
apparently, because she would disbelieve, or di
approve of, what they would tell her, as because
would fail to excite her interest.

They may be right—these dreamers. The point
that it is of no importance to a sensible person with h
livelihood to get, and no time to waste on fancie
whether they be right or no.

Nor is it only supernatural hopes and fears whic
present themselves to her as idle delusions, outside th
range of sane thought.

I have occasionally ventured to speak to her of certai
social schemes, ideals, and aspirations ; of a few of th
more obvious injustices under which the community-
and more particularly that great section of it to whic
she belongs—groans and travails. But I have neve
been able to arouse in her the faintest spark of emotion

By a not uncommon paradox, her sympathies, cold t
all the world, seem coldest towards those with whom he
toilsome lot is cast, and who are bound with her, in th
same dreary chain. I think she vaguely regards unem
ployment as a personal choice of the unemployed;
choice more likely to be confirmed than weakened b
the activities of the Board of Education. She hersel
she will tell you, has "never had no trouble to ge
work"; and, when she was a child, no one cam
"nosing round to ask why she weren't at school."

I trace some subtle line of connection between thos
two statements.

Yet, true to her invincible indifference, she does no
condemn democratic opinion.

Condemnation suggests some degree of awakene
interest, some belief in the reality of the thin
condemned.

Her mental attitude is sufficiently expressed by th

stony little stare with which she is accustomed to hear me out, and by the tolerant but unanswerable *coup de grâce* which she will deal me at the conclusion—"Ah, well! Everyone's got a right to their own *fancies!*"

I have never been able to decide why things are thus with her; whether the greater credit for such completely arrested development belongs to the stultifying conditions of her own life, or to some tangled heritage from the lives of others.

But, evening after evening, as, hatted and cloaked for her ever-punctual departure, she steps within the radius of my reading-lamp, to accept her remuneration, and to indulge me with a moment's small talk. I am made more painfully aware of the drab tragedy of her being, and of the invulnerable self-satisfaction that puts that tragedy beyond visible hope.

Some of my more zealous friends are inclined to censure my continued association with her as an unworthy concession to convenience. They urge on me the superior claims of many an heroic and intelligent fellow-creature, with the badge of the Freedom League on her threadbare coat, and the light of conflict in her tired bright eyes; whose struggles I might be privileged to assist, whose conversation and companionship would edify me.

It would be idle to pretend that I am not sometimes tempted to follow their implied advice; and to provide myself with a more suitable object for the sympathy and interest which leave their present recipient so entirely cold.

But, in my better moments, I know that it is she and her kind who have the primal right to all the sympathy and interest of which I am capable, and to the help she has no intention of accepting, and to the unwearied efforts of her fellow-men, and fellow-women, to give her what, as yet, she does not crave.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CENOTAPH.—It was certainly fog, disguising but not hiding the reality. But you could not call it by so harsh a name as fog; not so tender and luminous an obscurity in St. James's Park, and not on a Sunday morning which was, within an hour, just five years after the guns ceased to fire. Remembrance Day! Surely not fog. Nothing so simple and true as that. The sun was shining, but had veiled its light. Like ourselves, it was remembering what it once had seen; but not with a stark revelation, not as a plain exposure of the inexorable winter rigidity of what was, and what is. That leafless tree was much better than any ash could be. It was a Japanese pencilling on a fabric dim but bright. The ducks beneath it on the pond were something different, too—they were not floating on water, but were nameless creatures unsupported in a silver void. The Horse Guards, the Admiralty, and the Foreign Office, were not the chambers where Mr. Churchill and Sir Edward Grey used to do whatever it was they did, but the unsubstantial palaces of the City of God, through whose translucent walls ineffable goodness was shining like compassion. Why, that very boy in khaki we hold in remembrance, because he was sprawled so awkwardly in the muck of the Somme long ago, his eyes still open with the horror which lasted longer than his sight of it, and his entrails exposed, might be he over whom the Highly Important would soon be at prayer in the Abbey. There hurried Lord Balfour, for instance, on his way. Not fog!

The pilgrims of Remembrance, bearing their tributes, moved in an interminable slow broad stream towards the Cenotaph, kind, patient and sad. They might have been the very flood of inarticulate and mysterious life

itself. That stream could be rent and severed, but it would close together and flow on again, without a sound, without a complaint, for ever. An ex-soldier stood in a doorway, stolidly looking on, with chocolates for sale. Beside him, spiked on the railings, were the placards of the Sunday newspapers: "Rugby Football Bomb Explosion"; and, "Bottomley's Prison Confessions (Exclusive)"; and one placard which, beneath a picture of a lion and a flag, presented (with Bottomley's portrait next door to it) this cryptic message to the vast throng of the war's sold and swindled: "Remembrance is the only Paradise from which we cannot be driven." O Paradise, O Paradise! In the distance many bayonets flickered in the mist, and a brass band was asking, Where are the boys of the old brigade? A little group of men were talking together at a corner. One of them, whose shoulders would have graced an ex-sergeant of the Guards, took hold very earnestly of the lapel of another man's coat. "Look here," he said, "if you meet a foot-slogger again who says he liked it, tell him he's a bloody liar, from me." What Paradise of remembrance it was from which the attempt to drive him had been thus frustrated was not named. A flushed old man swaggered past, booted and spurred, wearing massive gauntlets and a uniform which might have been designed by a boy scout for the part of a backwoodsman in a charade. "What's he belong to?" a woman asked her man. "Dunno. Klu Klux Klan, I reckon."

The Guards marched past, with fixed bayonets. No remembrance there. No tin hats, and no mud. They were in their tall bearskins again. They put new life into us, like the proud old man with the gauntlets and the spurs and the charade costume. Their haughty bearing and challenging music might have warned God Himself that His retribution laws would not be allowed to work. And the men of the Aeroplane Force followed

them, also carrying fixed bayonets, doubtless having discovered a way to charge the Gates of Heaven, in case we find no other means of admittance.

To learn what were the really compelling thoughts in that host of men and women seemed as hopeless as to divine the realities of Whitehall and St. James's Park where all was tranquil and dim in a beautiful fog. Suddenly, like the sound of doom itself from overhead, Big Ben clanged eleven strokes at us, harsh, angry, and final. There we were, caught . . . we could do nothing. Only a woman sobbed, with her face in a handkerchief.

But there was something else, as inexplicable in humanity as the rest. A meeting had been announced for Trafalgar Square. The Prime Minister was to speak, and, among others, Viscount Grey. Wires for broadcasting their messages to the world had been fixed. The reporters and the cinema men were all there. I have never seen a crowd so great in the Square—it piled up the steps of the National Gallery and St. Martin's Church. The Square was filled to the brim. Then a clergyman stood on the plinth, and told the multitude that the Great Men had broken their promises. They would not be there. He said, in a loud cool voice, that perhaps the Great Men had broken their promises, not through lack of courage, but through lack of vision and imagination. ("Grey would want some pluck to face the crowd he had got into trouble," muttered a voice behind me.) But would we stay? This clergyman, who seemed resigned to his isolation in the last ditch where the flight of the people's chosen leaders had left him, promised in nonchalance that some good fellows from St. Martin's Church would do their best for us.

The crowd did not move. It made no sign. Perhaps it expected its leaders to desert it. Perhaps it had not come to hear them. It remained; and listened to earnest

calls to righteousness, to the passionate message that our real trouble was not economic, but moral; and sang hymns. A young workman stood on one side of me, nursing a child whose head had been asleep on his shoulder for an hour. He held a hymn-book with the other hand. Near me, as intent as the rest, was a famous New York publicist. There, at the end of nearly two hours, the crowd still was, greater than ever, bareheaded, murmuring in shy but fervid unison—the Lord's Prayer.—H. M. TOMLINSON.

HASSAN.—Yes, it's all very sumptuous, and it's all been done regardless. I look backward and the array of dress-shirts is positively alarming. Quite certainly it is the thing to do; and I feel a certain satisfaction in having done it, and a real curiosity to see what it is that all the noise has been made over—because I have read *Hassan* and found it in reading a confused pattern with threads of real beauty, an effort of a genuine poet to say something beyond his own immature capacity of utterance, and to say it in a form over which he had manifestly no control. At its best the quality of *Hassan* is dreamlike and intangible; but the quality is not wrought into the substance, it is superimposed. In the poet's mind the act of fusion between the symbol and the thing symbolized is never accomplished. Therefore he never attains a true simplicity; he is by turns elaborate and naïve, and not seldom both at once.

No, I was not precisely bored; I had a comfortable seat, and no impulse to leave before the end. I was content to watch and wait—to wait for something that never came, some moment when the whole sumptuous pageant should take life and be real; mean something, thrill me, transform me into something more than a well-fed occupant of a much more expensive seat than I usually frequent.

But the moment was denied: in spite of Mr. Ainley,

whose acting fascinated me. (If Mr. Ainley cannot make a play real, I concluded, nothing can.) The elaborate diction, endurable, faintly enjoyable even, on the printed page, falls flat before the phrases are finished on the stage, droops broken-winged in the intervening air. Not one of the actors can make anything of these phrases. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's lucid voice gropes helplessly for some non-existent rhythm; the others' for some non-existent point. Mr. Ainley alone succeeds in taming them into plausible human utterance, by making them functions of himself, Mr. Ainley, but of no created character at all. He can subdue them, at a price: the price is that he should remain the gifted Mr. Ainley conquering the unconquerable, instead of Hassan uttering himself. But nobody else succeeds at all.

There is music, there are costumes, there are ballets—of these, anon—there are scenes, there is lighting, there is, in a word, Production. Voice-production, stage-production, play-production. Oh, whatever there is to produce, is produced; there is no doubt about that. But the thing that is noticeably not produced is a play. There are effects: stage-effects, music-effects, colour-effects, but one has been forgotten, a dramatic effect. It may be a low-class weakness of mine; but I miss these elements, and I can't help thinking that the audience, although it is *on ne peut plus* boiled-shirt and sacramentally determined that what is The Thing shall be The Thing, misses them a little, too. Those pallid smiles, that unenraptured applause, are not all that could be desired. But the audience, which is high-class enough to know that when you are seeing The Thing, you are supposed to behave in front of it, will never let on. I am low-class, and I will.

But those ballets! Especially the one with the *houris*, or whatever a *nautch* is called in Bagdad. That is indeed, as a colleague of mine says, *re-markable*. Never before have I seen such a triumphant, Grundy-

silencing combination of nudity and nobility. These ladies might have danced round St. Antony in the Thebaid for a month, without causing him a single twinge. On the contrary, he would have known immediately, as I knew, that they were nothing more wicked than angels on probation who had by mistake slipped off their wings with their underclothes.

And of it all what do I remember? Mr. Ainley, wandering about a Bayswatery Bagdad, Mr. Quartermaine, in a beautiful uniform, groping for the rhythms that are not—and fragments of a poem that I knew—" For one night or the other night, shall come the gardener in white." It is lovely, but though it be produced to infinity, it cannot be produced into a play.—J. M. MURRY.

MERCURIAL.—To some natures every friend is a testing-wheel and a private rack. This nature is mercurial, full of gleams of colour eternally displaying itself in the sun. It must hover and turn and twist in the light, it is vibrant, but its vitality is that of the hungry fly not that of the satisfied flower.

Every new friendship it attacks; and the more desirable the friend the swifter the rise of the mercury. It must test every quick hot potentiality, it must offer itself in a thousand ways, it must shape itself to its friend. But all this gyrating and wing-spreading will not create reciprocity. It creates a dazzle and a bewilderment. The friend may well stand watching at first, attracted, flattered, by so much revelation; but not for long: the eye must rest from the flame, the heart must rest from a pressure imposed, and the individual will keep his private standing place, he will fight intrusion. When he first puts his horns down, desire for the softness of his eye will goad the other to such phantasy, such outpouring, that the chosen friend may well stamp with anger.

"But look at me!" is the cry of the ardent one, "I have opened every door to you, I have given you every secret, I am willing to dissect my very blood for you. Take me, for God's sake take me, I would fit into you—see, in my fluid ecstasy I have shaped myself to your smile!"

And the friend retreats as we all retreat from fire and pestilence. Perhaps it is an unconscious drawing back, a mere surliness, a mere carelessness—(life-preserving in its hidden reality); then an indifference cold as death.

Indifference is a knife in the lungs to that mercurial lover. How can one dance to a silent music? How shine in darkness? Pain, like frost in the night, is the only answer; courage the only solution. Courage to say good-bye, not only to your friend, but to your delight in your friend.

If you have spilled yourself there is no recovery until you have drawn in that force again. If you have lost your friend there is no meeting until you can live without him.

This longing to share the stuff of life must be forced into submission, gripped, and turned into Life itself, sufficient, strong in you as the strength of the friend you wanted.—Dorothy Easton.

Religion and Faith: A Criticism from the East.—Thousands of miles across the seas he heard the voices of Thomas Hardy, Anton Tchehov, Bernard Shaw, D. H. Lawrence, Middleton Murry, and others. They had a ring of sincerity about all they said. They seemed to aim at setting free intelligence and to find a new understanding of human passion and the impulses which controlled human action. They had looked at religion from distance, it may be some time from close quarters also when pain and suffering came; and yet they never seem to have had real religious experience. They preach that every human being

must find and follow the path that the light of the mind and the soul lighted up for the individual. "Christ was not a success because the way of life He offered to humanity was a failure. What had Christ to tell us of that tremendous problem—the relation between a man and a woman?" it is asked. Wonderful scintillating words stringed together full of sound and resonance but empty of truth. Has Christ failed because men and women have failed to follow His path and sought refuge in the old familiar caves? Does not "Love ye one another" give the master key to the problem of human relations? In the East, religion is more than a formula, it is a system of realization. Yoga teaches the method of union, promising real freedom, which can only be found in the heart of God Himself. Faith is not blind acceptance, but the inner unfailing knowledge woven in the fibre of the being, which appearances to the contrary can neither disturb nor disperse. Religion not a failing light glimmering in the darkness, but the truth of life as seen by great prophets and given to the world. Follow the truth and realize God as Christ realized and then you can say if Christ failed. It is a question of awareness and those who are not aware and in some cases knowingly shut out the still small voice that speaks in the heart, claim knowledge which they have never cultivated.

Here in the East a strong feeling is growing that men in the West, in their eagerness to be free, in their eagerness to enjoy the flowers and fruits of life, are closing down the sluices of well being. They are anxious to appropriate all the good things of the earth without accepting moral responsibilities. They are preaching a new gospel : let every man and woman be free and realize his or her own *egoism*. Love and loyalty are no more considered virtues but hindrances to be discarded on the path of desire. In the East, it has been said, that power over the forces of nature is

available, but it makes men who usurp it faithless and the West is bearing witness to this truth. The great anchor of religion has been shaken, love and sacrifice which made life bright and beautiful are held to scorn, and the process of moral and material disintegration is in full play. God is and His laws endure :—

> " It knows not wrath nor pardon, utter-true
> Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs
> Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge
> Or after many days."

—JOGENDRA SINGH.

A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.—There has recently been added to *The World's Classics* a small and unassuming volume entitled *A Russian Gentleman*, which may in time come to rival in popularity, as it certainly does in merit, the greatest works in the series. The author, Serghéi Aksákoff, who was for some time Censor of the Press in Moscow, retired in 1839 to his estates in the country, and spent the rest of his life in administering his property and writing his family memoirs. Of these *A Russian Gentleman*, which first appeared in 1846, is the most famous, although *Years of Childhood*, which is also published in *The World's Classics*, is also very good.

The translator, Mr. J. D. Duff, claims that Aksákoff is a classic in his own country, and that, with Tolstoy's *Childhood*, a knowledge of *A Russian Gentleman* forms part of the normal education of every Russian child.

At first sight, the claim seems difficult to sustain. A country squire describes in simple unpretentious language the commonplace incidents of family life in the country; births, marriages and deaths, harvest homes and village merry-makings, the jealousy of the daughters of the house for a beautiful daughter-in-law,

the temperamental differences between a young married couple—these and a hundred similar incidents that make the life of country people in country districts all the world over, form the subject of the book.

Ninety-nine writers out of a hundred who set out to describe such scenes would produce merely a record of dullness, possessing at most a faint interest for the antiquarian. With Aksákoff there is a something added, a something which invests the whole book with glamour and beauty, a something which defies analysis and escapes detection.

But although, as with Hudson, the ultimate secret of Aksákoff's charm must remain hidden, there are certain obvious merits which immediately strike the reader. There is a psychological insight that would put our twentieth century realists to shame. Aksákoff can describe the minor exasperations of married life with a surety of touch that brings instant conviction. He makes credible and even natural things we all know yet refuse to admit, that a man who is ready to give his life for his wife, is bored and reproachful if he has to render her trifling services when she is ill; that however whole-hearted a man's love, he loves with only part of himself and that his capacity for finding room in his heart, even at his most ardent periods, for shooting and hunting, is a source of perpetual surprise and resentment to the woman who loves him. There is a passionate love of and absorption in Nature which again reminds one of Hudson. With the exception of one old man, a hero of Homeric proportions, who dominates the book, Nature is the chief character throughout, the characters being merely a setting for Nature. Turgenev and Tolstoy alone among the Russians show anything like the same feeling for natural beauty. The style too is like Hudson's; there is the same simplicity, the same

available, but it makes men who usurp it faithless and the West is bearing witness to this truth. The great anchor of religion has been shaken, love and sacrifice which made life bright and beautiful are held to scorn, and the process of moral and material disintegration is in full play. God is and His laws endure :—

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writing seem so easy that one wonders how anybody can manage to write badly.

There is some controversy as to how much of Aksákoff's work is imaginative fiction and how much is the carefully preserved record of well-remembered incidents. As to this, we can only say that we are too thankful to have the book as it is to care which it is.—C. E. M. JOAD.

THE CROFTER'S LIFE.—It is late at night. Through the partition wall of this lonely Scottish cottage comes the most mournful sound I ever heard, the voice of an old Presbyterian missionary conducting a service. He has come here to rebuild a bridge swept away some years ago in a spate ; and now, after work, he is holding a series of services for the two or three he can gather together. The one deep voice flows on in an interminable Gaelic chant, wavering like the rain outside but never failing ; on and on, hypnotizing, drowning the attention, until at last, at a scraping of boots on the hard floor, the service ends and the congregation of two shuffle out into the dark.

Not a word of the Gaelic can one understand ; but the mere sound of it is more expressive of grief than any intelligible language ; primitive and barbaric like the beating of tom-toms at Chitral. Hearing it, one feels that the crofter's must indeed be a joyless way of life ; for here he lives often in hovels that in kinder climates would hardly serve for pigs, with little change of food, and—worst of all—no change of people. "Beata solitudo" can't have much lure for these people ; and they have no books, no newspapers even, to keep them in touch with the peopled world.

No wonder the crofters seem a mournful lot.

And yet the odd suggestive fact is that it is precisely this land of Skye, unfertile and dispeopled as it is, that the crofters are so hungering for at this moment.

Yesterday, just over the hill, men were being arrested in their beds for land raiding, and last week others were being released after imprisonment for the same offence. This is the island of which large tracts have been bought by the Board of Agriculture for the settlement of the ex-Service men of Lewis and of Skye. Even for a little plot of these sour peat lands men can feel the old craving for possession, and even these huts are home enough for the pouring out of a splendid swarm of barelegged children. How much, I wonder, does the beauty of the cloudy mountains of Skye and Rum contribute to the impulse which keeps going this bare-fisted fight with Nature?—W. ARNOLD FORSTER.

NORMAN DOUGLAS.—A good book will always find a publisher, somewhere, some day. But it is more than likely that a piece of good writing will fail everywhere to meet the approval of the editors of the periodical Press. How many magazines published in London would use a travel story of Norman Douglas? Yet how many vastly inferior writers have no difficulty in selling their whole output of photographs and tourist gossip to the magazines? But somewhere or other a publisher will be found willing to risk money on a bit of good work. The fact, however, that the narrative has not appeared in serial form means that the public is unprepared and ignorant, and therefore the book is seriously handicapped, and the publisher may lose money because the editing of our periodical Press is too often in the hands of those who either don't know good writing from Millinery English, or else are so timid that they would blaspheme against the whole tradition of our literature to scrape through another nasty interview with a wealthy but illiterate proprietor. The result is that most of the mass of periodical literature on our bookstalls reads as if it were written by haberdashers for parlour-maids. And so Norman Douglas,

whose travel sketches would induce even the sophisticated to buy a magazine now and then, and who had written at least two travel books which are better than *Eothen,* had to write a novel down to the level of *South Wind* before it was possible to mention his name in general company with a bare expectation that one's hearers would know who was meant. Of course, that novel was a god-send to reviewers, whose normal duty it is to try to distinguish between endless bales of pale tripe. Naturally, they were grateful. But it was not the best of Norman Douglas. *Together,* therefore, will probably puzzle those who were surprised and overjoyed by the subtle and fascinating smells of *South Wind.* But it will puzzle nobody who knew Norman Douglas long before the south wind blew. There is something to be said for the theory that the author of *Siren Land* and *Old Calabria* is immortal, inasmuch as he may have survived, woolly-legged and hooved, from the far days when Pegasus touched earth, and curious things happened on the hills of Greece. That will explain the happy gleam of his malice. But it does not explain the cosiness and sentiment round the hearth in *Together,* a book which those who suddenly admired Douglas because he made derisive but entertaining faces at us from a mephitic Mediterranean island will probably declare to be decadent. As a fact, it is very like Norman Douglas.—JOHN WHICHELOW.

DITTIES OF NO TONE.—There are two things a musician does easily which surprise a layman. He reproduces on an instrument some very various signs written on two or three staves (sets of five lines), and he sits in an arm-chair and reads to himself a dozen or two of such staves simultaneously and says he enjoys it. They are two separate things and two separate enjoyments. Take the reproduction first.

This consists of two acts: seeing what has to be

played, and finding the actual notes on piano or organ. It is so long ago since you began to read print that you forget what pains, perhaps tears, it cost you. So it would now if you read in the same way. But you will see that you do not by two simple experiments. Take a pencil and cover up exactly half, the lower half, of a line of this page; then, number two, lay it vertically across the middle of the page. In neither case does it interfere much with your reading: in fact, you infer a good deal that you don't see. So does the musician. But the musician has another help; his signs are all accurately spaced, and the eye takes in distances much more accurately than it records shapes. (That is what the painters probably mean by their "golden section"). If his notes and chords were a fraction too high or too low, too much to left or right, or upside down (which they almost never are) he would be completely out; but your letters may be all these, and you only say "misprint" and pass on.

Then it seems extraordinary that the hands can dash off a foot or more to right or left and hit the right note every time, while the eyes are somewhere else; but it is not more extraordinary than that we can eat soup and maintain an intelligent conversation at the same time. (The state of a baby's bib and face after bread and milk reminds us how long we took to learn this art.) For it must be remembered that the musician is all the time speaking a language that makes sense to him, and if he should hit a wrong note he knows at once how much wrong it was, and does better next time.

The arm-chair business is more surprising. A century ago by no means everyone in England could read print, and not a small number of those who could had to read aloud in order to make out the sense of what they held in their hands. Printing is four centuries old; adequate and divulgated music type perhaps two. Probably half of those who now make music can read it,

and more than half of the readers must go to an instrument to make out the sense of it. The remaining quarter are at various stages. The majority can read a song without singing it, or a piano piece (not too difficult) without playing it. An organ piece (three staves) and a chorus (four) begin to sift them out. Ten and twenty staves are a difference of degree only.

But the decisive factor is still the familiarity with the actual sound. Readers of Beethoven's symphonies (say, twelve staves) which they have heard are in the position of those who read Shakespeare which they have seen acted; and *vice versâ,* until they have seen and heard *Hassan,* those who only read Delius are in the same position as those who only read Flecker. The number of those who can "see" a new play or "hear" a new score is quite limited; but both of these yield to close study. The pleasures of seeing and hearing music are different. Heard music does not stand still to be examined. If we miss anything, we miss it with the ear but can pick it up again with the eye. The ear has to go at a prescribed pace, or the whole thing becomes chaotic; but the eye can take its time (faster or slower), can compare the beginning, middle and end, can follow the composer's thought more but his feeling less. That gives us a line as to who is likely to want to see music and who to hear it. But it is best to do both. And that reminds us that imperfect makers are better musicians than perfect listeners.—A. H. Fox-Strangways.

Editorial Announcement.

To Our Readers.—Owing to the Christmas holidays, the January number of THE ADELPHI will be published on December 15th.

Among other features it will contain a special article by CHARLIE CHAPLIN "Does the Public Know What it Wants?" and an unpublished speech made in 1828 by JOHN STUART MILL on "The Present State of Literature."

ON INHUMANITY

By The Journeyman

Someone has written to me and called me "damnably inhuman." It is not the first time this has happened; in fact, the accusation has been hurled at me periodically ever since I was old enough to have accusations hurled at me at all. For some reason I don't resent it as much as I used to. Nevertheless, just for a moment, I was staggered. I hadn't expected it. Somehow I had come to believe that I had become more human. It was, apparently, another delusion.

Well, it can't be helped. Instead of making frenzied exertions, as I would have done years ago, to prove that so far from being inhuman, I am really human—all too human, nowadays I am inclined to accept the epithet—at least to hold it in my hands for a while, in order that I may know what it means. My correspondent was not very helpful. "(Incidentally, you are damnably inhuman.)" In brackets, just like that, without a hint of why or how.

There must be something in it. The epithet wouldn't have stuck to me all the days of my life, if there wasn't. Even the fact that I feel no more impulse to defend myself against the charge—unless, perhaps, this is going to develop into a defence—seems to indicate that I feel somewhere within me that no defence is possible.

Yes, I suppose I am oddly detached from life. I have very few friends; and those I have have sometimes seemed none too sure of me: apparently they have felt that I am not quite solid, and that if they began to look upon me as a fixed star in their universes I might take the first opportunity to slip out of the sky. Moreover,

I like to be solitary; there are moments when even the contacts I chiefly prize are intolerable to me, and I feel that not to be alone—not to be utterly and entirely alone, with nothing but my secret soul for company—would be to die. And again I shun new contacts: either they will touch me deeply—and why should I invite disturbances?—or they will touch me not at all—and why should I spend myself in vain? The men and women I know, yes, they are precious to me. I have proved them; they have come through the fiery trial of disbelieving in me, of finding me treacherous, even of imagining me diabolical, and, in spite of everything, I exist for them; they even seem to understand that it was necessary for me to have appeared to fail them utterly, just as I understand that it was necessary for me that they should have ceased to believe in me. A man in search of his soul has to be stripped naked; he clings in terror and desperation to his friends' belief in him: that spar also has to be torn from the hands of the drowning man. He must be suffered to cheat himself no more; he cannot exist simply because others believe he exists. He must exist in his own right, or not at all. Therefore the spar must be torn from his hands, and he must drown.

Well, then he drowns indeed. The great dark waters cover him, and the last spark seems to die. Yet something remains, some infinitesimal atom of the unquenchable—and that is he. With it, by virtue of it alone, he battles painfully to the surface of the waters and the divine light of day. What does it matter now *who* believes in him? Why should he waste his breath any more in declaring that he is he? He knows it, once for all, and that is enough. Though the world deny and his nearest still doubt, he must go his way. For he exists, and death hath no more dominion over him. He may die many times again, if it lie in his destiny; and he will die the mortal death which is the appointed end:

but he knows the secret in his soul, and the secret is the mystery of death.

And now he knows why he was afraid ; now he knows why he clutched so desperately at his friends' belief in him : simply that he was afraid of death. "Who will save me from the terror of this death?" had been his secret cry, though he did not utter it. This death in a thousand unrecognizable forms, light as air and heavy as doom itself—from fear of the lifted eyebrow of the socially secure to the deep acknowledgment within himself that there might be a soul finer, greater, truer than his own. Little deaths, big deaths ; but all partaking in their essence of the one solemn and eternal mystery of Death, never to be conquered save by the soul's submission to it, out of which alone rises the unshaken certainty : *Non omnis moriar.*

Inhuman still? Well, it may be ; indeed it must be : but inhuman not in the same way. Inhuman, not because of non-existence any more, but in virtue of existence itself. Determined, secure, resolute, ruthless —something of all these perhaps, yet not one of them. They are all too brilliant, too conscious, too hard. Let us rather say simply, gathered, as a runner is gathered to run. Yet even that is too much : for the runner runs to a visible goal, and he to an invisible. No, let it be simply gathered : wary, flexible, alert, and self-contained.

Inhuman still? Because there is a purpose, though he does not know it, and a goal, though he cannot see it ; and he must not turn aside. Though the purpose and the goal be unknown, what is known is every deviation from the path that leads toward it ; and the knowledge of deviation is unbearable : it is a sense of constriction, a feeling of suffocation. For there is only one freedom—to have the personal turned away into impersonality, and to be free to follow the instinctive destiny that is the great source of our selves.

And yet not free *to* follow it; free rather, by following it, free by allowing that point of inextinguishable life which was so hard to discover and so desperately attained, to grow, to take control, to lead, to explore.

To explore—that is the word which returns and returns again. Life is an exploration of the unknown. But no longer as those explorations which he knew in his youth, when the mind said to him: "This you have not tasted; this you have not done," but an exploration wherein he does not know what he will encounter, wherein at the same time he explores the world within and the world without. For he knows himself now by what he will do, because he can do only that which it is permitted to him to do—that which he must do.

Ah, it is not easy to explain—this new security. "If he could tell me in three words," writes someone, "what he is confident *about*." He is not confident about anything: simply he is confident. About himself?

> Well, well, this word myself has many meanings.

Confident about himself, if the self has all its old personal meaning turned away: if it is no longer something which he possesses, but which possesses him. Confident because he has found a master whom he must obey, who says unto him "Do this and he doeth it." Confident because he has acknowledged a destiny of which the end and process are unknown; confident because they are unknown: because everything matters and nothing matters, because he does not care and cares infinitely, because he loves men dearly and loves them not at all, because he is bound and free, waiting and not anxious, himself and not himself.

Not a very satisfying answer that, though there are more than three words to it. So let us try again, with that precious word "exploration" to help us. His is then the confidence of one embarked on a voyage of discovery. He has reached the end of all the old know-

ledge, the burden of which was grievous to him so long, and now miraculously, against all hope, he finds himself at the edge of an unknown sea; if it was ever charted, even the memory has been forgotten. And it seems to him miraculous that suddenly in the universe he knew, whose bounds had pressed like prison bars upon him, should shine the dark gleam of these uncharted waters. So long ago he gave up hope, now they lave his very feet.

And he who so many years chafed against the walls of existence and sought to escape into he knew not what unutterable realm of perfect beauty and perfect truth and perfect love, and found only the bitter bread of emptiness and desolation for his pains, has suddenly wakened as from a dream, not into knowledge of a harmony which may or may not be, but into the knowledge that if it is it is not to be found that way. And somehow it does not matter whether there is or is not a harmony that we can apprehend. If we look for it we look in vain, for to look for it is a proof of discord and division in ourselves; but if we find the harmony in ourselves we do not need the harmony without. Instead, we know there is a purpose, of which we may be the forerunners. Therefore we strip for the race.

Inhuman, therefore—let me freely admit it—in a sense; in the sense that one cannot be bound any more by personal bonds. There is no more *I* on which they may take hold. Nevertheless, it is not by our own deliberate and conscious will that we are thus stripped. We reawaken slowly to the knowledge that we *are* separate and that we have a destiny to fulfil. It is not our doing: if it were, we could not believe in it, or trust it, or act by it. If we are inhuman therefore it is not our fault. A servant of life cannot return to a private capacity.

MULTUM IN PARVO

THE NOBEL PRIZE.—The Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to Mr. W. B. Yeats. We should be delighted with the award if it meant only that an English poet of Mr. Yeats' rare quality has suddenly been made richer by £7,500. But the passing over of our greatest living writer is so wanton and deliberate that we are compelled to look for causes. Can it be that our suggestion in THE ADELPHI that the Nobel Committee has already shown its ignorance by preferring Herr Spitteler to Thomas Hardy is responsible for a display of petty spite? Or is it that the narrow-minded Swedish clericals who are said to be predominant on the Committee have voted Hardy's "pessimism" anathema? But it is a waste of time to look for proximate causes: the ultimate cause remains the same. The Nobel Committee is even stupider than we believed.

THE PURPLE CEILING.—Some people are pursued by buzzing swarms of marvels, but not I. I have not even seen the moving sights which anyone may hope for; the Tower Bridge will not open for me, nor the peacock spread his tail. I never had a glimpse of a Zeppelin except in a nightmare, and then it had "Colman's Mustard" painted on it in Reckitt's Blue, which seemed at the moment a distorted and a frightful thing. But now I can always boast of having lived under a Purple Ceiling.

I grew used to the look of it before I learnt its history. The paint is laid on unevenly, with an effect of flowing wavelets fixed as they ran. The colour is the hottest kind of purple, purple with its heart on fire; and there is a very good reason for this. I used to lie

looking upwards and seeking an explanation. The work showed the hand of an amateur, certainly, but that was no answer. Give a man, amateur or none, a ceiling to decorate; and he may do one or all of a hundred strange things, but he will not paint it a stifling purple. If vulgar enough, he might get as far as sky-blue, breaking out here and there into a golden smallpox of stars. But purple—why?

And then someone told me. The workman was not only an amateur decorator, but an amateur soldier. He went to the Great War, at the not unimpressionable age of eighteen, and came back with the War in his brain. He could not keep it there, so he poured it out upon my ceiling. I am glad that I never resented the colour, even when I thought it eccentric. And now I know that it is not eccentric, but exactly right, I sit under it with a fierce satisfaction. It is the best attempt at a War Memorial which I have ever seen.

These War Memorials cover a good part of the face of England, and every one of them is a lie except mine. They mean well. They aim at grace and beauty, at embodying a proud and decent sorrow for dead heroes. (Even so, they are not quite sincere; for some of the dead were not heroes, and some of the heroes are much worse than dead.) But the mischief of it is that these reliefs and statues and graceful crosses soon become, not monuments of heroic youth, but symbols of war itself. War still means to many people a good deal of banging and fuss, all comfortably out of sight, or captured and weeded for the Cinema; and then, visibly and perpetually, a pretty, grey, wistful cross on a village green.

Now my Purple Ceiling, though not pretty, is wistful; but its wistfulness is mixed with smouldering wrath, with ironic and terrible mirth, with the darkness of memories which defile the brain. I am not inventing. I challenge the fattest-headed old gentleman to

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stare up at it, learn its history, and still maunder on "that of course you can't do without war; after all, it gives a young chap a chance of showing what he's made of, and if I'd been a young chap, I'd have been the first to go." He would dimly realize, even he, from looking at those lurid, sullen waves, that the horror of war is not consummated in the casualty lists, but in the pouring of raw hot hell into the open mind of a boy. I hope that my decorator cleansed his violated soul upon my ceiling; but if he did, he was one of the lucky ones.—L. G.

THE SCIENCE OF PLACARDS.—Mr. Earlforward always read the placards for news. There was nothing much to-night. *Death of a Well-known Statesman.* Mr. Earlforward, as an expert in interpretation, was aware that "well-known" on a newspaper placard meant exactly the opposite of what it meant in any other place; it meant not well-known. The placards always divided dead celebrities, genuine and false, into three categories. If Blank was a supreme personage, the placards said: *Blank Dead.* Two most impressive words. If Blank was a real personage, but not quite supreme, the placards said: *Death of Blank.* Three words, not so impressive. All others nameless were in the third category of well-knowns. (*Arnold Bennett: "Riceyman Steps."*)

ADVICE FROM A YOUNG MAN.—Two years ago, while preparing for an examination, I picked up a school book on English literature of a most unusual kind. The book at once held me. Literature, it was clear, could really be enjoyed, even if it cost a little attention and patience. So I began by buying more books, papers, and periodicals than I had right to read or money to spend. I read: Arnold Bennett, Lamb, Gissing, Barbellion, Bacon, Stephen Phillips, Ibsen, Tchehov, Tolstoy,

Marcus Aurelius, "Q.", Wordsworth, Samuel Butler (II.), and so on,—all in the same inconsequential disorder.

During this harum-scarum rush-and-tumble, I shortly discovered that what one author had to say upon a subject, another author stood up to contradict. I began to grow bewildered, nervous, suspicious; for, at that time, I had yet to learn that no man can speak the whole truth on anything, and that to arrive at a whole truth often requires close, penetrating, selection of many viewpoints, and opinions.

And then, fortunately, I happened to read Schopenhauer and Max Muller, both of whom buttressed my own shaky convictions on two points concerning literature and literary criticism. One; a notable quantity of so-called literature is a fraud in that the author fails in the essential test, *i.e.*, whether he has anything to say or no. Two; for young men and women who wish to enjoy literature, the best way is to read as widely and as quickly as possible. By so doing, the unprofitable books are speedily avoided, while those worth remembering will be read and re-read until, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says, they are "incorporated."
—G. G. C.

Art for Art's Sake.—That the end of art should be art is excellent. The bird sings for the sake of singing: excellent. But the bird, when it sings, expresses the whole of itself, its instincts, its needs, its nature; and man, too, when he sings, expresses the whole of himself. It is not enough for him to be an artist; he must be a man. What does he express if his inner world is poor or artificial or mechanical, if he has no belief there, if he has not felt it, if he has nothing to realize externally? Art is production, like nature, and if the artist gives you the means of production, the man gives you the strength. (*F. De Sanctis.*)

INCOMPATIBILITY.—She was twenty-one, he was twenty-six, and they were both poor. They were engaged. He read books and liked nicety of thought: she liked fiction, said "books weren't everything" when he protested, and liked brass bands, divorce and murder cases, pickles, gilt mantel ornaments, sob songs and revues. The little time they had been engaged grew to be five years: every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings her mother allowed her to have one hour's intercourse with him, never at home, because—well, they had never dragged the reason into the open. Something about it struck him as delicate. On Sundays they spent four hours together, walking, enjoying fair weather or putting up with bad. Holidays were awkward times.

"I'm reading a great book."

He always regretted beginning to speak to her about a book. But sometimes he had to speak about a book. Even if she said nothing, it did him good to speak.

"I'd like you to read it."

She smiled, always that same smile peculiar to this subject, and he had come to understand it.

"Now it's not a 'dry' book. Listen, I know well what you mean by a dry book, but—see, if I tell you the *idea* of it you'll understand that it's a great book. It is about a girl who seems to be fated for misfortune. She ——"

"Oh, I *know* it will be dry! I enjoy a story when you tell it to me, but when you give me the book—it's always a—a dry one! *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Joan and Peter* were awful dry! I liked them—they were great—when *you* told me about them. But ——"

He hung his head and walked on, depressed and simmering. So they continued for about ten minutes, both silent. He felt unequal to the task. It was

colossal . . . *im*possible. Wearily, in a toneles voice, he muttered :

" I wish I could have you to understand, to kno what you keep on missing."

She was silent. She seemed to feel the deeps c what he had said. He was reflecting that he used t talk, talk, talk about the multiplicity of thoughts an feelings he had experienced in one way and another and she used to smile and fill in his pauses with incisiv " Yeses," until one day he woke up and was horrifie to discover that it could only be himself who wa enjoying the talk. In one terrible inward flash he sa that she said little more than " Yes." What did tha mean ? Of course she loved him. But—it was whe he said " But " that he realized that he was askin something more. And she had it not. It was then h told himself that she neither saw, heard, nor felt ; sh was encased in clay, and she was just putting up wit "his ways " until—they married. Then it would b all right for her. . . . And he trembled on the verg of breaking the engagement, and he thought out ever detail, every word of that act. He studied his own an her present and future reactions and—he felt that h could not do it. No, it was almost impossible. I would be cruel. She would not *understand.* So—h was trapped . . . *they* were trapped, he concluded.

Out of a world of intuitive imagining, for her as wel as himself, after innumerable excursions into widel divergent view-points and processes of valuation, con gruous and incongruous, faithful and unfaithful to hi " way of life "—he emerged heavy and trembling wit a vague pity, an all-embracing pity and compassion and he kissed her hard on the wondering lips and forgo all, even *her,* in an unworldly oblivion. Hovering above his lulled mind was the thin consciousness tha this phase, like all others, would vanish and leave him

again sceptical, critical—himself. But he bowed to it, for to injure her, to disorganize her life—how clearly he saw it all!—that was too much. He would hope that he would be able to sustain himself. And he had to lay an iron grip on his momentary imagining of her wonderment, her bewilderment, over this her "peculiar boy" . . . it wrung his very soul to visualize her innocent groping mind, and—he almost wished he had been accustomed to drinking as he kissed her again before going home to throw himself down on his bed and wait for the ruthless but welcome change of another day.—M.

HEARD IN PASSING.—In a provincial Garden Suburb, a slightly ruffled young lady of ten apostrophizes two small boys:

"I'll eat your blood up!

"I'll eat both your bloods up!

PROBLEM No. 7.—A party of young ladies set out to embroider an altar-cloth. It was finished at the end of one year, and to celebrate its completion, the young ladies all kissed each other. During this process the curate entered and was allowed to kiss those of the young ladies who were his sisters. The total number of kisses—when two persons kiss each other, it is reckoned as one kiss—was 72. If none of the curate's sisters had joined the working-party, how long would the embroidery have taken?

Answer to Problem No. 6:

The number of the man's house is 204, and there are 288 houses in the street.

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Continued on page 660

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